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ART. I.—*Periodical Literature of the United States. The Republic of Letters; being a weekly Republication of Works of Standard Literature.* New York. 1834.

HERE is a weekly periodical, consisting of sixteen large quarto pages, well printed on a fair paper, and sold for six cents a number. The two first numbers exhibit the whole of Mackenzie's Man of Feeling, and Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield; which two works accordingly contain but one eighth part of the matter to be had in this form for a dollar, the transportation moreover to places, which cannot be reached at less cost, being at newspaper mail rates. The scheme, for any thing we know to the contrary, is, in part of its details, a new one. If it can be maintained at so low a charge,—a thing, we confess, which seems to us scarcely possible, but about this the party most concerned knows best,—and if the selections continue to be judiciously made, the effect will be to put the standard works of English literature into the hands of every man, woman, and child among us, who cares to have them. We wish the enterprising publisher all possible success, for the sake of the improvement of the public mind, for the ease of private pockets, and very cordially for his own sake; for the least, which the projector of such an enterprise deserves, is, plenty of the best of good wishes.

We are not pluming ourselves for a review of the Vicar of

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Wakefield, and the Man of Feeling. But the addition of yet another new form of periodical literature, to those which every year or month has been of late multiplying beneath our eyes, seems to us a fit enough occasion for retracing, in a superficial way, the early course of the history of this sort of reading on our side the water.

Recent as is the origin of periodical literature with us Americans, we are not herein very much behind the rest of the world. The fact, on its first statement, may excite surprise, accustomed as we are to a different way of doing such things, but sure it is, that every political revolution, from the beginning of time down to the movement which subsided into the English Commonwealth, was somehow effected without so much as the help of newspapers. The first thing of the sort is said to have been issued at Venice, in the year 1531, that is, ninety years before the Plymouth settlers came over; and one of the etymologies of the word Gazette refers it to the name of the Venetian coin, Gazetta, for which the sheet was sold. It was issued monthly, in manuscript, by the government.* The first English periodical of the kind is said to date from 1588, when the Spanish Armada was in the channel.† There was no other for about twenty-five years, when they began to multiply, but with not so much rapidity as from the beginning of the session of Charles the First's Long Parliament; and in the single year 1642, no less than twenty were established. News from Hull, Truths from York, Warranted Tidings from Ireland, Coranto from beyond Seas, Heraclitus Ridens, Democritus Ridens, Jesuita Vapulans, Mercuries with all sorts of epithets, the Scots' Dove, the Parliament Kite, the Secret Owl, the Smoking Nocturnal, were some of the significant titles.‡ The most ancient specimen of

* D'Israeli, Curiosities of Literature, I. 213.

† Says Nichols; (Literary Anecdotes, IV. 34.) 'it appears, to the honor of our own country, that to the wisdom of Elizabeth, and the prudence of Burleigh, mankind are indebted for the first printed newspaper. The epoch, when the Spanish Armada approached the shores of England, in April 1588, is also the epoch of a genuine newspaper, under the title of the English Mercury. The earliest of these which is preserved is No. 50. It contains the usual articles of news, like the London Gazette of the present day; an article from Whitehall, July 23, 1588; and on the 26th, a formal account of the introduction of the Scots' ambassador to the Queen.'

‡ *Nichols appends to his very full list, a few notes, containing*

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English newspapers, in this country, is perhaps that in the cabinet of the Antiquarian Society at Worcester. It is of the year 1660, the year of the Restoration. It was published weekly in London on two small quarto sheets, under the name of 'Mercurius Publicus, comprising the Sum of Forraign Intelligence; with the affairs now in agitation in England, Scotland, and Ireland. For information of the People. Published by Order.'* In the troubles respecting the succession, towards the end of Charles the Second's time, some severe restrictions were imposed on the publication of newspapers, which substantially continued in force during the following reign. The day after James's abdication, three new ones were set on foot, and in Anne's golden age there was already a daily paper. But newspapers speedily became, and have ever since continued subjects of heavy taxation,† so that one of the larger London prints costs a shilling sterling.

France was a little later than England in respect to Newspapers, the first having been set up in that kingdom in 1631; and the rest of the continent of Europe later yet. Of other periodicals, the earliest appears to have been the French Journal des Sçavans, dating from 1665, and followed by Bayle, in 1684, with the Nouvelles de la République de Lettres, and by Le Clerc, near the same time, with his Bibliothèque, continued, in its different parts, to eighty-two volumes. In 1709, Steele, in the Tatler, struck out the new, and, for a time, exceedingly attractive path, in which he was followed by Addison and himself in the Spectator and Guardian, and later by Johnson, Cumberland, Goldsmith, and others, in the Ram-

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some curious extracts; among others, an advertisement relating to a pirated edition of Hudibras, and another of Dryden, offering a reward for the discovery of the perpetrators of an assault on him in Covent Garden.

* History of Printing, I. 185.—We may note here, once for all, that to this highly valuable, but not equally well-arranged book, of the venerable printer and antiquary, Isaiah Thomas, we are indebted for very many of the facts and specimens which follow.

† 'Grub-street has but ten days to live; then an act of Parliament takes place that ruins it, by taxing every half-sheet a half-penny.' Swift's Journal to Stella; July 9, 1712. 'Do you know that Grub-street is dead and gone last week? No more ghosts or murders now for love or money. The Observator is fallen. The Medleys are jumbled together with the Flying Post. The Examiner is deadly sick. The Spectator keeps up and doubles its price. I know not how long it will hold.' Ib. Aug. 7, 1712.

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bler, World, Observer, Freeholder, Adventurer, Englishman, Idler, Lounger, Connoisseur, Looker-on, Mirror, and so on. The Gentleman's Magazine, the pattern of later works of the same name in England, instituted in 1731, and sustained through its early life by the struggles of Dr. Johnson for bread, has been kept up to the present day. Of later changes in the fashions of this department of literature, perhaps the most important occurred in the institution, in 1749, of the Monthly Review; a form of lucubration, which again sustained a marked modification in the establishment, in 1806, by the Edinburgh wits, of the Review, which glorifies the name of their city.

One or the other of these great forms our Anglo-American periodical literature has, for the most part, taken, following the varieties which they were meanwhile assuming in the parent country. Printing, which had been earlier practised in other parts of the continent, that is, in Peru and Mexico, was however introduced into the English colonies as early as 1639, when, as the ancient records of the college mention, Mr. Joss or Jesse Glover, gave to the college 'a ffont of Printing Letters,' and some gentlemen of Amsterdam 'gave towards furnishing of a Printing Press with letters, forty-nine pounds and something more.' The college employed their press under the management of Stephen Daye, a rather incompetent person, as appears, for about ten years, at the end of which time it was placed under the care of Samuel Green. It was thirty-five years after its appearance at Cambridge, before the art had proceeded as far as Boston; and fifty years before its coming to Philadelphia, which was the next step. In all this time, and indeed for many years more, the invention of newspapers, of which, as we observed, there is no trace whatever even in the parent country till within about thirty years of the landing at Plymouth, had not been adopted. The editions were almost all of laws, religious treatises of various kinds, and especially almanacs. Without any such aid, to keep up the spirit of their own people, or make known their dangers and successes, or put to shame an opposing faction, or demolish heresies, our fathers managed to get through with their disputes with the Indian tribes till far beyond the decisive termination of Philip's war, their controversies with the government at home till long after the provincial charter of William and Mary, and other more verbose disputes till long after the settling of the synodial Confession of Faith.

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How they did it, may be a riddle worth the reading. It is pleasing, however, to reflect, that the very want of this instrument, may, in their circumstances, have been a means of more perfectly consolidating the infant state. The absence of those facilities for intelligence, which every man can now command so cheaply in his solitude, favored their social habits. They sought each other, and resorted more freely to the great centre of information, from the necessity of acquainting themselves thus, if in any way, with whatever was going on in the world. We have not seen it suggested, but it has occurred to us, that here was very probably a leading element in the strong interest attached throughout the seventeenth century to the Boston weekly Thursday lecture; a service so attractive for some cause, that even the schools in different towns on that day dismissed masters and boys from their tasks.* The canvassing of news on Sunday would not have been tolerated, even if, on Sunday, it had not become every good citizen to be at his home. The Thursday lecture at the capital, in the existing state of things, would naturally become a central exchange, where matters of common interest would be communicated and discussed. It would be a sort of distributing post-office, to circulate into the neighborhood the knowledge of the latest events, fashions and opinions. And if there be any thing in this view, the multiplication of means for coming at the large and small gossip of the day, may have had as much to do, as the decline of piety, in causing that institution to become, what the few among us, who know any thing of it, know it to be, the wreck and shadow of its former glory.

But however this might be, the publication of the first newspaper in these colonies, in fact began, about the same time with the first Scottish Gazette, in the year 1704. It was called 'the Boston News-Letter, published by authority,' and was issued every Monday, at a house, part of which is, or was lately standing, behind what was No. 56, Newbury Street. The printer was Bartholomew Green, son of Samuel, whom we have mentioned as printer to the college; a person of consideration, and several years a deacon of the Old South Church. Among other subjects of commendation urged in his obituary, is his

* A curious vestige of this practice, remains in Salem, where holidays in the schools are still called lecture days; a generalization of the term originally applied to the dispensation given for the purpose of going to hear the lecture at Boston.

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'caution of publishing any thing offensive, light, or hurtful.' The proprietor, however, for the first eighteen years, was John Campbell, a Scotchman by birth, the postmaster of the town, whose office, without supposing it to have exercised, in him, the sharp intuition of his countrywoman, the post-mistress of St. Ronan's Well, naturally gave him the freest access to intelligence useful to his work. At the end of eighteen years it fell into the hands of Green, and by him and his successors was continued till the evacuation of Boston by the British troops in 1776, being in later years the organ of the Tory party, and the only paper continued in Boston through the siege.

William Brooker, being appointed Campbell's successor in the post-office, resolved to turn his official advantage to similar account, and accordingly, Dec. 21st, 1719, set up the second newspaper in the colonies, called the Boston Gazette, employing James Franklin for his printer. In two or three months after, Brooker, in his turn, was superseded by Philip Musgrave, who accordingly coming into possession of the newspaper, gave the printing of it to Samuel Kneeland, a former apprentice of Green, who issued it for eight years from his printing house at the corner of Prison Lane, (now Court Street) and Dorset's Alley, an estate constantly occupied in this manner from the year 1718, till within the life-time of the present generation.

At the end of this term, a new postmaster, coming into possession of the Gazette, naturally looked to his own line of patronage in the way of printing; and Kneeland, experiencing the common lot of dependants on the great, and thrown again upon his own resources by a like turn in the wheel to that on which he had risen, indemnified himself by setting up the New England Journal on his private account, with the benefit of his past experience, and the knowledge acquired, in his palmy days, of matters behind the veil of state. This journal was largely aided by such considerable men as Judge Danforth, and Mather Byles the elder, and took a leading part in the religious disputes of the time, on the side of Edwards and Whitefield. Its publication was carried on for fifteen years, at the end of which time it was united with the Gazette, under the name of the Boston Gazette, and Weekly Journal, and so continued to be published till 1752, when Kneeland, separating himself from a partner in the printing business, took another departure on the editorial voyage, with the name of

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the Boston Gazette, or Weekly Advertiser, containing, as its inscription read, 'the freshest advices, foreign and domestic.' It was published but two years, being one of the victims of the provincial stamp act.

Meanwhile, there had been a great episode in the newspaper history; great, as the event connects itself with an immortal name. The first number of the New England Courant, the third journal in Boston, which was continued but six years, was issued Aug. 17th, 1721, by James Franklin, who, as was mentioned above, had been previously employed a short time in printing the Gazette. The two first papers had helped each other, for the News Letter languished till the Gazette was set up, and never languished after. But the profits of collision have a limit; and in order to get forward under the disadvantages of so undue a competition, as that of two other newspapers in such a village, it was needful to strike some new and bold stroke for popularity. Franklin took the obvious course of free and offensive comment on the respected men and opinions of the day; calculating, no doubt, that there were enough who would relish seeing their betters called in question, to secure to him a prompt patronage, and perhaps, if he looked further, persuading himself, that having become a troublesome, and feared, and so a prosperous and important man, he might, whenever the time was ripe, become a forbearing, and then a courted and trusted man at his leisure. He was aided in his editorial labors by a society called by moderate people, the 'Free-thinkers,' and qualified by others with the less euphonious appellation of 'the Hell-fire club.' But the master-spirit in the Courant's better days was Franklin's brother Benjamin, then a boy apprenticed in the office. The paper provoked the severe displeasure of the clergy and the government, which the latter did not fail to manifest in the processes of legislative and judicial action. All this it might have continued, with good management and a portion of the popular favor, to brave or evade, and thrive upon, but Franklin was indiscreet enough to quarrel with his brother; and with his elopement to Philadelphia, the glory departed from the Courant, and its weak life soon expired. After Benjamin had abstracted himself, the Courant continued to be published in his name, as it had been for some time before,—though he was a minor,—in consequence of an order of the General Court, forbidding its publication on the part of James.

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Four years after the Courier had come to its end, the Weekly Rehearsal was set on foot by the famous Jeremy Gridley, afterwards attorney general of Massachusetts Bay, then a young lawyer of brilliant promise. At the end of a year, he wearied of the work, on which he had expended much classical lore, and the labor of weekly essays full of sense and entertainment; and it went into the hands of Thomas Fleet, an Englishman by birth, and a printer by trade, who had brought himself into trouble in London by his antipathy to the high church party, manifested in a studied affront to the procession in honor of Dr. Sacheverel. He then lived, as his posterity do now, at the corner of Washington Street and Water Street, a spot long distinguished by the sign of the Heart and Crown, and afterwards, when crowns went out of credit, by that of the Heart and Bible. Fleet was a humorist, —a man of talent and energy, and possessing uncommon resources, in his mind and experience, for his present undertaking. His satire was generally good-natured, and always free and copious. He fully preserved the latter strain, and somewhat abandoned the former, in an attack on Whitefield, then at the height of his popularity. For some unexplained reason, he changed the name of the Rehearsal, after printing it about two years, to that of the Boston Evening Post. This he continued thirteen years longer, to the time of his death, and it was undoubtedly much the best paper of its time. It was brought down by his two sons to the month of the Lexington battle.

Before the year 1750, only two newspapers, in addition to what have been mentioned, were established in Boston; the Weekly Post Boy in 1734, and the Independent Advertiser, in 1748. The first, which was continued about twenty years, was, like others before, established by a postmaster; that official, it would seem, in our ancient times, not being expected, more than an aspiring statesman in the modern, to be without a paper of his own. The latter, set up in 1748, was, through its short life of two years, of political importance; and, among other leading names in the whig circles, is said to have had Samuel Adams for one of its contributors.

The two first newspapers in the colonies, out of Boston, were the American Weekly Mercury, printed in Philadelphia by Andrew Bradford, begun Dec. 22d, 1719, and the New York Gazette by William Bradford, dating from Oct. 16th, 1728. Up to the year 1750, besides the seven Boston papers, already

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spoken of, the whole number undertaken in British America was thirteen, viz. the Rhode Island Gazette, begun in Newport in 1732; in New York, the New York Gazette, already mentioned, and three others; in Pennsylvania, the American Weekly Mercury, mentioned before, the Pennsylvania Gazette, purchased by Franklin in 1729, within a year after its establishment, and conducted by him for thirty years, and two others, one in German; the Maryland Gazette, published at Annapolis, and dating from 1728; the Virginia Gazette, from 1736; and two successive South Carolina Gazettes, at Charleston, from 1731 and 1734.

In the excited times, which followed the year 1750, the French war then about coming on, and afterwards the disputes which eventuated in the revolutionary struggle, the number of newspapers increased with comparative rapidity. We shall not undertake to follow their history further; but, before leaving this part of our subject, will select a few facts illustrative of similarity or difference between their remote and their recent relations to the community which they illuminated, and partially of the taste, resources, manners, and feelings of the times.

The first papers were commonly printed on a half sheet of pot paper. Occasionally, when there was a special press of matter, like what now calls forth a supplement, a whole sheet was used. Sometimes they were printed in folio, sometimes in quarto, no scrupulous regard being had to the convenience of binding. The News-Letter introduced itself with an advertisement as follows.

'This News-letter is to be continued weekly; and all persons who have any Houses, Lands, Tenements, Farms, Ships, Vessels, Goods, Wares or Merchandizes, &c., to be sold or let, or servants runaway, or goods stole or lost, may have the same inserted at a reasonable rate, from twelve pence to five shillings, and not to exceed, who may agree with Nicholas Boune for the same at his shop next door to Major Davis', apothecary in Boston near the old Meeting House. All persons in town and country may have said News-letter weekly upon reasonable terms, agreeing with John Campbell, postmaster of New England, at Boston, for the same.'

There were only four or five post-offices at this time in British America. There was one advertisement in the News-Letter's first number, and two in the second.

Campbell had his editorial trials. At the beginning of the

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fifth year of his enterprise, he found himself compelled to refresh his patrons' memories thus.

'All persons in town or country who have not already paid for this fourth year, are hereby desired now to pay or send it in; with their resolution if they would have it continued and proceeded on for a fifth year, life permitted, which is only to be known by the number who take it weekly throughout the year; though there has not as yet a competent number appeared to take it annually, so as to enable the undertaker to carry it on effectually,—yet he is still willing to proceed with it, if those gentlemen that have this last year lent their helping hand to support it, continue still of the same mind another year, in hopes that those, who have hitherto been backward to promote such a public good, will at last set in with it.'

In 1718 he makes public another of his embarrassments.

'After near upon fourteen years experience, the undertaker knows that it's impossible with half a sheet in the week to carry on all the public news of Europe. He now intends to make up that deficiency by printing a sheet every other week for trial, by which in a little time all will become new that used formerly to be old.'

And some months after, he refers to the gratifying success of this experiment, remarking that 'since,' that is, since his proposal,

'he has printed every other week a sheet, whereby that which seemed old in the former half sheets becomes new now by the sheet, which is easy to be seen by any one who will be at the pains to trace back former years, and even this time twelve months; we were then thirteen months behind with our foreign news, beyond Great Britain, now less than five months, so that by the sheet we have retrieved about eight months since January last; and any one that has the News Letter since that time to January next, life permitted, will be accommodated with all the news of Europe that are needful to be known in these parts. And in regard the undertaker had not suitable encouragement, even to print half a sheet weekly, seeing that he cannot vend three hundred at an impression, tho' some ignorantly concludes he sells upwards of a thousand, far less is he able to print a sheet every other week without an addition of four, six, or eight shillings a year, as every one thinks fit to give, payable quarterly, which will only help to pay for press and paper, giving his labor for nothing.'

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A disinterestedness this, how rarely imitated in these iron times! But our admiration of it must be qualified by the fear, that he partly compensated himself, by what the postmaster-general at home might have reckoned some official freedoms. 'The author,' he says,

'being still desired and encouraged to carry on the same by the gentlemen, merchants, and others his usual customers, he intends, life permitted, to answer their expectation, and to forward still as regular account of affairs as our part of the world will admit of, preventing a great many false reports. If he does not print a sheet every other week this winter time, he designs to make it up in the spring, when ships do arrive from Great Britain. And for the advantage of the post-office, an entire sheet of paper, one half with the news, and the other half good writing paper to write their letter on, may also be had there for every one that pleases to have it every Monday.'

This latter scheme seems to have been the postmaster's honorarium to the editor's patrons, in the way of charging *their letter* with only newspaper postage.

Campbell skirmished with the Gazette, on its first demonstration of poaching on his manor; but it treated him rather magnanimously, and he soon had the sense to see that it rather multiplied than divided patronage. His sore trial was in the institution of Franklin's Courant, whose heavy hand was against every man's; and Campbell seems to have had his share of the bilious humor, which may be the venial besetting sin of displaced public servants. In its introductory address to the public, the Courant said downright, that the News-Letter was 'a dull vehicle of intelligence;' by which unequivocal remark Campbell was spirited to say, in his next paper, that 'on the 7th instant came forth a third newspaper in this town, entitled the New England Courant, by *homo non unius negotii*, (Franklin's motto,) or Jack of all trades, and it would seem, good at none, giving some very, very frothy fulsome account of himself.' He avers that 'the Courant's lucubrations smell more of the ale-tub than of the lamp,' and much more to the same purpose. The competition provoked from him a whole weekly sheet for about two months, after which he fell back within his primitive dimensions. This patriarch of New England editors, lived to be seventy-five years of age; and his respectability may be inferred from his dying one of his Majesty's justices of the peace, an honor then even more rarely conferred than now on gentlemen not possessing distinguished claims.

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From the time of its coming into Green's hands, the Newsletter assumed and preserved a more temperate and conciliating tone. A writer of the day, animadverting on so early a licentiousness of the press, had observed that it had 'long groaned in bringing forth an hateful, but numerous brood of party pamphlets, malicious scribbles and Billingsgate ribaldry, which had produced rancor and bitterness, and unhappily soured and leavened the tempers of persons formerly esteemed some of the most sweet and amiable.' Green started with professing his design,

'not merely to amuse the reader, much less to gratify any ill tempers by reproach or ridicule, to promote contention or espouse any party. He would strive to oblige all his readers by publishing those transactions only that have no relation to any of our quarrels, and may be equally entertaining to the greatest adversaries. Agreeable to this design, he desires of all ingenious gentlemen, in every part of the country, to communicate the remarkable things they observe; and he desires them to send their accounts post-free; and nothing but what they assuredly know, and they shall be very gratefully received and published; that so the things, worthy of recording in this as in other parts of the world, may not proceed to sink into eternal oblivion, as they have done in all the past ages of the Aboriginal and ancient inhabitants,—and all the reverend and ministers and other gentlemen, who may at any time receive any thing worthy of publishing are desired to send it, and it will be thankfully received, and communicated to the public. And it will be endeavored to make this weekly paper as informing and entertaining as possibly can be, to the satisfaction of all who do or may encourage it.'

An address to the public in the Courant announces its 'main design,' to be,

'to entertain the town with the most comical and diverting incidents of human life, which, in so large a place as Boston, will not fail of a universal exemplification. Nor shall we be wanting to fill up these papers with a grateful interspersion of more serious morals, which may be drawn from the most ludicrous and odd parts of life.'

The frankness, and absence of circumlocution, of its style, in the prosecution of this plan, may be inferred from the following specimen.

'The most famous politicians in the government, as the infamous Gov. D— [Dummer] and his family, have ever been re-

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markable for hypocrisy; and it is the general opinion that some of the rulers are raised up and continued as a scourge in the hands of the Almighty, for the sins of the people. Thus much we could not forbear saying, out of compassion to the distressed people of the province, who must now resign all pretences to sense and reason, and submit to the tyranny of priestcraft and hypocrisy. P. S. By private letters from Boston we are informed that the Bakers there are under great apprehensions of being forbid making any more bread, unless they will submit to the Secretary as Supervisor General and weigher of the dough, before it is baked into bread, and offered for sale.'

This latter fling of course relates to some recent arrangements for a censorship of the press. The Provincial Council called the Courant to account 'for boldly reflecting on his Majesty's government, the ministry, churches, and college.' How ministers in those simple days deported themselves, when the gentlemen of the periodical press took them in hand, may be worth observing in the following address to the public, through the Boston Gazette, by Increase Mather, pastor of the Second Church, and formerly president of the college. 'Whereas,' writes that famous divine,

'Whereas a wicked libel, called the New England Courānt, has represented me as one among the supporters of it, I do hereby declare that, although I had paid for two or three of them, I then, before the last Courant was published, sent him word I was extremely offended with it. In special, because in one of his vile Courants he insinuated, that if the ministers approve of a thing, it is a sign it is of the devil,—which is a horrid thing to be related. And he doth frequently abuse the ministers of religion, and many other worthy persons, in a manner which is intolerable. For these and such like reasons, I signified to the printer, that I would have no more of their wicked Courants. I can well remember when the civil government would have taken an effectual course to suppress such a cursed libel. Which if it be not done, I am afraid that some awful judgment will come upon this land,' &c. 'I cannot but pity poor Franklin,—and I cannot but advise the supporters of the Courant to consider the consequences, and no more countenance such a wicked paper.'

Fleet, in the first number of the Rehearsal,

'invites all gentlemen of leisure and capacity, to communicate their productions for the entertainment of the polite and inquisitive part of mankind, provided that they are not overlong, and confined within modesty and good manners. To all gentlemen who are

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willing to hold a correspondence, and shall frequently favor him with any thing which may tend to the embellishment of the paper, the undertaker offers to supply them with one constantly, free from charge. And considering it is impossible for half a sheet of paper to contain all the remarkable news that may happen to be brought in upon the arrival of ships from England, or other extraordinary occurrences, he proposes in such cases to send a sheet of what he judges most material to all such as have hitherto taken it, until he is advised to the contrary by those determined to drop it, which he hopes will not be many. And all the readers in town may depend upon having it left at their houses some time before dark, unless upon extraordinary occasions, which may be a diversion after the business of the day, now the evenings are grown pretty long.'

Fleet's pleasant wit was thought to have some of its happy exercises in the composition of children's books, ballads, and especially, which is to our purpose, of advertisements; and certainly the prosaic character of that form of literature is seen somewhat relieved, in such specimens as these, painful as is the subject concerned. We do not absolutely give them as wit. They have no great pretensions to it. But, as specimens of what amused our fathers, and gave their author a name.

'To be sold by the printer of this paper, the very best negro in this town; is as hearty as a horse, as brisk as a bird, and will work like a beaver.'

'To be sold by the printer of this paper, a negro man about thirty years old, who can do both town and country business very well, but will suit the country best, where they have not so many dram shops as we have in Boston. He has worked at the printing business, can handle an axe, saw, spade, hoe, or other instrument of husbandry as well as most men, and values himself, and is valued by others, for his skill in cookery and making of soap.'

We close these extracts from early papers with one of a different tone, and certainly a very noble one, from the address to the public of the Independent Advertiser in 1748.

'As our present political state affords matter for a variety of thoughts of peculiar importance to the good people of New England, we purpose to insert every thing of that nature that may be pertinently and decently wrote. For ourselves, we declare we are of no party, neither shall we promote the narrow and private designs of any such. We are ourselves free, and our paper

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shall be free,—free as the constitution we enjoy, free to truth, good manners, and good sense, and at the same time free from all licentious reflections, insolence and abuse. Whatsoever may be adapted to state and defend the rights and liberties of mankind, to advance useful knowledge and the cause of virtue, to improve the trade, the manufactures, and husbandry of the country, whatever may tend to inspire this people with a just and proper sense of their own condition, to point out to them their true interest, and rouse them to pursue it, shall at all times find a most welcome reception.'

Of periodical literature, in our country, in its less ephemeral forms, we find, as might be expected, very little, before the Revolution. The Boston Weekly Magazine, which appeared March 2d, 1743, on a half sheet octavo, reached only its fourth week. The Christian History, also issued once a week, and in the same form, was originated by the revival under Whitefield and his associates, and was continued from 1743 to 1745. The American Magazine and Historical Chronicle, was of more pretension and longevity. It was issued monthly for more than three years from 1743, consisting of fifty octavo pages, edited by Jeremy Gridley, after his retirement from the Rehearsal. The New England Magazine of Knowledge and Pleasure, containing sixty pages, 12mo. did not survive, in 1758, its fourth monthly number, excogitated though it had been, as the poetical advertisement declares,

> 'With something suited to each different Geû,
> To humor him and her, and Me and You.'

The Royal American Magazine, by the veteran Isaiah Thomas, began the year 1774; but the times were not auspicious to works of that character, and it languished but a year. There was a monthly magazine printed at Woodbridge in New Jersey, for two years from 1758, under the title of the New American Magazine. It had honorable supervision, its editor, Samuel Nevil, being Judge of the Supreme Court of New Jersey, Speaker of the House of Assembly, and Mayor of Amboy. Besides this, and the Boston works, there was no other attempt of the kind before the Revolution, except the following in Pennsylvania. The American Magazine, or Monthly View of the British Colonies, which merely breathed to expire in 1741. The General Magazine, by Franklin, nearly contemporaneous with that just mentioned, which owed

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its birth to some discontent of Franklin at not being admitted into the partnership of the former, and which scarcely outlived the object of its animosity. The American Magazine, by a society of gentlemen, '*veritatis cultores, fraudis inimici*,' who, in 1757, found only a three months' market for their commodity. The American Magazine, of a year's continuance, through 1769, to which were subjoined the transactions of the American Philosophical Society, Nichola, a Frenchman, its editor, being an academician. The Royal Spiritual Magazine, or Christian's Grand Treasury, issued through some months of 1771. And finally, the Pennsylvania Magazine, begun with the year 1775, by Robert Aitken, a work which owed its celebrity, which continued till the hot martial times, mainly to frequent contributions of Thomas Paine. As Lord Byron said that his genius was gin, so that of Paine, it is well known, was in those days brandy. On one occasion, when the press was waiting its dictations, Aitken said, that he insisted on Paine's accompanying him home, where 'I seated him at the table,' said he, 'with the necessary apparatus, which always included a glass and a decanter of brandy. The first glass put him in a train of thinking; I feared the second would disqualify him or render him untractable; but it only illuminated his intellectual system; and when he had swallowed the third glass, he wrote with great rapidity, intelligence, and precision; and his ideas appeared to flow faster than he could commit them to paper. What he penned from the inspiration of the brandy, was perfectly fit for the press, without any alteration or correction.' Of course, there is nothing extraordinary in this phenomenon. The habits of the man had wholly unstrung his nerves, so that only strong temporary stimulus could revive any power for temporary action.

If this enumeration is complete, which, of course, we would not affirm it to be, twelve periodicals, of a class above newspapers, had been set on foot before the Revolution, in British America; viz. five in Boston, one in New Jersey, and six in Philadelphia. No one of them, however, survived that great political shock, nor was the aspect of the remaining quarter of that century upon such enterprises much more benign.—Having led this form of literature forth from its cradle, it would hardly be worth our while to proceed with it step by step in its leading-strings; and we know of nothing of the sort, within the period in question, which exerted any particular influ-

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ence, marked any memorable progress, attracted any distinguished notice, or on any account demands now special commemoration. The longest-lived aspirants in this way to public regard, were, the Columbian Magazine, and the American Museum, of Philadelphia, both continued from 1787 to 1792; the New York Magazine and Literary Repository, from 1790 to 1797; and the Massachusetts Magazine, from 1789 to 1795. To the latter, Rev. Drs. Freeman and Harris are understood to have made contributions, and Mrs. Morton wrote for it under her well-known signature of 'Philenia.' Under cover of the popularity acquired by his Wieland, Ormond, and Arthur Mervyn, Charles Brockden Brown, in 1794, tried a Monthly Magazine and American Review, in Philadelphia. But it would not do. The French Revolution had come on; our fellow-citizens found other 'metal, more attractive;' and the enterprise was abandoned within the year.

The present century opened more auspiciously to this cause, the first number of the famous Portfolio having been published on the third day of January, 1801. Many of our readers remember the interest, with which its eight quarto pages used to be unfolded in its earlier and best days, when, having been issued in Philadelphia on Saturday, it arrived in Boston with the speed of the mail, on the second following Sunday morning. Joseph Dennie was undoubtedly a person of brilliant qualities, and, both in society and in his writings, of uncommon fascination. He was born in Lexington, and partly, at least, fitted for college at the Boston town-school, then under the care of Master Hunt. At college, he was a classmate of the present President of that Institution, having been graduated in 1790. He studied law; but his attachment to the profession of his choice may be inferred from the current anecdote, true or not, that he used to lock his office door, not from fear that accounts and conveyances should get out, but that a client should get in. He came speedily into notice as editor, in Walpole, New-Hampshire, of the Farmer's Museum, the series of papers published in that Journal under the name of the Lay Preacher, especially acquiring an extraordinary popularity. This industriously and worthily obtained capital of fame, he invested in his larger speculation at Philadelphia, announcing in his prospectus to the Portfolio, that 'a young man, once known among village readers as the humble historian of the hour,

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the conductor of a Farmer's Magazine, and a Lay Preacher's Gazette, again offers himself to the public as a volunteer editor.' We infer, from the tone of some of the editorials, that it was never any thing like a gainful concern to its author. As early as the end of the first year, there is an out-break of defiance of hostility, and contempt of neglect and desertion, which too clearly manifests the sensibility it disclaims. At the end of the second year, he says plainly, in language, if of exaggeration, of evident feeling too, that 'his sketches have scarcely been lucrative enough to pay for the oil consumed in their composition,' confessing, at the same time, in language implying a strong consciousness that the confession was both true and called for, that his own want of steady purpose and assiduous self-tasking shared largely among other causes of his disappointment. In fact, all accounts agree that he had no habits of application, capable of sustaining, if any thing can, the burden of a weekly exhibition of one's self, of a nature to demand that one should be always pointed and brilliant. In respect to natural gifts, he was, possibly, not over-rated; but undoubtedly his reputation in some particulars was factitious. The felicities of his style, for instance, were decidedly ostentatious; and some of his earlier papers have a display of classical learning, such as is only to be made in two ways; either by drafts upon the memory of a first-rate scholar, such as Bentley and Porson, which, of course, Dennie was not, or else by dogged reference to indices, a kind of work which one, whose taste and whose forte is to be light and sparkling, will not long find patience to sustain.* Society solicited him with a dangerously flattering importunity; the irregular habits of application, and exasperated sensibility, which in those days more than now, were unhappily thought to belong to genius, naturally, by a constantly reciprocal action, aggravated each other, and he died in 1812, a mortified, disappointed man, surviving his

* A friend tells us, that an eminent magistrate, yet surviving, when Secretary of State, created an office in his bureau, which, however demanded by the public service, he intended should also benefit Dennie. It was that of a critical supervisor of the public documents in that department, to secure their literary exactness, before they should go abroad to the world. But Dennie, when repeatedly summoned to his post, still failed to make his appearance, and, as far at least as he was concerned, the plan was relinquished.

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highest fame, and leaving no strong claim on the gratitude of posterity, though scarcely surviving a certain enthusiastic and indefinite public admiration, and long survived by friendships which his attractive qualities of mind and heart were always prompt to win.

Brown, another of our great early names in elegant literature,—early with us, though first bruited within half a century,—and a name with claims to commemoration at least more solid and elaborate, had meanwhile added to his high consideration by his novels of Edgar Huntly, Clara Howard, and Jane Talbot, and on the strength of the reputation which these won for him, set up, in 1803, the Literary Magazine and American Register; and in 1806, an Annual Register; the gravest periodical enterprise, this latter, which the country had yet witnessed. He carried it through five volumes, and the former work through eight, conducting the two together, besides occasional contributions to the Portfolio and other works, with most praiseworthy industry, distinguished and various talent, and a very sober, enlightened, and generous spirit. The last volume of the Register was issued but a few weeks before his death. Brown's is a name which ought not to 'be willingly let die.' A grateful justice has recently been done it, in the biography by our coadjutor, Mr. William H. Prescott, published in Mr. Sparks's collection.

Salmagundi, there is of course no describing. But we, who are old enough, 'cannot but remember such things were, and were most dear to us.' To its contemporaries, its name is its history. To speak it, is to evoke the spirits of the crowd of bright fancies which it stood for, and make them rush again in their motley, if now sad procession, through the mind. Unfortunates, who were not its contemporaries, if they will not read its own five hundred 18mo. pages, may do the next best thing by conning its fifty fruitful pages of index. It began and ended with 1807. Irving, not yet a longed-for exile, Verplanck, not yet a statesman, and Paulding, still in process of breaking for the more regular literary races, made the mysterious trio of Langstaff, Evergreen, and Wizard.

But, though thus, from the starting-point of the century, seduced away to the South by the mention of the Portfolio, it is time for us to be again at our own home, where the press meanwhile had not been rusting. Phineas Adams, who was

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graduated at Cambridge in 1793 or 1801,* being engaged in teaching at Boston, in 1803, issued in November of that year, from the press of E. Lincoln, under the editorial name of Sylvanus Per-se, the first number of the Monthly Anthology, consisting of forty-eight pages octavo. He is understood to have been aided by Rev. Dr. Channing, and his distinguished and lamented elder brother. What other high support there was, we do not know; but the editor had to write enough himself to be soon discouraged, and after the sixth number he abruptly disappears, one of his papers left incomplete in that number not being continued in any subsequent one, and an advertisement contained in it implying no anticipation of a change, but the contrary. The seventh number was issued by Munroe & Francis, under the editorship of the Rev. Mr. Emerson, of the First Church, though without his name, the change being noticed only in general terms. This number took for its second title, the Massachusetts Magazine, instead of Magazine of Polite Literature, borne by it heretofore; which again was changed with the tenth number to Boston Review, and the name thus modified continued to belong to the work until its termination in 1811. With the second volume, fifty-six pages became the size of a monthly number, which, with the sixth volume in 1809, was enlarged to seventy-two.

Mr. Emerson had associated with himself some literary friends, enabling him to announce his work as 'conducted by a society of gentlemen.' This was the beginning of the famous Anthology Club. Its resident members met weekly in the evening, to arrange the matter for the coming number, and enjoy each others' society.† The records of these meetings, which have been preserved, are sure to be objects hereafter,—they are objects already,—of a stronger interest than that of curiosity.

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* We believe the latter; but the college catalogue shews the name in both years, and we have no means at hand for making the distinction.

† Theoretically, the work had, in its later years, no editor. The gentleman who had discharged that office having proposed to withdraw from it, on account of the inconvenience necessarily attendant on being such a mark for unkind notice from abroad, the Society, in its characteristic sagacity, easily found a resource for the exigency. They voted, that they would themselves be joint editors, but would do the work by a Commission; that it should be done by a Committee of one, and that Brother E. [the gentleman hitherto editor] should be that Committee.

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Though there was a most honorable uniformity in the principles of criticism maintained in the Anthology, there was, as was to be expected and indeed desired, no great uniformity of matter in its pages, where the talents and tastes of contributors were so various; nor any great uniformity of merit, where all had other objects, which, sometimes more, sometimes less, drew them away from this. But there are jewels of speculation, criticism, and taste, scattered with no grudging hand over its pages. They wrote as convenience allowed, fancy prompted, or some serious occasion dictated, as of course they wrote gratuitously, the income of their work never so much as defraying the charge of their meetings. The literary taste and spirit which they animated in each other, and the feeling for letters which they excited in this community, have produced and are producing very palpable and increasingly important results. And they erected one monument to their association, far more durable than their work, or any interest directly attaching to it. The Boston Athenæum was first the Anthology Reading Room. Mr. Shaw, long afterwards its devoted and indefatigable patron, first proposed the plan. Several members of the club, among whom Rev. Dr. Gardiner is particularly commemorated, gave books; the number was increased by contributions of other public-spirited individuals; and the collection was first deposited in a room on Pemberton's hill. When it became too large to find accommodation there, it was removed, we think about 1812, to a house in Tremont Street, next north of King's Chapel cemetery, and lastly, about ten years ago, to the establishment provided for it in Pearl Street by the munificence of Mr. Perkins.*

On late works of note among us, we shall, for obvious reasons, forbear from particular comment, contenting ourselves with the mention of a few dates and facts, and thus presenting a partial outline, which memory and hearsay will aid many of our readers to fill up. Two volumes octavo of the Literary Miscellany were issued in 1806, at Cambridge, under the superintendence of a committee of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, consisting, we believe, of Rev. Dr. Harris, Professor

* The Anthology club-room has, perhaps, secured to itself a place in the inquiries of a gratefully inquisitive posterity. Whoever wishes to put them in possession of an answer to their inquiries, is to be directed up the now somewhat uninviting avenue from Washington Street, called Williams' Court.

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Willard, and Professor Cleveland, now of Bowdoin College; and four of the General Repository and Review, a quarterly publication of over two hundred pages in a number, were issued at the same place in 1812 and 1813. The latter had a Theological, a Miscellaneous, and an Intelligence department, and a department of Reviews. Mr. Norton, its editor, received contributions from twenty-seven gentlemen, all then, or since, of unquestioned distinction, and some of the first eminence, in our republic of letters. The fourth volume was published under the direction of an association of gentlemen, and with it the work was discontinued.

The North American Review was established by the late lamented William Tudor, afterwards Chargé d'Affaires of the United States at the court of Rio Janeiro, in May, 1815. It was originally published every two months, in numbers of a hundred and fifty pages each, which included, besides reviews, the variety of miscellaneous and poetical articles usually found in magazines. In March, 1817, the work was transferred by Mr. Tudor to Mr. Willard Phillips, and by him, in the course of the same year, to a small association of gentlemen, who took measures for carrying it on, at frequent meetings, the execution of their arrangements being confided to Mr. Sparks, then a tutor at college. After the seventh volume, the work was published quarterly, in numbers of two hundred and fifty pages each, the departments of poetry and intelligence were suppressed, and the contents were made to consist entirely of reviews and miscellaneous essays. On the removal of Mr. Sparks to Baltimore, in 1819, the management was transferred to Mr. Edward T. Channing; and on his appointment the same year, to the Professorship of Rhetoric and Oratory in Harvard University, which he still holds, it was again transferred to Mr. Edward Everett, who had recently returned from Europe. At this time, a new series commenced, in which the miscellaneous department was omitted, and the work conformed throughout to the type of European publications of the same character. Under the administration of Mr. Everett, its circulation increased with so much rapidity that it became necessary to print two or three successive editions of some of the earlier numbers of the new series, and to reprint several of those of the first series, in order to supply the augmented demand for the whole. In 1822, the work was again transferred to Mr. Sparks, and in 1830 it passed into the hands of

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the present editor. Under all the changes in its editorial management it has been chiefly sustained by the labors of the same persons who were originally the principal contributors, and to whose valuable aid our readers are still indebted for much of whatever entertainment and instruction may be found in its pages. Some of these, including Mr. Tudor, were among the members of the Anthology Club, so that the work may be considered as in some sense a continuation of the Anthology. It has long been our intention to offer a tribute to the memory of the accomplished founder, who died at his post in Rio Janeiro in the year 1829. Accidental circumstances have hitherto defeated this purpose, but we still hope to be able to carry it into effect at no distant period.

In 1827, those enterprising publishers, the Messrs. Carey of Philadelphia, established the American Quarterly Review on the same plan, placing it under the conduct of Mr. Walsh, who, having returned from Europe with the fame he had won by his Letter on the Genius and Dispositions of the French Government, and by contributions to the Edinburgh Review, had previously, in 1811 and 1812, published four volumes of the American Review and Repository, and two volumes of an Annual Register in 1817. The number of such publications, which was diminished last year by the discontinuance of the Western and Southern Reviews,—the former commenced in 1827, in Cincinnati, by Mr. Timothy Flint, the latter in Charleston, in 1828, under the editorship of Mr. Legaré, now our Belgian Chargé d'Affaires,—has been kept full by the institution of Mr. Leonard Woods, Jr.'s Quarterly, in New York, and the United States' Review in Philadelphia. Mr. Blunt's American Annual Register, which enlists some of the high talent of the different sections of the country, has been published at New York since the beginning of 1827.

A character mainly the same with that of the leading Reviews last mentioned, attaches to the Christian Examiner and General Review, published in Boston, and the Christian Spectator, in New Haven, with the difference that each is devoted to the defence of a system of theological opinion. The second series of the latter work, by which we suppose it is principally known, was begun in 1827. The former was first issued monthly for six years, from 1813 to 1818, under the name of the Christian Disciple, by that eminent philanthro-

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pist, Noah Worcester of Brighton, being in his hands chiefly devoted to the cause of international peace. With the second series, begun in 1819, and continued through five years, was assumed a controversial character. In 1824, it took an enlarged form, along with its present name. During these changes, it has been in the charge of different individuals, generally clergymen of Boston.

We could add largely to the list, from memory; and the Analectic Magazine, furnished with its biographies of naval worthies by Irving, and for some time edited by Paulding,—and the Red Book, the most successful experiment perhaps at imitation of Salmagundi, by Mr. Cruse of Baltimore, one of the precious victims to the late dreadful pestilence, would demand particular commemoration. There was the Thespian Mirror at New York, a specimen of wonderful precocity of genius, edited by John Howard Payne, in his fourteenth year. At home, there was the Gleaner, published by Mrs. Murray in a separate form, after the pattern of the Spectator; the Ordeal, by a now valuable civic magistrate, which, though a magazine, magnified its office into the assumption of a political character, containing letters, on the model of Junius, in the high party times of 1808; the Polyanthus, issued from the press of the present editor of the New England Magazine, and ornamented with prints from the graver of that remarkable young orientalist, Harris, who came to an untimely death, while a member of college, bathing in the Charles river. There was the Emerald, an octavo magazine, issued from the office of his Honor the present Lieutenant Governor, continued through the years 1806 and 1807, and then merged, along with the Times, a weekly quarto literary newspaper, in the Mirror, also a weekly newspaper on the same plan, but of a larger size. This was issued, (under the management of J. H. Payne, then preparing here for his scenic laurels,) from the office of Mr. Monroe, since the able conductor of the Baltimore Patriot. But it is impossible so much as to name all such undertakings, except in a barren catalogue, nor does any eligible principle of selection appear.

We will add only some brief statements, touching the comparative amount of periodical publication at different periods of our history. In the year 1750, four newspapers only were issued in New England, all of them in Boston, and seven in the other colonies, viz. two in New York, three in Pennsylvania, one in

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Virginia, and one in South Carolina. In 1775, there were seven in Massachusetts, one in New Hampshire, two in Rhode Island, and three in Connecticut, (thirteen in all New England,) three in New York, eight in Pennsylvania, two in Maryland, two in Virginia, two in North Carolina, three in South Carolina, and one in Georgia; making twenty-one in all, in the Southern provinces, and thirty-four in the territory of the now United States. Soon after the Revolutionary war, daily papers, instead of weekly as heretofore, were introduced in Philadelphia and New York; but we had none here, till so late as 1813. In 1800, according to Thomas, at least one hundred and fifty newspapers were printed in the United States; and in 1810, three hundred and fifty, already nearly half as many again as in the British islands. The same writer computed the number of single papers, then annually issued here, at twenty-two millions and a half. A French document, inserted in the American Almanac of the current year, gives the number of newspapers in the United States at eight hundred and forty, while all Europe has only a little over two thousand, all Asia but twenty-seven, Great Britain four hundred and eighty, Austria and Russia each eighty, and Spain but twelve; making in the United States a newspaper for less than every fourteen thousand souls; in Europe, one for every hundred and six thousand souls; and in Asia one for every fourteen millions; or a thousand times as many, in proportion to the population, in our country, as in the latter continent. The learned editor, however, of the Almanac, reckons the number of our newspapers last year at not less than twelve hundred; the number in Massachusetts alone having reached a hundred, including forty-three in Boston. The other periodical literature in Boston, last year, was diffused through no less than forty-seven publications, viz. three semi-monthly, twenty-two monthly, five two-monthly, seven quarterly, one semi-annual, and nine annual, including six almanacs. We have heard it confidently stated, in a highly trustworthy quarter, that, apart from newspapers and religious magazines, the periodical publications of this city exceed the sum of those of the rest of the country. But we cannot ourselves vouch for the fact.

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ART. II.—*Diplomatic Correspondence.*

The Diplomatic Correspondence of the United States of America, from the signing of the definitive Treaty of Peace, 10th September, 1783, to the Adoption of the Constitution, March 4th, 1789, being the Letters of the Presidents of Congress, the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, American Ministers at Foreign Courts, Foreign Ministers near Congress, and Reports of the Secretary for Foreign Affairs on various Letters and Communications, together with Letters from Individuals on Public Affairs. Published under the direction of the Secretary of State, from the original Manuscripts in the Department of State, conformably to an Act of Congress, approved May 5th, 1832. In seven volumes 8vo.

IN our number for October, 1831, we reviewed 'the Diplomatic Correspondence of the Revolution,' the work of which that now under consideration is the Sequel. In that review we observed that, in obedience to the terms of the resolution of Congress of 1818, ordering the publication of various portions of the contents of the Archives of the old Congress, the Diplomatic Correspondence, selected for the press, terminated abruptly at the close of the war, in 1783. We expressed ourselves strongly in favor of the continuation of the work, down to the time of the adoption of the Constitution in 1789. We observed that a resolution had been reported to the House of Representatives at its preceding session, (that of 1830—1831,) authorizing the Secretary of State to continue the work down to that period, under the editorship of Mr. Sparks. The committee, that reported this resolution, recommended that the proposed work should be entrusted to the editorship of Mr. Sparks, in consequence of the extraordinary qualifications known to be possessed by that gentleman, for an undertaking of this kind, and the success with which he had performed the duty of an editor toward the Diplomatic Correspondence of the Revolution. He was known to have bestowed more attention upon the general subject, than any other individual living. In his laborious researches in the public offices of Great Britain and France, he had collected ample materials,

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which enabled him to fill up numerous and important chasms, in the various parts of the Correspondence of our public agents, preserved in the Department of State; and of the liberality with which he was disposed to make use of these materials, for the advantage of the great national work confided to him, the volumes published under his editorship bore ample testimony. In addition to this, there seemed an obvious propriety in confiding the continuance and completion of a work to the judgment and discretion, which had been exercised in commencing and carrying it on. It was of importance enough to require a unity of plan and execution:

'servetur ad imum
Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constet.'

The resolution alluded to, and which was reported at the first session of the twenty-first Congress, was thrust aside by the multitude of matters of more urgent interest, and failed to pass. In the following year, a clause was introduced into the general appropriation bill, providing a sum of money to 'enable the Secretary of State to cause to be printed a selection from the Diplomatic Correspondence between the peace of 1783 and the 4th of March, 1789, remaining unpublished in the department of State.' The office of Secretary of State was, at that time, filled by Mr. Edward Livingston. This distinguished gentleman was well aware of the reasons, which existed, for confiding to Mr. Sparks the care of the continuation of the work, of which he had edited the commencement, in a manner equally creditable to himself and acceptable to the public. Had it been in his power to do so, uninfluenced by considerations foreign to the merits of the question, as one of a character purely historical and literary, Mr. Livingston would have put the preparation of the proposed work into the same able hands. Unfortunately, the law making the appropriation, forbore to specify the name of the gentleman, who had so many claims to be selected as the editor. Reasons of State, if they may be dignified by that name, transformed the publication into a printer's job, and compelled the Secretary to dispose of it on the principles, which usually govern the dispensation of public patronage. It was necessary that the work should be printed at Washington. Fortunately, the Secretary of State was as well qualified for the general superintendence of such a selection, as any gentleman could possibly be, who

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had not made that branch of our documentary history a particular study. He is understood to have directed himself the selection of the materials for a portion of the work, and probably gave to this task as much time, as could be spared from the other duties of his elevated and laborious station. It is, however, no disparagement of him to say, that this could be but inconsiderable. It is notorious to all persons conversant with the subject, that it is beyond the physical ability of the most laborious and industrious Secretary of State, personally to superintend the *editing*, so to call it, even of some of the voluminous documents, pertaining to matters of current legislation, and frequently required to be prepared at the department, by calls of the two houses of Congress. It is in our power to name documents of the highest present importance, consisting of papers relative to immediate subjects of legislation, and containing not the Diplomatic Correspondence of times long past, and now become matters of literary and historical curiosity, but that of our ministers at the present day, on topics of the most urgent interest, the publication of which has been delayed month after month, from the actual impossibility of finding time to make the requisite selection from the papers. In this state of things, there is plainly nothing invidious in the remark, that it was out of the question for Mr. Livingston, to give any great portion of his time to the editorship of the work before us. By whom the selection and preparation of the papers contained in it were actually made, we are not informed. We presume that some of the gentlemen in the department of State were employed for that purpose; and bestowed upon it the time and attention which could be spared from their other labors. We have not the slightest disposition to reflect unkindly on the manner, in which the duty was performed by them. We have no doubt they did all that could reasonably be expected, under the circumstances of the case. But no one, who has but walked through the rooms of an extensive public office,—who has seen a department of government, beset with the crowd of idlers and visiters, who throng it from curiosity,—harassed with the legion of office hunters, mousing about for holes where they can creep in,—wearily trod by the long-suffering band of claimants, languishing with hopes deferred,—bustling to meet the urgency of Congressional calls,—perplexed with party troubles, cares, and intrigues,—alternating from the gratified officiousness of

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new incumbents, eager to signalize their ministry, to the overplied assiduity of the departing, anxious to save the credit of their administration,—we say no one, who has glanced at this scene, needs to be told that this is not the place where a literary labor is to be performed. There is no calmness or tranquillity in it. The air is hot and close. Hurry, and anxious expectation, and fear of change prevail. Pains-taking, laborious merit is a contemptible thing; plodding, conscientious research, a quality, to say the least, as far removed from the daily walks of life, as the fossil remains of lost animals, which professor Buckland has detected in rocks of slate and limestone, are from the living race of quadrupeds. With respect to the typographical execution of the work before us, it is greatly deficient in correctness. The punctuation is neglected, so as to produce continual confusion; and all the other imperfections incident to printing done like this, in a newspaper office, disfigure the pages.

Thus much we have said, not censoriously nor unkindly, but with a strict regard to truth and justice; and as all concerned in the labor or expense of the publication have been amply remunerated by the government, the usual considerations of tenderness in alluding to the defects of costly works, of course, fail. But with these qualifications, the Diplomatic Correspondence from 1783 to 1789, possesses its due share of the interest and value of that of the Revolution. It is, in fact, part and parcel of the same work. It records the continuance of the same negotiations, often by the same individuals. It covers a period of time less familiar in our political history, than that of the Revolution, and a larger portion of the seven volumes is new matter than of the twelve that preceded them. Many points in our history are illustrated, and as the former volumes showed, in the most convincing manner, the inadequacy of the Confederation, to carry on the diplomatic intercourse of the country, with the utmost desirable effort, in time of war, the present work establishes the same fact, and still more conclusively, of a time of peace. There is one illustration of this, so signal and instructive, that it has been thought worthy by the writer of the introduction to the work,—apparently Mr. Livingston,—to be quoted at length in that paper. We allude to the letter of the Duke of Dorset to the commissioners appointed by the Congress to negotiate treaties of amity and commerce, with the various powers of Europe. These commissioners, (Messrs. Adams, Jefferson, and Franklin,) had apprized the British

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Minister of their being furnished with full powers to negotiate such treaties, and their readiness to remove from Paris to London for the purpose of entering into such a negotiation with Great Britain. In reply to their communication, the Duke informs them, that he is directed to inquire, as to 'the real nature of the powers with which they are invested; whether they are *merely* commissioned by Congress, or whether they have received separate powers from the respective States.' From this sentence, and the rest of the letter, it would appear, —what indeed other portions of the work render certain,—that it would have been impossible, without an alteration in the character and an enlargement of the powers of the General Government, to conclude a commercial treaty with Great Britain.

The first volume opens with the Correspondence of Mr. Boudinot, then president of the Congress, with the American minister in France, Dr. Franklin. Mr. Boudinot conducted the Correspondence with the foreign ministers, in the interval between Mr. R. R. Livingston's retiring from the office of Secretary for foreign affairs, and the choice of his successor. Mr. Boudinot's first despatches to Dr. Franklin contain an account of the mutiny of a part of the troops of the Pennsylvania line, stationed at Lancaster, their march to Philadelphia, and their audacious and insulting treatment of Congress. This incident is here related with more particularity than it appears in the general histories of the period, and Mr. Boudinot's despatches are accompanied with original papers, which, we believe, have not been elsewhere preserved, nor previously published. The following interesting summary of the ultimate views of the leaders, is extracted from Mr. Boudinot's despatch to the ministers of the United States at Paris, of the 15th of July, 1783.

'As soon as it was known that Congress was going, (to Princeton) the council were informed, that there was great reason to expect a serious attack on the bank, the night following; on which the President of the State collected one hundred soldiers and kept guard all night. On Wednesday, it was reported that Congress had sent for the Commander-in-chief, with the whole Northern Army and the militia of New Jersey, who were to be joined by the Pennsylvania militia, in order to quell the mutiny, which was no otherwise true, than ordering a detachment of a few hundred men from the North River. The sergeants being alarmed, soon proposed a submission, and the whole

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came in a body to the President of the State, making a most submissive acknowledgment of their misconduct, and charging the whole on two of their officers, whom they had commissioned to represent grievances, a Captain Carbery and lieutenant Sullivan, who were to have headed them, as soon as they should have proceeded to violence. These officers immediately escaped to Chester, and there got on board of a vessel bound to London. The sergeants describe the plan laid by these officers as of the most irrational and diabolical nature, not only against Congress and the Council, but against the city and the bank. They were to be joined by straggling parties from the different parts of the country, and after executing their horrid purposes, were to have gone off with their plunder to the East Indies. However incredible this may appear, the letters from Sullivan to Colonel Moyland, his commanding officer, from Chester and the Capes, clearly shew that it was a deep-laid scheme.'

Among the documents appended to the despatch, is one of the letters of lieutenant Sullivan alluded to, from which it appears that this amiable young officer, concerned in the praiseworthy attempt of bayonetting Congress and plundering the bank, had left his native land, (the Emerald isle) and engaged in the American service from 'the purest motives of patriotism and disinterestedness.' This incident in our revolutionary history, however insignificant in itself, and discreditable to those concerned in it, has seemed entitled to the space we have given to it, as the leading cause, which led to the adoption of the fixed purpose of establishing a permanent seat of Government, under an exclusively Federal jurisdiction. The tardiness with which, (as it was thought), the authorities of Pennsylvania engaged in the defence of the Congress, against the violence with which they were threatened, seemed to demonstrate unanswerably the necessity of a seat of Government, where Congress might itself be clothed with all the authority, required for its own protection, without being in any measure dependent on the co-operation, or at the mercy of the discretion, of another power. In this view of the subject, it is matter of curious remark, that exclusive jurisdiction over a seat of Government of narrow extent, as for instance, ten miles square, appears to furnish, but to a very partial degree, the means of defence against precisely the kind of outrage, which is supposed to have demonstrated the necessity of such a protection. The Continental Congress in 1783 wished the coun-

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cil of Pennsylvania to call out the militia, to defend them against a mutinous portion of the regular army. The militia of any ten miles square, in which the seat of Government was likely to be established, must be considered but an indifferent defence against a revolt in the regular army. Nor is it less noticeable, that the Constitution of the United States gives to the President, as the Chief Executive Officer of the Federal Government, all that power over the militia, in every part of the Union, which it was thought necessary to obtain, at a seat of Government, by placing it exclusively under Federal jurisdiction. If these remarks are correct, it follows that the establishment of such a seat of Government does not answer the original end of its erection, and that this end would be as effectually answered by the provisions of the Constitution without a seat of Government, exclusively under Federal jurisdiction, as it could be with it. That there are no other objects of convenience, in such an exclusive jurisdiction, we are not disposed to affirm, but whether they outweigh the great and hitherto unbalanced evils of the half Babylon and half desert, in which the Government at present is *located*, we shall not now discuss.

But it is time to return to the work before us. The remainder of the first volume comprises chiefly the Correspondence of Mr. Jay, the Secretary for foreign affairs, with the French ministers and Chargés d' Affaires in the United States, in which the important subject of the Consular Convention fills a prominent place; the Correspondence of General Lafayette with the French ministers and Mr. Jay, on the political and commercial interests of the United States, and the Correspondence of Mr. Barclay, who was appointed by Congress a commissioner, to examine and liquidate the accounts of the servants of the United States in Europe. The contents of these letters are all interesting, many of them highly curious; but we do not find, on our notes, any topic of sufficient importance to be detached from the rest, and made the subject of particular remark. We cannot however forbear a passing observation on the additional light thrown by them on the talent and skill of Mr. Jay, which shine in every page; and on the restless activity, the unextinguishable zeal, the judgment and discretion, which marked the efforts of General Lafayette in the service of the country. In his conferences with the French ministry on the American trade, his instances with the other Continen-

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tal governments in behalf of our commerce, and in his Correspondence with Mr. Jay on these topics, he evinces a practical business talent, and a sober common sense, as remarkable and as admirable, as the chivalry, which led him to plunge into the more fascinating exposures and labors of the war. Ten of the letters contained in the Correspondence of Lafayette are to be found in Mr. Sparks's collection, and needed not to be repeated in the present work.

One of the topics in Mr. Barclay's Correspondence is the still mysterious claim of Beaumarchais. A very eloquent memorial to Congress from that extraordinary personage may be found at page 474 of the first volume. In our article on the former series of the Diplomatic Correspondence, we submitted to our readers a summary statement of this claim, which has so long haunted our legislation and diplomacy, and we expressed the opinion that delicacy and the self-respect, which the Government owes itself, requires its payment. Since that period, it has been included in Mr. Rives's arrangement with the French Government. The extraordinary refusal of the Chamber of Deputies to appropriate the funds necessary to enable the French Government to redeem the public faith, as pledged in that arrangement, gives new strength to the desire, which we then expressed, that the United States would refund to France the subsidies, which they received from her in the Revolution. The aid thus afforded was all-important, nothing less than essential to the cause; and the liberality, with which it was afforded, is beyond all praise and entitled to our lasting gratitude. But the subsequent change in the relative position of the two powers, the unprecedented growth of this country and its ability to pay off this debt, and especially the long delay of France to indemnify our suffering merchants, and now the strange refusal of the Chamber, under pretences stranger than the act itself, to give effect to the Convention of indemnity, make it, as appears to us, of the highest concernment to the honor of the United States, to pay back these gratuities. We do not see how this country can creditably remain under an obligation of such a character to a foreign power, pursuing a policy like that of the legislature in France, in reference to these indemnities.

The second volume of the work before us, opens with the Correspondence of Franklin. This Correspondence, with the exception of a few letters between Dr. Franklin and Sir

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Edward Newenham, relative to the appointment of a son of the latter, as American Consul in France, and one or two letters, scattered up and down in the series, is contained in Mr. Sparks's Diplomatic Correspondence of the Revolution. That it should be thus repeated in a work avowedly undertaken as the sequel of its predecessor, is an illustration of that want of an efficient editorship, to which we have already alluded. This is an inadvertence the more to be regretted, as, after all, the work before us does not contain the whole of the Franklin Correspondence for this period. Although it presents us with some letters of Dr. Franklin, which we believe are not found in Mr. Sparks's collection, there are others in the latter, which are not repeated in the present work. A similar inadvertence, but still more out of taste, is the publication of the same document twice in different parts of the present work, and this in several instances. Thus Mr. Jefferson's letter to Mr. Jay, of the 14th of August, 1785, which appears at page 371 of the second volume, is given page 330, as the eighth report of the Commissioners appointed, with general powers, to negotiate treaties of amity with the various European governments. In like manner, are given twice in this volume, within the same distance of forty or fifty pages, the letter of Baron Thulemeier to Mr. Jefferson of 19th July, 1785, Mr. Jefferson's reply, the instructions of Messrs. John Adams and Thomas Jefferson to Mr. Short, and their instructions to Mr. Dumas, relative to the ratification of the Prussian treaty. There is no possible interest in these documents, requiring their repetition, and it is ascribable to mere inadvertence.

The correspondence of Mr. Adams, at the Hague, principally with the Baron de Thulemeier, relative to the treaty with Prussia; that of Messrs. Adams, Franklin, and Jefferson, as Commissioners for negotiating treaties, with the various powers of Europe, and the commencement of that of Mr. Jefferson as minister of the United States at Paris, fill the residue of the second volume.—We extract from the latter the following letter of Paul Jones, who had been requested, by Mr. Jefferson, to inform himself, as far as possible, of the objects of the expedition of La Peyrouse, under the supposition that it might have been projected with a view to the establishment of a French colony, on the Western Coast of America. The eagerness with which Mr. Jefferson, at this early period, cast a glance toward that region, prepares us for the

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zeal, with which, twenty years after, and under very different circumstances, he labored so successfully for its acquisition by the United States. Paul Jones had been requested by Mr. Jefferson, in a letter of the 3d Aug. 1785, to make inquiry into all the circumstances, relative to La Peyrouse's expedition, particularly 'what number of men and of what vocations, he had on board? What animals, their species and numbers? What trees, plants, or seeds? What utensils? What merchandise or other necessaries.' His reply was in the following terms:

'PARIS, OCTOBER 5, 1785.

'Sir, the following is the best information I am able to give you, in compliance with the letter dated at Paris, 3d August, 1785, which you did me the honor to address to me, at L'Orient.

'The Boussole and Astrolabe, two Gaberts (Gabarres?) of six hundred tons each, sheathed with copper, and equipped in the best manner, sailed from Brest, the first of August, 1785, under the command of Messieurs de la Peyrouse and the Viscount de Langle, captains in the Royal Navy. They had on board a great variety of trees, plants, and seeds, that suit the climate of France, manufactures in linen, woollen and cotton goods, and in iron and copper, &c.; mechanical tools of all sorts, a great quantity of trinkets and toys; ploughs and all sorts of utensils and implements of culture, and a quantity of unwrought iron. Each ship had on board a large shallop in frames, and a million of French livres, in the coins of different nations.

'Each ship had also on board twenty-one soldiers, drafted from the two regiments at Brest; all of whom were either mechanics or farmers.

'They had on board no women; nor any animals, except such as appeared destined for the refreshment of the crews. The crew of each ship is one hundred men, including officers and men of genius.

'The King himself planned the expedition, and made out all the details with his own hand, before he spoke a word of it to any one. His Majesty defrays the expense out of his private coffer, and is his own minister in every thing, that regards the operation of his plan.

'There is no doubt but the perfecting the geography of the southern hemisphere is one of the objects, which his Majesty had in view; and it is not difficult to perceive that he had others equally worthy of a great prince; one of which may be to extend the commerce of his subjects, by establishing factories at a future day for the fur trade, on the North-west coast of America; and

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another to establish colonies in New Holland, after having well explored the coast, and made experiments on the soil of that vast island, which is situated in so happy a climate, and so contiguous to the establishments of France in the East Indies.

'I am, Sir, with great respect, &c.,

'J. PAUL JONES.'

The second volume contains interesting documents, relative to the commencement of our relations with Morocco and the other Barbary powers. The schedule of presents by the Dutch to the Emperor of Morocco is misplaced on the 383d page, in the middle of a letter from the Count Florida Blanca, of which it furnishes a rather abrupt complement. The advertisement on the 501st page should have been suppressed from considerations of delicacy. Mr. Jefferson's correspondence is continued through a third and a part of the fourth volume. In addition to his public correspondence, we notice occasionally a private letter;—as for instance some of those to Mr. Carmichael, and one at least to Mr. Madison. These letters, we suppose to have been taken from Mr. Jefferson's Correspondence, as published by his grandson, and if that be the case, they cannot be considered as properly introduced into the present work, under the act of May 5th, 1832. Had any letter, before unpublished, although purely a private one, been thus introduced into the collection, we should not have considered it a matter of complaint. On the contrary, we should have regarded it as a favor done the public. We cannot take this view of letters, simply transferred from volumes already accessible in every part of the country. The letter of Mr. Jefferson to Count Montmorin, to be found volume III, page 317, is repeated in volume IV, page 13,—without any apparent occasion whatever for the repetition.

This Correspondence places Mr. Jefferson's character, as a man of business, in a very favorable light. His attention to the subjects referred to him, and to every thing which required his interference, was unremitted. His letters and conferences with the French ministry, on the commercial interests of the United States, show a minute acquaintance with the details of this branch of his duty, and a comprehensive regard to all the concerns of the country. The rice and tobacco of the South and the fisheries of the North are equally the subject of his laborious and faithful exposition. The reader will find in volume IV, page 16, a memoir on the subject of the

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Whale fishery, which will well repay a perusal. It may also be found in Jefferson's Works, Vol II, 390. It is strangely disfigured by the gallicism of *Nantuckois* for *Nantucket men.* In all his negotiations on these subjects, Mr. Jefferson acknowledges, in the most emphatic terms, his obligations to General Lafayette, whose powerful interest was exerted with the Ministry to procure the most favorable terms for the American commerce and navigation. This circumstance, to which we have already alluded, furnishes a new and gratifying illustration of the undoubted truth, that justice,—full justice,—has not yet been done to the various excellencies of Lafayette. His solid merit, his business talent, his most useful services in matters of detail, would have given an enviable celebrity to any minister of state; but have been overshadowed, in him, by the romantic boldness and dazzling vicissitudes of his political career.

The Correspondence of Mr. Adams, as minister to England, succeeds that of Mr. Jefferson, commencing in the middle of the fourth volume. Time sweeps away the impressions made by great events on the imagination; and the familiarity of a few years strips them of every thing but their intrinsic importance.—The position of the revolted colonies, in their foreign relations toward the established governments of the world, was novel, exciting, and critical. There was, in our diplomacy, upon the broad scale of a nation's interests, the sensitive and feverish temperament,—by turns assured and diffident,—at once resolute, proud, and anxious,—with which the high-spirited youth makes his entrance into the circle of men. We longed for foreign countenance, but disdained to court it. We were resolved to fulfil the great destinies of the republic, but at times the day-star of hope was scarcely to be discerned, by the tearful eyes of the patriot, through the stormy clouds that hung over Europe and America. But there were two points of more than common anxiety:—in which the entire interest of our foreign relations was concentrated,—leaving to every thing else but a qualified and relative importance. These were, the alliance with France, in its connexion with the fate of the war, and the negotiation with England, which, after peace was concluded, was to ascertain the footing on which the new States were to stand with the mother country. It fell to Dr. Franklin to be substantially the organ of his fellow citizens,—to feel, and think, and speak for them,—in con-

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summating the alliance with France: and, with the exception of the moment when he received from the cord of his kite the electric spark, which he had drawn from the clouds, no moment of his life could have been so full of intense and overmastering excitement, as that when he put his pen to the treaty of alliance. Armies, navies, gold, supplies, victory, independence followed in their train.

But there was a scene of more moral and affecting interest in reserve. The contest was over; the political yoke broken; —the struggle of twenty years brought to its great close; and a new State introduced into the family of nations. There was much in the necessity of the case to agitate men. A mighty republican Confederation was itself new in the world;—an experiment, tried with doubtful success within the walls of ancient cities,—in the recesses of the valleys and hills of Switzerland,—and the narrow limits of the Netherlands, was now to be tried, over the wide expanse of a continent. A great convulsion of the political system of Europe had taken place. As far as England was concerned, a tremendous blow had been struck upon the solidity of the Colonial system. The peace of 1763 had laid France in the dust; in that of 1783, she waved the palm branch of victory over her prostrate rival. These fearful and perplexing changes,—ominous of further revolution,—had their natural effect upon the imaginations of men; and under their full influence, the first minister of the United States of America,—a born subject of the British King, —appears in his Court,—the representative of the new sovereignty. Himself among the most prominent and efficient agents of the Revolution, he comes to stand before the monarch, whose crown he had contributed to rob of its brightest jewel. It was a scene of the highest interest to the King and to the minister, one in which all the excitement of mighty events, of achievements of vast magnitude, and consequences still more momentous, seems crowded into a moment, claiming to be felt, and expressed by a single man. The ordinary intercourse of nations presents few such occasions. Their interest rarely recurs in the discharge of diplomatic duty. At the present day, a minister to France or England, presents his credentials, with as much *sang froid*, as he feels in engaging his passage in the vessel which is to carry him to Europe. The great excitement is over,—the romance is worn away,—the grand uncertainty of the future is cleared up, and all is quietly arranged into a matter of business.

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We have thought these reflections suitable, as an introduction to the despatch, in which Mr. Adams describes his presentation at court. The reader must recollect that it is from the man, who started in life the son of an humble yeoman, in a remote province,—who, twenty years before the Revolution began, so far penetrated the future, as to announce the necessity of a navy to the defence of the then colonies,—who heard the words of fire and defiance that dropped from the lips of James Otis in 1762,—and who stood forth in his strength in 1776, in the language of Jefferson, 'the Colossus of Independence.' Its champion within the walls of the Congress of Philadelphia, he was now its accredited Representative at the Court of St. James. The despatch is in the following terms:

'*From John Adams to John Jay.*

'BATH HOTEL, WESTMINSTER, JUNE 2, 1785.

'Dear Sir,—During my interview with the Marquis of Carmarthen, he told me it was customary for every foreign minister, at his first presentation to the King, to make his Majesty some compliments, conformably to the spirit of his credentials, and when Sir Clement Cottrel Dormer, the master of the ceremonies, came to inform me, that he should accompany me to the Secretary of State and to Court, he said that every foreign minister, whom he had attended to the Queen, had always made an harangue to her Majesty, and he understood, though he had not been present, that they always harangued the King.

'On Tuesday evening, the Baron de Lynden called upon me, and said he came from the Baron de Nolken, and had been conversing upon the singular situation I was in, and agreed in opinion, that it was indispensable I should make a speech, and that it should be as complimentary as possible. All this was parallel to the advice lately given by the Count de Vergennes to Mr. Jefferson; so that, finding it was a custom established at both these great courts, and that this Court and the foreign ministers expected it, I thought I could not avoid it, although my first thought and inclination had been, to deliver my credentials silently, and retire.

'At one, on Wednesday, the first of June, the master of ceremonies called at my house, and went with me to the Secretary of State's office, in Cleveland Row, where the Marquis of Carmarthen received me, and introduced me to his under Secretary, Mr. Frazier, who has been, as his Lordship said, uninterrupted in that office, through all the changes in administration, for thirty years, having first been appointed by the Earl of Holderness. After a short conversation upon the subject of importing my

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effects from Holland and France free of duty, which Mr. Frazier himself introduced, Lord Carmarthen invited me to go with him in his coach to Court. When we arrived in the anti-chamber, the *Oeil-de-Boeuf*, of St. James's, the master of the ceremonies met me and attended me, while the Secretary went to take the commands of the King. While I stood in this place, where it seems all ministers stand upon such occasions, always attended by the master of ceremonies, the room very full of ministers of State, Bishops, and all other sorts of courtiers, as well as the next room, which is the King's bed-chamber, you may well suppose, I was the focus of all eyes. I was relieved, however, from the embarrassment of it, by the Swedish and Dutch ministers, who came to me, and entertained me in a very agreeable conversation, during the whole time. Some other gentlemen whom I had seen before, came to make their compliments to me, until the Marquis of Carmarthen returned, and desired me to go with him to his Majesty. I went with his Lordship through the levée room into the King's closet. The door was shut, and I was left with his Majesty and the Secretary of State alone. I made the three reverences, one at the door, another about half way, and the third before the presence, according to the usage established at this and all the northern courts of Europe, and then addressed myself to his Majesty, in the following words:

'"Sir—The United States of America have appointed me their Minister Plenipotentiary to your Majesty, and have directed me to deliver to your Majesty this letter, which contains the evidence of it. It is in obedience to their express command, that I have the honor to assure your Majesty of their unanimous disposition and desire to cultivate the most friendly and liberal intercourse between your Majesty's subjects and their citizens, and of their best wishes for your Majesty's health and happiness, and that of your royal family. The appointment of a minister from the United States to your Majesty's Court will form an epoch in the history of England and America. I think myself more fortunate than all my fellow-citizens, in having the distinguished honor to be the first, to stand in your Majesty's royal presence in a diplomatic character, and shall esteem myself the happiest of men, if I can be instrumental in recommending my country more and more to your Majesty's royal benevolence, and in restoring an entire esteem, confidence, and affection, or, in better words, the old good nature and the old good humor, between people, who, though separated by an ocean, and under different governments, have the same language, a similar religion, and kindred blood.

'"I beg your Majesty's permission to add, that although I have some time before been intrusted by my country, it was never, in mywhole life, in a manner so agreeable to myself."'

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'The King listened to every word I said, with dignity, but with an apparent emotion. Whether it was the nature of the interview, or whether it was my visible agitation, (for I felt more than I did or could express,) that touched him, I cannot say; but he was much affected, and answered me with more tremor than I had spoken with, and said;—

'"Sir,—The circumstances of this audience are so extraordiary, the language you have now held is so extremely proper, and the feelings you have discovered so justly adapted to the occasion, that I must say, that I not only receive with pleasure the assurance of the friendly dispositions of the United States, but I am very glad the choice has fallen upon you to be their minister. I wish you, Sir, to believe, that it may be understood in America, that I have done nothing in the late contest, but what I thought myself indispensably bound to do, by the duty I owed to my people. I will be very frank with you. I was the last to consent to the separation; but the separation having been made and having become inevitable, I have always said, as I say now, that I would be the first to meet the friendship of the United States, as an independent power. The moment I see such sentiments and language as yours prevail, and a disposition to give to this country the preference, that moment I shall say, let the circumstances of language, religion, and blood have their natural and full effect."

'I dare not say that these were the King's precise words, and it is even possible that I may have in some particular mistaken his meaning; for although his pronunciation is as distinct as I ever heard, he hesitated some time between his periods and between the members of the same period. He was much affected, and I was not less so, and therefore I cannot be certain that I was so attentive, heard so clearly, and understood so perfectly, as to be confident of all his words or sense; and I think that all that he said to me should at present be kept a secret in America, unless his Majesty or his Secretary of State should judge proper to report it. This I do say, that the foregoing is his Majesty's meaning as I then understood it, and his own words, as nearly as I can recollect them.

'The King then asked me whether I came last from France; and upon my answering in the affirmative, he put on an air of familiarity, and smiling, or rather laughing, said, there is an opinion among some people, that you are not the most attached of all your countrymen to the manners of France. I was surprised at this, because I thought it an indiscretion and a departure from the dignity. I was a little embarrassed; but determined not to deny the truth, on one hand, nor leave him to infer

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from it any attachment to England, on the other. I threw off as much gravity as I could, and assumed an air of gaiety and a tone of decision, as far as was decent, and said, "that opinion, Sir, is not mistaken; I must avow to your Majesty I have no attachment but to my own country."

'The King replied, as quick as lightning, "An honest man will never have any other." The King then said a word or two to the Secretary of State, which being between them, I did not hear; and then turned and bowed to me, as is customary with all kings and princes when they give the signal to retire. I retreated, stepping backward as is the etiquette, and making my last reverence at the door of the chamber, I went my way.

'The master of the ceremonies joined me, the moment of my coming out of the King's closet, and accompanied me through the apartments to my carriage. I have been thus minute, as it may be useful to others hereafter.

'The conversation with the King, Congress will form their own judgment of. I may expect from it a residence less painful than I once expected, as so marked an attention from the King will silence many grumblers. But we can infer nothing from all this concerning the success of my mission. There are a train of other ceremonies to go through, the audience of the Queen and visits to and from ministers and ambassadors, which will take up much time and interrupt me in my endeavors to obtain what I have at heart, the object of my instructions. It is thus the essence of things is lost in ceremony in every country in Europe. We must submit to what we cannot alter; patience is the only remedy. With great respect, &c.

'JOHN ADAMS.'

It will abundantly appear from the perusal of the despatches of Mr. Adams, that it would be doing him a gross injustice, to infer from the manner of his expressing himself on his presentation, that he was a whit behind the most ardent patriots at home, in his fear and jealousy of British policy. Mr. Adams, it is true, at a period still earlier than this, entertained a distrust of the sincerity of France; a subject upon which we expressed ourselves, in our review of the Diplomatic Correspondence of the Revolution. But this distrust had not led, in the slightest degree, to the opposite feeling toward Great Britain. The Whig passion of 1776 burned with unabated ardor in his bosom. The King mistook the purport of the courteous expressions made use of by Mr. Adams, at his presentation. This is afterwards stated by Mr. Adams himself, in commenting on the King's curious use of the word 'prefer-

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ence,' in his speech as just cited. Besides this, whatever kind feelings Mr. Adams might have carried with him, to the Court of St. James, must have been in no small degree chilled by the fortune of his mission. Personally he was treated with kindness; but no minister was accredited by Great Britain in return, although he was at times amused with suggestions, that this would take place; and all his attempts to bring the British ministry to negotiation, on the great matters in controversy between the two countries, proved utterly abortive. We accordingly find him, throughout his despatches, expressing himself with considerable bitterness, on the subject of the ministers as men, and of the most decided denunciation of their policy toward America.

It is evident that the British Government were somewhat at a loss, how to treat the United States. The first idea,—happy if it could have taken effect,—was to seize the earliest opportunity of making the reconciliation hearty and entire; and allowing the United States all the commercial privileges, which they had enjoyed as British provinces. Mr. Pitt went so far as to introduce a bill to this effect into the House of Commons. But the evil genius of the Navigation Act was at once in motion: a clamor from several different sources arose; the Canadian influence,—the refugee influence,—the tory influence, were brought to bear on the measure, and it was nipped in the bud. Great Britain evidently felt an unaffected doubt, how far she could safely commit herself to a negotiation with a government constituted like ours; and there is scarce a letter of Mr. Adams or Mr. Jay, which does not justify her hesitation. In the recency of the Revolution, and the unsettled state of European politics which succeeded, the idea of a speedy re-conquest of America,—of turning back the dark and disastrous pages of the Revolution, and repeating the glorious chapters of the war of 1756, did doubtless present itself to the Minister's mind. Who can wonder that the son of Chatham should think it no impossible thing to re-clutch the sceptre of America? Mr. Adams, writing on the spot and under the impression produced by passing events, freely and confidently ascribes these views to the King and a portion of his ministers.

But there was another cause, why Great Britain was slow to enter into a commercial arrangement with the United States, less creditable to the latter; and perhaps full justice is for the first time done to the British government, on this point, by

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the publication of the documents, contained in the present work. We allude to the acts of several of the States, in contravention of the provisions of the treaty. Mr. Jay, in his most masterly reports to Congress, is very full and explicit on this subject; and admits that the governments of several States set the example, which was too diligently followed by the British, of those infractions of the treaty, which led to a controversy so long protracted and of a spirit so prejudicial. The obstruction thrown in the way of recovering debts due to British subjects was the first step, and was pleaded by the English ministry as the justification of the deportation of negroes from New York, contrary to the express provisions of the treaty, and the much more serious evil of detaining the Western posts. It is true, that Congress strove steadily and faithfully to obtain a remedy to these evils; but not being possessed of power to control the legislation of the States, the failure of their recommendations furnished but too sufficient a justification to a foreign power, not merely to retaliate the infractions of the treaty, (as, to be sure, they did with large interest) but to decline all further negotiations with a Government, which thus showed itself incompetent to coerce from its constituents the observation of the treaty already made. This state of things naturally turned the minds of Mr. Adams and of Mr. Jay to the defects of the Confederation, and the necessity of a change in the Constitution. No topic is, proportionably, more the burden of their correspondence. Mr. Adams's letters as well as Mr. Jay's replies were regularly submitted to Congress, and as we know from tradition, were among the efficacious causes, which brought about a conviction of the absolute necessity of a change. The volumes before us are very full and very instructive on this subject, and throw much light even on recent discussions of constitutional law. Take for instance the following passage of a report of Mr. Jay to Congress, on the subject of acts of the State governments, alleged to be in contravention of the treaty of 1783.

'If this reasoning and these principles are right, as your Secretary thinks they are, it follows, of consequence, that no individual State has a right, by legislative acts, to decide and point out the sense, in which their particular citizens and courts shall understand this or that article of a treaty. A contrary doctrine would not only militate against the common and received principles and ideas, relative to this subject, but would prove as

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ridiculous in practice, as it appears irrational in theory ; for in that case, the same article of the same treaty may by law mean one thing in New Hampshire, another in New York, and neither the one nor the other in Georgia.'

What would a logician like Jay have thought of the nullifier of that day, who should have attempted to escape the wholesome and direct common sense of this argument, by maintaining that, if the treaty was unconstitutional, the States might annul it? As if a claim on the part of the State to annul the acts of the Confederated Government were any the less 'ridiculous and irrational,' because it was founded on a right first to pronounce them unconstitutional. So with the modern doctrine of nullification. The citizens of the States are bound to obey all constitutional laws of Congress; their State governments cannot absolve them from this obligation. It would be 'as ridiculous in practice as it would be irrational in theory,' for a State to arrogate the power of annulling constitutional laws. But then, it has the power, at all times,—amidst the heats of party and in the turmoil of elections, and under the influence of whatever, in a popular government, can disturb the calm empire of the understanding and give force to the passions, to declare any law unconstitutional, and then pronounce it null, and release the citizens from obedience.

The train of reflection, into which we have fallen, leads us to add, that numerous passages occur in the correspondence of Mr. Adams and Mr. Jay, which give strength to a topic of argument, in support of the system of protecting manufactures by law, drawn from the reasons urged, under the Confederation, in favor of a stronger Federal government. This topic of argument was brought into the discussion somewhat later than others. It has ever appeared to us to possess great force; and deserves illustration by new researches into the documentary history of the period, between the peace of 1783 and the adoption of the Constitution. The present volumes therefore, as might have been expected, furnish several pertinent authorities, or rather show that it was taken for granted, that the encouragement and protection of the manufactures of the country, by duties and prohibitions, were among the specific objects to be accomplished, by the establishment of the new government. The following may serve as specimens.

In a letter to Mr. Jay, of February 27th, 1786, Mr. Adams writes :

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'It remains with the States to determine what measures they will take, to discourage a commerce, the most impoverishing and ruinous that can be imagined,—to promote a more beneficial intercourse with the rest of Europe,—and *to support their own manufactures* and navigation; for on such measures alone can they have any dependence in future.'

The measures alluded to were such a reorganization of the Government, as would enable Congress to pass laws to promote the ends alluded to.

The following alludes to the proceedings of 'the Boston association of manufacturers and tradesmen' in 1785, and to their resolutions for the encouragement of domestic industry. It is from a letter of Mr. Adams, dated June 17th, 1785.

'I forgot a circumstance of some consequence. His Lordship said he had seen, in the gazettes, some proceedings in Boston, which he was very sorry to see. I answered that I had seen them in the same gazettes, as I supposed, and had no more authentic account of them; that I had no authority to say any thing officially about them; but as an individual I might say, that the observations I had just had the honor to make to his Lordship, concerning the state of the commerce between the two countries, would be sufficient to explain to his Lordship the motives of those proceedings, and to convince his Lordship of the probability of such sentiments and proceedings becoming general throughout the United States, and alienating the commerce of that country from this, either *by increasing manufactures in America*, or opening new channels of commerce with other countries, which might easily be done, unless some arrangements were made which might facilitate remittances.'

But we have already exceeded the limits proposed to ourselves in this article, and can allude only with brevity to a few other points. Very valuable papers relative to the North-eastern boundary, are contained in the fourth volume of the work; among them a deposition of Mitchel,—the author of the map, which was used in drawing up the article on this subject, in the treaty of peace. Mr. Barclay's memoir on the empire of Morocco, in the same volume, is excellent. The whole conduct of this gentleman in the successful negotiation of a treaty with Morocco, is a model of prudent and successful management with a barbarous prince; if *barbarous* he ought to be called, who displayed, throughout the negotiations, a liberality and good faith, which might be studied to advantage by half the governments of Christendom. A separate treatise on the commence-

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ment of our relations with the Barbary powers might be drawn up from the rich materials contained in these volumes. The negociations with Gardoqui, the Spanish Chargé d' Affaires, are full of interest. They were conducted by Mr. Jay, on the part of the United States, with the ability and discretion which characterized that great man, we had almost said, beyond all his contemporaries. It is certainly not too much to say, that with any thing less than his unerring sagacity and never surpassed perception of right, in the office which he filled,—that of Secretary for foreign affairs to the Continental Congress,—the efforts of our ministers abroad, to conduct our relations with foreign powers from 1783 to 1789, with any tolerable respectability, could hardly have succeeded.

The last volume closes with very curious papers relative to the opening of the China trade. Our readers, we are sure, will think us warranted, in quoting the whole of the following letter.

'*From Samuel Shaw to John Jay.*

'New York, May 19th, 1785.

'Sir,—The first vessel, that has been fitted out by the inhabitants of the United States of America, for essaying a commerce with those of the empire of China, being, by the favor of Heaven, safe returned to this port, it becomes my duty to communicate to you, for the information of the fathers of the country, an account of the reception their subjects have met with, and the respect, with which their flag has been treated, in that distant region; especially as some circumstances have occurred, which had a tendency to attract the attention of the Chinese towards a people, of whom they have hitherto had very confused ideas; and which served, in a peculiar manner, to place the Americans in a more conspicuous point of view, than has hitherto attended the introduction of other nations, into that great and extensive empire.

'The ship employed on this occasion is about three hundred and sixty tons burthen, built in America, and equipped with forty-three persons, under the command of John Green, Esq. The subscriber had the honor of being appointed agent for their commerce, by the gentlemen, at whose risk this first experiment has been undertaken.

'On the 22d of February, 1784, the ship sailed from New York, and arrived on the 21st of March at St. Jago, the principal of the Cape de Verd Islands. Having paid our respects to the Portuguese Vice Roy, and with his permission taken such

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refreshments as were necessary, we left those islands on the 27th, and pursued our voyage. After a pleasant passage, in which nothing extraordinary occurred, we came to anchor in the straits of Sunda, on the 18th July. It was no small addition to our happiness, on this occasion, to meet there two ships, belonging to our good allies, the French. The commodore, Monsieur Dordelin, and his officers, welcomed us in the most affectionate manner; and as his own ship was immediately bound to Canton, gave us an invitation to go in company with him. This friendly offer we most cheerfully accepted; and the commodore furnished us his signals by day and night, and added such instructions for our passage through the China seas, as would have been exceedingly beneficial, had any unfortunate accident occasioned our separation. Happily we pursued our route together. On our arrival at the island of Macao, the French consul for China, Monsieur Vieillard, with some other gentlemen of his nation, came on board to congratulate and welcome us to that part of the world, and kindly undertook the introduction of the Americans to the Portuguese Governor. The little time we were there, was entirely taken up by the good offices of the consul, the gentlemen of his nation, and those of the Swedes and Imperialists, who still remained at Macao. The other Europeans had repaired to Canton. Three days afterwards we finished our outward bound voyage. Previous to coming to anchor, we saluted the shipping on the river with thirteen guns, which were answered by the several commodores of the European nations, each of whom sent an officer to compliment us on our arrival. These visits were returned by the captain and supercargoes in the afternoon, who were again saluted by the respective ships, as they finished their visit. When the French sent their officers to congratulate us, they added to the obligations we were already under to them, by furnishing men, boats, and anchors, to assist us in coming to safe and convenient moorings. Nor did their good offices stop here. They furnished us with part of their own banksall, and insisted further, that until we were settled, we should take up our quarters with them at Canton.

'The day of our arrival at Canton, and the two following days, we were visited by the Chinese merchants, and the chiefs and gentlemen of the several European establishments, and treated by them in all respects as a free and independent nation. As such, during our stay, we were universally considered. The Chinese themselves were very indulgent toward us, though ours being the first American ship that had ever visited China, it was some time before they could fully comprehend the distinction between Englishmen and us. They styled us *the new people;* and

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when by the map we conveyed to them an idea of the extent of our country, with its present and increasing population, they were highly pleased at the prospect of so considerable a market for the productions of theirs.

'The situation of the Europeans at Canton is so well known, as to render a detail unnecessary. The good understanding commonly subsisting between them and the Chinese was, in some degree, interrupted by two occurrences, of which, as they were extraordinary in themselves, and led to a more full investigation of the American character by both parties, than might otherwise have taken place, I will, with your permission, give a particular account.

'The police at Canton is, at all times, extremely strict, and the Europeans there are circumscribed within very narrow limits. The latter had observed, with concern, some circumstances which they deemed an encroachment on their rights. On this consideration, they determined to apply for redress to the Hoppo, who is the head officer of the customs, the next time he should visit the shipping. Deputies accordingly attended from every nation, and I was desired to represent ours. We met the Hoppo on board an English ship, and the causes of complaint were soon after removed.

'The other occurrence, of which I beg leave to take notice, gave rise to what was commonly called the *Canton war*, which threatened to be productive of very serious consequences. On the 25th of November, an English ship, in saluting some company who had dined on board, killed a Chinese, and wounded two others, in the Mandarin's boat along side. It is a maxim of the Chinese law, that blood must answer for blood; in pursuance of which they demanded the unfortunate gunner. To give up this poor man was to consign him to certain death. Humanity pleaded powerfully against the measure. After repeated conferences between the English and the Chinese, the latter declared themselves satisfied, and the affair was supposed to be entirely settled. Notwithstanding this, on the morning after the last conference, (the 27th,) the supercargo of the ship was seized while attending his business, thrown into a sedan chair, hurried into the city, and committed to prison. Such an outrage on personal liberty spread a general alarm; and the Europeans unanimously agreed to send for their boats, with armed men, from the shipping, for security of themselves and their property, until the matter should be brought to a conclusion. The boats accordingly came, and ours among the number; one of which was fired on and a man wounded. All trade was stopped, and the Chinese men-of-war drawn up opposite the factories. The Eu-

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ropeans demanded the restoration of Mr. Smith, which the Chinese refused, until the gunner should be given up. In the mean while, the troops of the province were collecting in the neighborhood of Canton; the Chinese servants were ordered by the magistrates to leave the factories; the gates of the suburbs were shut; all intercourse was at an end; the naval force was increased; many troops were embarked in boats ready for landing; and every thing wore the appearance of war. To what extremities matters might have been carried, had not a negotiation taken place, no one can say. The Chinese asked a conference with all the nations, except the English. A deputation, in which I was included for America, met the *Fuen*, (Fo-yuen,) who is the head magistrate at Canton, with the principal officers of the province. After setting forth, by an interpreter, the power of the Emperor, and his own determination to support the laws, he demanded that the gunner should be given up, within three days; declaring that he should have an impartial examination before their tribunal, and if it appeared that the affair was accidental, he should be released unhurt. In the meantime he gave permission for the trade, excepting that of the English, to go on as usual; and dismissed us with a present of two pieces of silk to each, as a mark of his friendly disposition. The other nations, one after another, sent away their boats, under protection of a Chinese flag, and pursued their business as before. The English were obliged to submit; the gunner was given up; Mr. Smith was released; and the English, after being forced to ask pardon of the magistracy of Canton, in the presence of the other nations, had their commerce restored. On this occasion, I am happy that we were the last who sent off our boat, which was not disgraced by a Chinese flag; nor did she go, until the English themselves thanked us for our concurrence with them, and advised to the sending her away. After peace was restored, the Chief and four English gentlemen visited the several nations, among whom we were included, and thanked them for their assistance, during the troubles. The gunner remained with the Chinese,—his fate undetermined.

'Notwithstanding the treatment we received from all parties was perfectly civil and respectful, yet, it was with peculiar satisfaction that we experienced, on every occasion, from our good allies the French, the most flattering and substantial proofs of their friendship. "If," said they, "we have in any instance been serviceable to you, we are happy; and we desire nothing more ardently, than further opportunities to convince you of our affection." The harmony maintained between them and us was particularly noticed by the English, who more than once observed, that it was matter of astonishment to them, that the descendants of

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Britons should so soon divest themselves of prejudices, which they had thought to be not only hereditary, but inherent in our nature.

'We left Canton the 27th December, and on our return refreshed at the Cape of Good Hope, where we found a most friendly reception. After remaining there five days, we sailed for America, and arrived in this port on the 11th instant.

'To every lover of his country, as well as those more immediately concerned in commerce, it must be a pleasing reflection, that a communication is thus happily opened between us and the extremity of the globe; and it adds very sensibly to the pleasure of this reflection, that the voyage has been performed in so short a space of time, and attended with the loss of only one man. To Captain Green and his officers every commendation is due, for their unwearied and successful endeavors in bringing it to this most fortunate issue, which fully justifies the confidence reposed in them, by the gentlemen concerned in the enterprise.

'Permit me, Sir, to accompany this letter with the two pieces of silk, presented to me by the *Fuen* of Canton, as a mark of his good disposition towards the American nation. In that view, I consider myself as peculiarly honored, in being charged with this testimony of the friendship of the Chinese for a people, who may, in a few years, prosecute a commerce with the subjects of that empire, under advantages equal, if not superior, to those enjoyed by any other nation whatever.

'I have the honor to be, &c.

'SAMUEL SHAW.'

We take this opportunity, in passing, to notice an assertion of the British Quarterly Review, which we believe to be incorrect, relative to an unfortunate occurrence, on board an American ship at Canton. The following is the remark to which we allude:

'From the moment that our violation of the Chinese law is of such a nature, as to drive the Chinese government to the extreme measure of *seizing* the persons of the offending parties, the die is cast, and we fear that hostilities will become inevitable. The last instance of the kind, that occurred, was in 1784, when one of the supercargoes of a private ship was *seized* to answer for homicide, and subsequently, after a good deal of blustering and preparations for commencing hostilities, was redeemed, by the surrender of another individual, equally innocent, though of an humbler station. Much as we regret the probability of a rupture with the Chinese, we fervently hope that we may never see it averted by such another disgraceful compromise, which has only for its parallel, one made by the Americans a very few years ago, when an innocent Italian was given up to be strangled,

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to save the life, *(it has never been denied,)* of a guilty American.'*

How the learned writer knows that this statement has 'never been denied,' we are unable to say. We suppose he means, that it has never been denied in his hearing. We will not undertake now positively to deny it, but we are informed, on what we deem the best authority, that the statement in the Quarterly Review is wholly incorrect;—and that the Italian taken out of an American ship, fourteen or fifteen years ago, by the Chinese authorities, was unquestionably the author of the homicide, for which, (under the law of China) he suffered. Whether, as was stated on his behalf, the homicide was purely accidental, we do not know; and supposing it to have been so, Heaven forbid we should justify his execution under the Chinese Law. But as a question in the Law of Nations and casuistry, it would bear an argument, whether the United States could rightfully go to war against the Chinese, for administering their own laws on persons voluntarily coming within their jurisdiction. The Quarterly Reviewer seems to lean to the affirmative of that question.

In the same volume, from which we quote the foregoing letter, may be found two or three other long letters from Mr. Shaw, written the following winter from Canton, on his return to that place, containing an admirable sketch of the condition of the trade with China at that time. We regret that we can only refer to them.

The fifth and sixth volumes of this work exhibit the same marks of inadvertence, in preparing the materials, of which we have spoken in reference to the former volumes. Thus the letters of Mr. Barclay, contained in the third volume, pages 128 and 141, are repeated in the fifth, at pages 412 and 418. In the sixth volume, Sir John Temple's letter is repeated, page 7, from volume IV, page 404. In the same volume a letter of Count Florida Blanca is repeated, page 127, from a former volume. At page 183, volume VI, a letter of General Lafayette is given, which is contained in the Diplomatic Correspondence of the Revolution, volume X, page 30. M. Rayneval's memoir, relative to the Western boundary of the United States, which appears in the Diplomatic Correspondence of the Revolution, volume VIII, page 156, is repeated in the present work, volume VI, page 189. The letter of R. H. Lee

* London Quarterly Review, Vol. L, p. 462.

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to the King of Spain, and one of Mr. Jay to the Count Florida Blanca, are given twice in the sixth volume. The editorship of the seventh volume is decidedly superior to that of most of its predecessors.

These imperfections are blemishes in the work; but its substantial value, as a repository of important historical documents, remains unimpaired. It completes the series of publications made at the public expense, in pursuance of the joint Resolution of March 27th, 1818. The preceding works, published under the same Resolution, are the Journal of the Convention which formed the Constitution, the Secret Journal of the old Congress for foreign affairs, their Secret Domestic Journal; and the Diplomatic Correspondence of the Revolution. The papers remaining in the archives of State yet unpublished, from this important period of our history, will find a place in the work of Messrs. Clarke and Force, just commencing under the auspices of Congress; and those of the period since the adoption of the Constitution are contained in the great collection of Messrs. Gales and Seaton. Of this important and valuable work seven volumes in folio have already appeared, and to these, and the volumes which may succeed them in the same publication, we may perhaps, on a future occasion, invite the attention of our readers.

ART. III.—*The Italian Drama.*

Tragedie di Alessandro Manzoni, Milanese, Il Conte di Carmagnola e l'Adelchi, aggiuntevi le poesie varie dello stesso, ed alcune prose sulla Teorica del Dramma tragico. Parigi. 1826.

Tragedies by Alexander Manzoni of Milan, entitled, The Count of Carmagnola and the Adelchi: to which are added miscellaneous poems, and some remarks on the theory of the tragic drama by the same author.

THE Moderns have separated the useful from the beautiful, and have placed in the class of superfluities many of those enjoyments, which the wisest amongst the ancients considered as essential to the well-being and happiness of mankind. Little of the poetry of life remains to us. The wells in the

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desert are unheeded, or dried up. The traveller in his progress may hear the sound of the harp and the viol, but they no longer accompany him to cheer his journey. We are invited, like Hercules, to choose between virtue and pleasure, as if they were incompatible, and all which cannot be proved necessary is considered as useless and cumbersome, as were the pomps and pageantries which accompanied the march of the Persian Darius. Yet the roses still bloom in our valleys, and the wild-flower wastes its fragrance on the barren moor; and no one is tempted to marvel at the lavish prodigality of nature, which has thus thrown a charm over the most dreary scene.

Is it that the mind of man has become more truly elevated, so that he justly regards with scorn the puerilities which enchanted his forefathers, or is it that the arts themselves have been degraded from their high places, and employed for purposes less exalted, less noble and refined? that the cups of the Temple have been used in profane sacrifices?

Among the ancient Greeks, music, poetry and dancing, formed a part of religion, were employed with a moral and political view,—were studied by sages, and inculcated by legislators. Tragic authors sacrificed on the tomb of Æschylus. Poets appeared in public, a lyre in their hand, and crowned with laurel, the objects of superstitious veneration. The Athenian child received his first instructions in verse, performed his first movement to the sound of music, and was surrounded from infancy by the most beautiful productions of sculpture. At the theatre, he received an impression of all the arts combined in one brilliant and harmonious whole. There, the splendid choruses, that superb blending of poetry and music,—the dresses and dances, in strict unison with the gravity and sublimity of the subject,—the mighty multitude, breathless with admiration, or transported with enthusiasm, or shuddering with horror, as the virtues, or the sufferings, or the glorious deeds of their godlike heroes were successively represented before them, must have produced an effect, in comparison with which that of any modern drama is necessarily feeble.

In the time of Aristotle, the author and the people, to whom the Greeks were indebted for the invention of Tragedy, were unknown. But all the religious ceremonies of Paganism were of a dramatic nature. At the festivals, held in honor of the gods and their immortal progeny, their different adventures were represented by dances, and verses accompanied with

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music. The sorrows and maternal anxiety of Ceres, when she wandered through the world in search of her daughter,—the grief of Venus for the loss of Adonis,—her joy at his restoration to life,—but above all, the adventures of the joyous god of wine,—his victories,—his descent into hell,—formed inexhaustible themes for representation. The wild Bacchante, and the attendant train of fauns and satyrs, in their grotesque and hideous grouping, were well fitted for scenic effect. The poets were divided into two classes,—those who sang the praises of the gods,—and those who indulged in raillery at the follies of men. Hence the distinction between heroic and iambic verse; while the heroic poets were again divided into epic, sententious, and lyric.

The epic poem shadows forth the past,—the dramatic poem brings us face to face with grey antiquity. 'The Homeric epic,' says Schlegel, 'is, in poetry, what half-raised workmanship is in sculpture, and tragedy the distinctly separated group.' Homer may be justly regarded as the Father of Tragedy. His poem was like the fabled Pactolus, throwing on the shore its golden treasures, to be collected in precious heaps by passing generations.

Tragedy, in its origin, was a sacred hymn, sung and danced in honor of Bacchus;—so that Epigenes, having brought forward a Tragedy, of which the subject bore no relation to that god, the astonished spectators exclaimed—'There is nothing there which concerns Bacchus!" A remark which afterwards passed into a proverb, applicable to those who treated of any matter foreign to the proposed question. The scene was at the entry of a Temple or Palace, or in the midst of some public place. It passed between the first persons of the state, and was of a nature to interest the whole body of the people. These were represented by the Chorus, composed, as in the Œdipus of Sophocles, of the wisest and oldest men of the state. As they never left the stage, unity of place was necessary to probability.

Thespis being forbidden by Solon to represent his pieces in Athens, or, as the legislator expressed it, 'to tell falsehoods before so many honest men,'—he and his *troupe* traversed the country in a chariot, after the fashion of modern strolling companies, their travelling equipage serving them for a stage. Then Phrynicus, the pupil of Thespis, first introduced female characters, and in his day, notwithstanding the rude state of

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the Drama, no expense was spared in embellishing it. Judges were established to examine into the merits of the new pieces, and the most deserving *obtained the Chorus*. To understand this expression, we must recollect that the Athenians were divided into ten tribes, each having a Magistrate, called *Chorégus*, at whose expense the theatrical entertainment was given. When he had chosen a piece, he granted it the Chorus, that is, he furnished the Poet with actors, dancers, dresses, and decorations, and endeavored by his magnificence and generosity to surpass his rivals. Of this honor, the Magistrate was as jealous as of a victory gained over the enemies of the republic. Thus Themistocles, having, as Chorégus, displayed an extraordinary degree of splendor, caused a monument to be erected with this inscription ;—'Themistocles was Chorégus—Phrynicus had the piece represented—Adimentes presided.'

Æschylus found the drama in its infancy, and yet may be considered as its creator, as Greece herself, though truly the cradle of the arts, is regarded as their birth-place. He rendered it more dignified and serious,—erected a theatre of uncommon magnificence,—invented machinery and decorations of a novel description,—ornamented the scene with paintings, statues, altars, and tombs,—introduced pale shades, and furies with hissing locks,—the noise of trumpets, the sound of thunder. So dignified were the dresses which he gave to the priests, that afterwards, in all solemn fasts and religious ceremonies, the sacerdotal order wore no other. Since the Theatre thus regulated the Temple, we may easily perceive the difference which existed between the opinion of the ancients and that of the moderns, in regard to the Drama. Æschylus himself composed the music and dances. His was the reign of Terror; when the fearful chorus of the Eumenides so appalled the spectators, that the magistrates were obliged to order a diminution of their number. The heroes of Æschylus were demigods, devoted to their country, insatiable of glory, and expressing themselves in language proportionably elevated. They were moral giants, borne down by the gloomy power of Fate, like the ancient Titans overwhelmed by the weight of their own mountains. They were beings to admire, but not to sympathize with. It seemed as if, proud of his glorious nation, he wished, with a nobler ambition than that of Alexander in a succeeding age, to represent the men of his period to future generations, as beings whose moral

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stature was more than human. Love was never described by him, either in its tenderness or its frenzy. He considered it as a weakness or a crime; and, as either, unworthy of his tragic pencil.

Sophocles made Tragedy descend from this unnatural elevation. He described men, not as they are, but as he wished them to be;—more noble in mind, more beautiful in person, than they are to be met with in real life. Perhaps he found their model in himself; for no poet of antiquity is represented to us as endowed with so many divine gifts as Sophocles. Equally celebrated for the graces of his person, as for his valor, genius and piety, he was the object, during a long and happy life, of the love and admiration of his fellow-citizens, and, after a tranquil death, of their gratitude and reverence. His style was magnificent, noble, and flowing. He was equally sublime, but less terrible than his tragic predecessor, —equally bold in conception, but more prudent in execution, —one of equal power, but milder sway.

Euripides pourtrayed his heroes, not as they ought to be, but as they too frequently are. His aim was to please, by whatever means. Ingenious, graceful and amiable, his mind, like an undulating landscape, seemed to possess every variety of elevation and plane,—now noble, now common-place. He took pleasure in describing the faults and failings of heroes, and in laying open their imperfections; not only holding the mirror up to nature, but the microscope to deformity. If the heroes of Sophocles discourage the virtuous, those of Euripides are too apt to console the vicious.

Still, the brilliant and wonderful powers of Euripides have permitted him to take his place as one of the three Fathers of Tragedy. Under these great masters, Tragedy, from its simple and rude beginnings, suddenly attained an elevation which has never been surpassed in ancient or modern times; and so long as, adhering to Grecian rules, without regard to the difference of language, manners, or feelings,—the poets of modern days have consented to fetter their imagination with arbitrary restrictions, their works have at best deserved the applause due to successful copies,—while the noble originals, with all the merit of invention, and with the sacred halo of antiquity thrown around them, must forever appear in all the proud majesty of champions, who vainly challenge their degenerate rivals to surpass them, and mock at their feeble efforts. We

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cannot vanquish them with their own arms; but there may be other weapons, better suited to modern strength. The Greek fire is no longer in use; but a modern invention is yet more effective and terrible.

Yet it is pleasing thus to view the lofty stability of true greatness;—to see that after a lapse of ages,—notwithstanding the caprices of fashion, and the revolution of empires, there is yet a splendor in genius which no cloud may extinguish or obscure. It is a proud evidence of the dominion of mind over matter. The sceptre of Alexander is broken,—the empire of Sophocles is yet undisputed. The poet and the philosopher sought for truth, and their fame, like their object, is stamped with the seal of immortality. Like the first settlers in an unknown country, the world was all before them where to choose,—and that world was *Greece*. Surrounded by living models of beauty and grace, their climate, their religion, their sky,—all was harmony. Their religion only taught them to aspire to a continuation of these outward blessings. They but imagined forms of more divine beauty, groves yet more fragrant, melody more perfect than their own. 'The poetry of the ancients,' as is well remarked by a German critic, 'is the poetry of enjoyment, and ours is that of desire; the former has its foundation in the scene which is present, while the latter hovers between recollection and hope.'

Without an antecedent literature, no charges of plagiarism could be brought against them. It was reserved for the modern antiquary to make the accusation. The fear of criticism was not before them, or perhaps they had a prouder consciousness of their own powers than the poets of the present day. The Athenians also were prodigiously sensible to the charms of eloquence, passing at a word from rage to pity, from violence to repentance. The passions and feelings of the multitude were the wires by which superior spirits ruled them; and whilst modern eloquence aspires rather at convincing the understanding than at captivating the feelings, the ancient orators and dramatists aimed at producing a sudden and vehement impression, and at awakening all that was noble and generous in Grecian nature. The great difficulty which the modern imitators of Grecian art have encountered, has been in discovering how far this imitation ought to extend, and how far it was suitable to the age and nation in which they lived and wrote;—how much of the effect produced on the Athenian

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stage was due to the character of the people, how much to the nature of their religion; and in what degree these beautiful productions, while they serve as models in the purity of taste and simplicity of plan which distinguished them, ought to be deviated from, when a strict adherence to their rules is found to impose trammels upon genius,—clipping the wings of the eagle, and bidding it soar to the skies.

The true object of the Drama is public instruction. Our sentiments ought to be more noble, our minds more pure and elevated, on leaving than on entering the theatre. On the Grecian stage, the most august and sacred ceremonies were united with the most noble maxims of pagan morality. The theatre was a school of virtue, and continued to be so during the free ages of the republic. The Drama flourished under the protection of religion, and the fine arts were employed in those noble purposes, for which heaven has no doubt designed them.

The Chorus gave a splendor and variety to Tragedy,—rendered it more regular, and yet more brilliant. The part of a confidant in our modern dramas is stiff and unnatural,—a monologue is tedious and improbable,—and moral reflections, introduced by the different characters, are seldom suited to the part which they represent, and are apt to destroy the illusion. These disadvantages the ancient Chorus remedied. It announced in lofty strains the arrival of the illustrious personages; it blamed, approved, deplored, advised, and always took an active part with one or other of the principal characters. In modern tragedy, the different acts form so many separate pieces, played at intervals, the orchestra during these intervals performing music, which has probably no connexion with the subject. The imagination of the spectator grows cold,—his thoughts return to the ordinary affairs of life,—the chain of feeling, thus broken, is with difficulty renewed,—and the scene becomes divested of its enchantment. It has been supposed that the ancient tragedies were sung from beginning to end; the dialogue answering to the recitative, and the choral songs to the air of our modern operas. Yet the difference between the simplicity of a Grecian tragedy, and the fairy-like brilliancy of an Italian opera, must amount to the most perfect contrast. The music was grave, and devoid of ornament,—the dances were suitable to the subject,—but this union of the arts must have produced a constant variety, and offered a bril-

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liant succession of new pleasures, occupying, but without fatigue, the mind of the spectator with the one subject represented. Much has been said as to the inconsistency of music and dancing, in connexion with the performance of tragic action; but this is an objection which could not have occurred to the ancients, who were accustomed to consider both in unison with the most sacred and lofty subjects. 'It is,' says an ancient author, 'an act of piety, and one of the principal duties of men to sing the praises of the gods, who, by a signal instance of favor, have granted the use of articulate speech to them alone.' Apollo was the inventor of music. The first of the Grecian chiefs sang to his harp

'The immortal deeds of heroes and of gods.'

As to the objection founded on improbability, so neither do persons in real life speak in verse, nor is it always in the imitative arts the closest copy of nature which pleases us best. A statue of marble enchants us,—a wax figure, so much nearer life, produces a sensation of fear and dislike.

The modern Opera enchants the senses, but fails to gratify the mind. The poetry is a mere accessory, lost in the profuseness and brilliancy of the music, costumes and dancing. The modernized Grecian Tragedy may affect our feelings, but the absence of music, dancing and decoration must render its power over the imagination comparatively feeble. Why may not some master-hand re-unite these enjoyments, and thus gratify at once the understanding and the senses, ennobling the latter, enlivening the former? Why have the moderns, in their imitation of Grecian art, adhered so tenaciously to the rules, and yet retrenched so many of the beauties,—obeyed the letter, and neglected the spirit of the law? Why not preserve the general idea of all that is great and beautiful which they have bequeathed to us, without fettering themselves with imaginary rules, founded on obscure and disputed passages of antiquity? Yet in other respects, saving only in the system of the unities, so long a watch-word for argument throughout Europe, the ancient rules have been violated without scruple. The theatres of the Greeks were on a scale of colossal grandeur,—their actors were masked, and were elevated on the cothurnus. All this has been deviated from. Again,—their theatres were open above; and the gods and heroes addressed themselves to the real heaven. This also is changed, as suits

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a colder latitude. When Electra, turning to the sun, addressed the orb of light, then rising in cloudless majesty in a Grecian sky,—'Oh holy light, and thou air, which fillest the expanse between earth and heaven!'—the effect was no doubt sublime; but if a modern Electra thus addressed a shivering audience in our less genial clime, while clouds were driving over the disk of 'Phœbus Apollo,' and a blast of wind and rain was blowing aside her dishevelled tresses, the tragic effect would certainly flow from a different source.

The trifling peculiarities of genius seldom fail of imitators. A few quaint oaths and obsolete phrases, and the writer believes he has infused into his drama the very spirit of Shakspeare. Even the defects of a great author are dwelt on with peculiar complacency by the injudicious critic. It is the modern courtier of an Alexander, recommending the imitation of his monarch's personal deformity, and declaring that in it consists the chief grace of the hero. But the sun is bright in spite of the spots that obscure its disk,—not on account of them. The religious observance of certain arbitrary rules is always advantageous to mediocrity both in the author and in the critic. When the unities have been strictly observed through five acts, and the critic, with his watch in hand, has seen the hero expire and the curtain drop precisely at the appointed hour, he is satisfied that the drama is strictly classical, and that he runs no risk in giving it a certain portion of applause.

The splendid mythology of the ancients furnished their dramatists with one inexhaustible source of power over the feelings of the audience,—with one unfailing spring by which to arouse the deepest emotions of the heart,—pity, terror or anguish. The terrible Furies,—the gigantic Titans,—the fated house of Atreus,—the gods themselves on their eternal Olympus,—the whole is now but a mere display of poetic and classical imagery,—brilliant indeed, but incapable of awakening a deeper sentiment than admiration, in a modern breast. Yet there are advantages possessed by the moderns, of which genius has powerfully availed itself, when, overcoming imaginary barriers, it has dared to choose its own path. Ancient Tragedy was the representation of one great passion. The gloom of Fate hung over their characters,—of dark, unalterable Destiny. Love was a species of frenzy, commanded by the gods, and sent as a punishment to the unhappy mortal who

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was afflicted by it. Owing to their restriction from female intercourse, the more delicate shades of character were unknown to them. One princess may generally serve as a model for the whole. Iphigenia, Antigone, Polyxena, were the same characters, placed in different circumstances. A Juliet or a Desdemona could not have been imagined, or, if imagined, understood. Medea in revenge resembles Lady Macbeth in ambition,—the innocent eyes of her children were to her, what the smile of Duncan was to the modern heroine. But Love, in its refinement and purity, was a stranger to the Grecian stage.

In the simple majesty of a statue, in which one great passion alone can be expressed, where shall we venture to hope for a rival to the ancient masters? The human heart beats as warmly,—its depths of anguish, of vengeance, of fury, were as well understood three thousand years ago as now; but the Grecian artist, striving to delineate something even more divine than the Grecian form,—something which should embody Divinity,—now in its awful unity too far removed above mortal comprehension for mortal pencil to delineate;—imparted to his glorious works an ideal grace, which no modern imagination can equal.

The Greeks inherited the dramatic art from no other nation,—they borrowed from no other people,—and their originality was the sign of their power, and the cause of their success. The difference of language between nations is not greater than the difference in spirit. One people is powerfully affected by that with which another has no sympathy. While the strong link of human feeling unites all men, the barrier of national peculiarities effectually separates them. The Romans hold but an indifferent rank as tragedians, and are scarcely known in that department but as translators or imitators of the Greeks. Concerning the tragic authors of the Augustan age, little is known, and the few of their works which have descended to us, give little reason to regret the loss of the remainder. The Roman character was not liable to be affected by tragic emotion. Life was too real,—too abundant in stirring and mighty enterprise, to permit the mind to be captivated by poetic visions. In the days of Roman virtue, the people might admire the spectacle of a hero preferring death to freedom, or with the noble vanity of a Curtius, believing no sacrifice more acceptable to the gods than that of a patriot. In the age of their degeneracy, when, like giants drunk with wine,

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they reeled under the weight of their own glory, they could imagine no higher virtue than the stoical indifference which meets death with contempt, when the cup of pleasure is quaffed. Their reigning monsters were types of the one head with which Nero wished the Roman people endowed. Each was in himself a concentration of the extravagant pride with which their position inspired the whole body,—of the insane contempt with which the Empress of the World looked down upon her contemporaries,—of the furious thirst for pleasure, which found no satisfaction in exhausting all that the tributary world could offer of luxury or enjoyment, humanly so considered,—but which, when their eyes were satiated with pomp, and their spirits oppressed with splendor, yet found a demoniac satisfaction in cruelty and bloodshed. Their own history was their tragedy. They beheld the monarchs of the world dragging their chains after the victorious Consul. What fabulous representation could equal such living woe? As for crimes,—emblems of crime were seated on the throne,—tragedies more bloody were daily enacted, than the wildest imagination could have shadowed forth. What effect could tragic pathos have on their steeled nerves? They loved pomp,—pageantry,—triumphs;—where the standards and the pillage of other nations bore witness to the greatness of the Roman name. No mock processions, or fanciful pageants these. The pleasures of sight delighted them more than those of sound. In the midst of a tragic performance, the Roman people, with a voice like the roaring of the ocean-waves, would order the actors to stop, and shout for the bears and gladiators.

With the Greek triumvirate the ancient Drama rose, and with them it sunk, as if exhausted. And then the sleep of the middle ages fell over the world, enlivened by romantic dreams of chivalry,—of stately barons and noble dames, and cowled monks,—of knights and tournaments,—of love, pomp and courtesy. When mankind awoke from the slumber of ages, they thirsted for classic lore; but some nations were imbued with this chivalrous spirit, and their works bear its impress,—with others, it seemed as if the slumber had been more intense, and that their imagination, which had received no visions of a stirring or novel nature, reverted to the fables of mythology, and sought for inspiration at Grecian fountains alone.

It is difficult, perhaps impossible, for one nation to judge

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impartially of the literature, and especially of the poetry of another; and eternal gratitude is due to those candid and learned critics, who, divesting themselves of national prejudice, have devoted their time and talents to an investigation of the respective merits of the various candidates,—have acted as interpretors and mediators between the literati of different nations,—have done justice to talent, of whatever country it is a native; and, judging each performance by its own laws, have bowed before genius, though flourishing on a foreign soil.

The English and Spaniards, both possessing a rich dramatic literature, have in that department no connexion with the Italians or French. The theatre of the former is entirely independent of that of the latter, in its formation and in its history. In vain have critics condemned their dramatic productions as irregular; the works of a Shakspeare or a Calderon will be appreciated wherever they are understood. The English and French here stand at opposite barriers. The one, looking on Tragedy as a poem, formed on a certain plan, reduced to a certain period of time, space, and action, could see no beauty where they imagined that taste was set at defiance. The English, justly regarding Shakspeare as their national glory, and the pride of their literature, ridiculed in their turn the regularity of the French drama, which appeared to them wholly destitute of plot, variety of character, incident, or interest. They cherished even the faults of their great luminary, and blinded by the magic splendor of his genius, ranked them with his merits.

The old English dramatists must be judged by their own laws, and when we consider the splendor of the Drama from the middle of Elizabeth's reign to the end of James's,—the rich dialogue, the magic creations of fancy,—the irregular but striking plot,—the rapid succession of characters which distinguished the works of those master-spirits; and compare the inferiority of the succeeding writers, who endeavored to decry the merits of Shakspeare, and to substitute their formal and elaborate imitations of French tragedy for these glowing and breathing works; we cannot avoid coming to the conclusion that the language, the tastes, the feelings of the English nation are too opposite to those of the ancient Grecians, to render any parallel between them possible, or any effort to render the one theatre a model for the other, desirable.

In the rich creations of the Spanish Drama, the authors

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seem to have been inspired by the very spirit of chivalry. It is founded upon the most elevated principles of honor, love, valor and devotional feeling. As the ancients understood tragedy, the dramatic works both of the Spaniards and English ought rather to be considered as romantic dramas, than as tragedies, according to the strict definition.

The French have indeed combated well, and not always unsuccessfully, with the difficulties which they have imposed upon themselves in their strict adherence to Grecian rules, and their employment of Grecian materials. They have even on some occasions improved upon their models, as in others they have necessarily fallen very far beneath them. In judging them before their own tribunal, the manifold disadvantages under which they have labored ought not to be forgotten. We ought to remember the inferior harmony and energy of the French language, as compared with the Grecian,—the different feelings with which a Pagan and a Christian audience must regard the manifest interposition of the gods, the first filled with faith and terror, the latter regarding the whole mythological system as false and absurd,—the absence of all those brilliant accessories of music and dancing, so blended with their models, and even forming the principal part of the entertainment,—the difference between the Athenian and French character, and the changes which three thousand years have produced in all moral and social institutions,—the limited choice of subjects allowed to the ancients, on account of their strict adherence to the unities, and the difficulty of producing any moral effect, when, instead of gradually unrolling the map of the human mind, and showing with a fearful truth, which comes home to the bosom of every individual spectator, how the slight germs of passion within the human breast may, if unchecked, lead to the most frightful enormities, the author is forced to produce upon the scene beings whose actions must appear unnatural, full-grown monsters, guilty at once of the most atrocious crimes of treason, cruelty, parricide, without those gradual approaches from error to vice, and from vice to the depths of crime, which hold forth so striking a lesson in the dramas of the English bard.

French tragedies are written in verse, but evidently not so as to be sung. The French language cannot, like the Grecian, admit of the transposition or retrenchment of the syllables;

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nor has it the elegance of the Attic, the luxurious softness of the Ionian, or the vigor of the Doric dialect.

Subjects, drawn from the ancient history of Greece, and filled with allusions to the actual state of the republic, must of necessity be regarded by us with a very lukewarm degree of interest. In describing the misfortunes of Andromache, the Greek poet represented to his audience the misfortunes of their own country. The French dramatist has thus been forced to choose subjects of which love is the ruling passion,—one, which must come home to the feelings of men of all ages and nations. This he has treated in a different and superior manner,—with greater delicacy and a more intimate knowledge of the human heart, and above all, of female character, nearly a *terra incognita* to the Athenian poet.

No subject was fitted to produce a more powerful dramatic effect, than the sacrifice of Iphigenia. No interest could be stronger than that produced by the anguish of a king and a father, who, in consequence of a divine mandate, divests himself of all personal feeling, and immolates the being dearest to him on earth,—and of a virtuous princess, who, in the flower of youth, and with every prospect of a brilliant and happy life, is called upon to submit to the most cruel destiny. The heroine of Racine is as much superior to the Iphigenia of Euripides in loftiness of character and delicacy of sentiment, as the Christian maiden ought to be over the Pagan princess. But the names of Achilles and Agamemnon were, to the Greeks, those of national heroes. The siege of Troy was the foundation of the Grecian name and the Grecian glory,—and it was necessary that Racine should treat the subject with infinitely more art, in order to produce by different means an equal degree of interest in his hearers.

The French have compared Corneille to Sophocles, and Racine to Euripides,—but if we consider the disorder and chaos in which Corneille found the French drama, and the splendor to which he raised it, we must rather grant him the title of the French Æschylus. Corneille created the taste of the age in which he wrote. Racine has served as a model to all succeeding French writers. The one suddenly appeared after a long night of darkness;—the other shone brightly in the most enlightened age. Yet, in the perfect regularity and elegance of Racine, and in the impetuous and magnificent declamation of Corneille, something is always wanting to sat-

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isfy the mind. To one accustomed to the rich imagination of Shakspeare, there is a coldness, a want of strength and passion in these great writers, the cause of which may, no doubt, be traced, in a great measure, to the severity of the system which they have compelled themselves to adopt. They are beautiful poems; but it would seem that poetry, without the sister arts, is insufficient to gratify us on the stage.

Genius will conquer all difficulties; and Racine, Corneille, and Voltaire, working in their shackles, (from which the last however made some endeavors to extricate himself,) have proved the miraculous power of talent, not the wisdom of the system which thus enthralled it. It was in the hands of lesser men, that its weakness became apparent;—of those inferior followers and adulators, who ceased not to maintain that the *nec plus ultra* had been reached, and that all efforts to produce more striking effects must prove abortive.

Until the middle of the eighteenth century, there were few dramatic writers in Germany, worthy of notice. The appearance of Goethe's Goetz of Berlichingen threw a gleam of light over their dramatic horizon, and proved to German authors that there were principles yet more important, in dramatic composition, than an adherence to the unities. The study of Shakspeare, which probably had its influence on Goethe's mind in effecting this revolution, led to the conviction that something less pompous and more true to nature might be effected, by abandoning the servile imitation of the French drama,—by ceasing to be the copyists of a copy. Lessing set the example of writing tragedies in connexion with ordinary life: but he also wrote them in prose. Twenty years afterwards, Schiller decided that blank verse was the best medium for dramatic composition. As in all revolutions, men pass from one extreme to another, the most violent contrast imaginable to the French school was naturally produced. 'In truth,' says a German author, (Klinger, the learned friend of Goethe,) 'the wild struggles for which we have been censured, were but endeavors to find out a mode of composition suitable to us.' There is now no country in the world, which can produce such an array of great names in the dramatic department, and none where the theatres have been more flourishing of late years, than in Germany.

There is a country where the poetry of life yet lingers,—which resembles Greece in its beauties of nature and art;—

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where the character of the people resembles that of the ancient Greeks, in their keen perception of the beautiful, in their innate taste for the arts,—in their impetuosity of feeling,—in their lively and brilliant imagination,—in their passions, rapidly excited and as rapidly stifled. In vain a succession of despots have endeavored to crush the national spirit. It burns like their own volcanoes, in slumbering but not smothered flame. There the splendid forms may yet be seen, which inspired the masters of the golden time. The peasantry yet weave garlands of flowers, and, dwelling amidst the glorious ruins of the arts, insensibly imbibe a taste for the classic and the beautiful. Rich in hope, richer, alas! in recollection, history furnishes them with facts of stirring and national interest, offering to the dramatic writer inexhaustible sources of tragic emotion. The language also is, like that of the Greeks, a succession of harmonious sounds, affecting even those who are ignorant of its meaning, like a strain of rich music; and capable alike of expressing the most violent emotions or the most tender sentiments of the soul. Yet, while the Opera has so long continued the pride and pleasure of Italy, tragic actors have been scarcely listened to,—and with the exception of a few stars, scarcely a name of note appears in their dramatic annals,—while but few tragedies have been written, worthy of being incorporated into their literature.

Various plausible reasons have been assigned by the learned in their endeavors to account for this singular fact, and more especially it has been contended, that their neglect of national and modern subjects has paralyzed the exertion of dramatic energy, and prevented their authors from rising above a frigid mediocrity. That this reason is insufficient in itself to account for the poverty of the Italian drama, may be inferred from the circumstance, that greater feebleness is to be met with in the works of Pindemonte and others, when their subjects have been of a modern nature, than when they have confined themselves to classical events, and that Alfieri himself has lost much of his energy in his historical dramas. The true secret seems to be, that they have followed where they ought to have led, and have preferred the inglorious safety of servile imitation, to the hazard of opening a new path for themselves.

At the beginning of the sixteenth century, appeared the Sophonisba of Trissino,—cold, spiritless, and scrupulously formed after the ancient models. To it succeeded the

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Rosmunda and the Oreste of Rucellai,—the first founded on Gibbon's well-known tale of horror, and chiefly remarkable for the unmingled atrocity of the characters,—the second, an imitation of the Iphigenia in Taurus of Euripides. Various feeble imitators of the Grecian Triumvirate followed. They endeavored to awaken the departed shades of the Grecian heroes, who arose at their call, cold and spiritless, and unclosing their wearied lips with reluctance. The critical Calsibigi, though devoted to the French School, gives the following account of these tragical productions:

'Distorted, complicated, improbable plots, misconception of scenic regulations, useless personages, double actions, inconsistency of character, gigantic or childish thoughts, feeble verses, affected phrases, the total absence of harmonious and natural poetry,—all this decked out with ill-timed descriptions and similes, or idle philosophical and political disquisitions; in every scene some silly amour, with all the trite insipidity of commonplace gallantry,—but of tragic strength, of the conflict of passions, of overpowering theatrical catastrophes, not the smallest trace.'

When occasionally they deviated from this track, it was to revel amidst scenes of unmitigated horror. Of this description was the Torrismondo of Tasso, only rescued from oblivion by the greatness of the author's name,—the Acripando of Decia della Horte, full of heavy declamation and awkward plots, yet enlivened by occasional striking scenes and poetic beauties. Maffei's Merope, which appeared in the beginning of the eighteenth century, closed, while it greatly surpassed, this school of Italian Tragedy. Its success was great on its first appearance, but it is now considered rather as a work displaying diligence and care, than as possessing any high dramatic merit.

Metastasio is ranked by Schlegel as a tragic author, because the aim of his musical dramas is usually of a serious nature, and because they partly observe in their external form the rules which are considered as belonging to tragedy. The appearance of Alfieri rescued the Italian drama from the effeminacy, into which the musical languor of the pure and faultless Metastasio had plunged it. The opposition between the character of Alfieri and his writings, has always been regarded as one of the most extraordinary of literary anomalies. Pride and enthusiasm, vehemence and ambition, arrogance and

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fastidiousness, were the leading features of his mind. In him, all was passion and uncurbed impulse. His successive tastes and propensities held uncontrolled dominion over him. Music especially had a powerful effect upon his mind; and, as he informs us in his memoirs, the plots of the greater part of his Tragedies were formed either while listening to music, or a few hours afterwards. His temper was passionate even to fury;—his discontent and melancholy appear at times to have bordered on insanity. He had a passion for travelling,—for horses,—for music,—for liberty,—for literature,—each, whilst it lasted, carried to the most furious excess. With his abhorrence of tyranny, he loved aristocracy;—with his professions of republicanism, he despised all plebeians. He hated kings, to whom he was inferior in rank;—he venerated the patrician order to which he belonged. He abhorred the French nation, on account of the contempt expressed by Voltaire for Italian literature,—a contempt which his fierce spirit never forgave. Especially he detested 'their horrible *u*, with their little mouths drawn in as if they were blowing hot soup!'

In his tragedies, we should naturally have expected bursts of frenzied passion,—of irregular and vehement eloquence,—of sublime but extravagant sentiments. Instead of this, we find them written in a style of pure and scrupulous correctness,—carefully formed upon the severest rules of the Grecian drama,—simple in their plot,—uniform and grave in their composition,—the characters few,—the style never feeble, nor ignoble,—nor yet bordering upon extravagance. The whole structure of his pieces is grave and massive,—more dignified than French tragedy, but less brilliant,—forming no doubt the finest modern approach to the Greek model, yet infinitely less poetical; the latter circumstance attributable perhaps to the absence of the choral songs;—the whole compositions, in their chastened temperance and grave delineation of passion, offering the most striking contrast imaginable to their fiery, capricious, and impatient author.

The appearance of Alfieri's tragedies was a great era in Italy. The Italians were aroused from their harmonious dreams of languor, and felt a generous sympathy with the author. The love of tragedy and of liberty seemed to arise together in their hearts; and the theatre, which until then had been a mere scene of love intrigues and servile sentiments, was converted into a school of noble and elevated feeling, of honor and virtue.

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The public were astonished by the sudden introduction of master-pieces of a character so totally novel,—whose language was destitute of imagery,—whose music, deprived of all those seductive graces and ornaments to which they had been accustomed, was modelled on a more than Spartan austerity. It is true, that this austerity too frequently degenerates into harshness,—that the language is apt to be broken, unmusical, inflexible,—that the mind has no shades whereon to repose, but becomes fatigued by the monotony of crime and fury,—and that the rigid adherence of the author to the ancient system has involved him in difficulties, which all his genius is insufficient to conceal. Thus, for example, in his *Virginia*, conceiving it necessary to drop the curtain immediately upon the death of the heroine, he leaves the spectator in uncertainty as to the fate of the criminal Appius,—so that an audience, ignorant of the historical fact, might suppose that the innocent victim remained unrevenged.

In the tragedy of Saul, the faults of Alfieri are less apparent, and the splendor of his genius more triumphant, than in any other of his dramatic works. His austerity no longer displeases us, but rather seems well suited to the patriarchal simplicity of the shepherd kings of Israel. An eastern coloring pervades the scene, while the lyrical verses impart a richness and sublimity to the whole, which is very effective. There is also more poetry in the language, and in the principal characters we find more natural and human feeling than in any of his other productions. David, the chosen of God, led by a divine mandate, has quitted the retreat to which the fury of Saul had driven him, and appears alone in Gilboa, at the dawn of day. On one side is the camp of the Hebrews,—on the other, that of the Philistines. Jonathan, who has left the royal tent to offer up his morning prayer, meets his friend, and though unable to distinguish him by the faint light, yet knows him by his noble daring, and salutes him with respectful tenderness, as God's elect, and his own well loved brother. He tells him how the king of Israel is troubled,—that the hand of God is heavy upon him,—that the perfidious Abner, with unrelenting artifice, poisons his mind against the champion of Israel. He tells him of the constant and courageous affection of Michal, of her tender attentions to her father, of her profound love for her husband. While they are yet speaking, Jonathan perceives a form in white, indistinctly gleaming, and

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approaching them, and knowing it to be his sister coming to join him in his prayers for Saul, he entreats David to step aside, while he prepares her for the unexpected meeting. The Jewish Princess enters, and in words full of tenderness and sorrow, laments the fate of David, her own sufferings, and her father's cruelty. Jonathan gives her hopes that they may meet again; and while his words make her hesitate between doubt and joy, David appears, and throws himself into the arms of his wife.

After the first transports of joy are over, it is agreed that David shall conceal himself in a secret cavern, while Michal and Jonathan shall endeavor to reconcile their father to his return. Throughout the whole of this first act, there breathes a spirit of simple and healthful tenderness, in which it were to be wished that the stern Piedmontese had more frequently indulged. Saul and the jealous Abner appear in the second act. The king of Israel speaks the language of a noble but fallen nature. He is old,—disheartened,—he feels that the divine protection is withdrawn from his house, but that his sufferings are merited. His character is nobly conceived, and drawn with a masterly hand. A good and an evil spirit seem to combat within him; his generous nature sometimes gaining the mastery over his evil genius, but more frequently succumbing beneath it. His bosom is agitated by a storm of contending emotions; and his mind fiercely receiving each new impression, he threatens,—he punishes,—he raves,—and in the midst of his fury he repents and weeps. He describes his own unhappy condition in a vivid manner, when he exclaims to Abner;

'Fero,
Impaziente, torbido, adirato
Sempre; a me stesso incresco ognora, e altrui:
Bramo in pace far guerra, in guerra pace;
Entro ogni nappo, ascoso tosco io bevo;
Scorgo un nemico in ogni amico; i molli
Tappite Assirii, ispidi dumi al fianco
Mi sono; angoscia il breve sonno; i sogni
Terror. Che piu? chi'l crederia? spavento
M'è la tromba di guerra; alto spavento
E la tromba à Saul. Vedi, se è fatta
Vedova omai di suo splendor la casa
Di Saul; vedi, se omai Dio sta meco.

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E tu, tu stesso (ah! ben lo sai) talora
A me, qual sei, caldo verace amico
Guerrier, congiunto, e forte duce, e usbergo
Di mia gloria tu sembri; e talor, vile
Uom menzogner di corte, invidio, astuto
Nemico, traditore.'

'Impatient, fierce, incensed, and turbulent,
I am a burthen to myself and others;
In peace I wish for war, in war for peace:
Poison concealed I drink in every cup,
In every friend I see an enemy;
The softest carpets of Assyria seem
Planted with thorns to my unsolaced limbs;
My transient sleep is agonized with fear;
Each dream with imaged terrors, that distract me.
Why should I add to this dark catalogue?
Who would believe it? The sonorous trumpet
Speaks to my ears in an appalling voice,
And fills the heart of Saul with deep dismay.
Thou seest clearly that Saul's tottering house
Is desolate, bereft of all its splendor;
Thou seest that God hath cast me off forever.
And thou thyself (too well thou know'st the truth)
Dost sometimes, as thou art, appear to me
My kinsman, champion, and my real friend,
The leader of my armies, the support
Of my renown; and sometimes dost appear
The interested minion of a court,
Hostile, invidious, crafty, and a traitor.' *

Whilst Abner is yet endeavoring to persuade Saul that David is the cause of all his misery, Jonathan and Michal enter, and speak of David as the messenger of God,—the pledge of divine favor to Saul,—the most tender and obedient of his children. Their words move the King to tears, and at this moment David himself appears and falls at the feet of Saul. He relates how, in the cave of Engedi, the life of the slumbering King was in his power, and how he had spared the Lord's Anointed. He shows the border of the royal garment, which he had then severed with his sword from the Monarch's robe. Saul is touched by this instance of his truth. He embraces David;—once more calls him his son, appoints him

* Lloyd's Translation of Alfieri.

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to the command of his armies, and desires his daughter to repair his errors by her tenderness.

In the third act, Abner comes to inform the young commander of the order in which he had intended to dispose the troops, and his disappointment and jealousy break forth in the bitter irony of his words. With a noble modesty, David praises the valor of Abner, and approves of his disposition of the forces. But scarcely has Abner left him, when Michal hastens to inform David that he has again infused suspicion into the mind of Saul,—that to avoid the King's wrath, flight will again be necessary, but that she will share his exile. While they are yet speaking, Saul, accompanied by Jonathan, enters in a transport of delirium.

'Chi sete voi?....Chi d'aura aperta e pura
Qui favello?....Questa? é caligin densa;
Tenebre sono: ombra di morte....Oh! mira;
Pui mi t' accosta; il vedi? il sol d'intorno
Cinta ha di sangue ghirlanda funesta.
Odi tu canto di sinistri angelli?
Lugubre un pianto sull'aere si spande
Che mi percuote, e a lagrimar mi sforza
Ma che? voi pur, voi pur piangete?'

'Who, who are ye? Who speaks of pure air here?
This! 'tis a thick impenetrable gloom;
A land of darkness, and the shades of death.
Ah see! draw nearer me,—dost thou behold?
A fatal wreath of blood surrounds the sun,—
Heard'st thou the death-notes of ill-omened birds?
With loud laments the vocal air resounds,
That smite my ears, compelling me to weep;
But what, do ye weep also?—'

The psalmist of Israel takes his harp, and endeavors to soothe the frenzy of the King. There is much solemnity and poetic beauty in these hymns.

I.

'O tu, che eterno, onnipossente, immenso,
Siedi sovrano d'ogni creata cosa;
Tu per cui tratto son dal nulla, e penso,
E la mia mente a te salir pur osa;
Tu, che se il guardo inchini, apresi il denso
Abisso, e via non serba a te nascosa;
Se il capo accenni, trema lo universo;
Se il braccio innalzi, ogni empio ecco è disperso;

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II.

'Già sulle ratte folgoranti piume
Di Cherubin ben mille un dì scendesti;
E del tuo caldo irresistibil nume
Il condottiero d'Israello empiesti:
Di perenne facondia a lui tu fiume,
Tu brando, e senno, e scudo a lui tu festi;
Deh! di tua fiamma tanto un raggio solo
Nubi-fendente or manda a noi dal polo.'

I.

'Omnipotent, eternal, infinite,*
Thou who dost govern each created thing;
Thou, who from nothing mad'st me by thy might,
Blest with a soul that dares to thee take wing;
Thou who canst pierce the abyss of endless night,
And all its mysteries into day-light bring;
The universe doth tremble at thy nod,
And sinners prostrate fall at the out-stretched arm of God.

II.

'Oft on the gorgeous blazing wings ere now
Of thousand cherubim wert thou revealed;
Oft did thy pure divinity endow
Thy people's shepherd in the martial field.
To him a stream of eloquence wert thou;
Thou wert his sword, his wisdom, and his shield.
From thy bright throne, oh God! bestow one ray
To cleave the gathering clouds that intercept the day.'

Saul is roused from his lethargy by the voice of David, and again the harp is struck, and in lofty notes, the Psalmist recounts the victories and glorious deeds of the King. He listens, like the war-horse aroused by the sound of the trumpet, but the excitement is momentary, and the old monarch asks for words of peace. Then David strikes more gentle chords. He sings of the champion, reposing on his laurels when the toils of the day are over,—of his children, who sympathize with his feelings,—of his daughter, whose gentle hand unfits

'His crested helm and sword.'

He paints a scene of tranquil domestic happiness. The King

* There is some resemblance between these verses, and the hymn of Adam in Lord Byron's Cain, commencing:—

'God, the Eternal! Infinite, All Wise,' &c.

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listens, while the notes fall like balm upon his wounded spirit; —then, in a changeful mood, he calls again for songs of war. David describes Saul as aroused from his slumbers, like the terrible lion of the forest; the hostile squadrons retreat before the arms of Israel. But while he sings the glory of Saul, he represents himself as following in the same warlike path; and Saul is again roused to fury.

'*Saul.* Chi, chi si vanta? Havvi altra spada in campo,
Che questa mia, ch'o snudo? Empio è, si uccidà,
Pera, chi la sprezzo.
Mical. T 'arresta: oh cielo!....
Gion. Padre! che fai?....
Dav. Misero re!
Mic. Deh! fuggi....
A gran pena il teniam, deh! fuggi, o sposo.'

'*Saul.* Who, who thus boasts? Is there, except my sword,
Which I unsheathe, another in the camp?
He's a blasphemer, let him perish, he
Who dares defy it.
Mic. Ah forbear; Oh Heaven!
Jon. Father, what wouldst thou do?
Dav. Unhappy king!
Mic. Ah fly!.... Ah fly! With difficulty we
From violence restrain him.'

In the fourth act, the frenzy of Saul has passed away, but his fury against David continues. Abner accuses David of having absented himself at the hour of battle, and leads into the presence of Saul Achimilech, whom he has found in the camp. Saul, infuriated against the Levites, commands the high-priest to render an account of his boldness in having granted protection to David. The proud Achimilech threatens the King in his turn,—boldly defends David,—bids Saul tremble,—in a prophetic fury describes a vision of the angel of death, hovering with fiery wings over the guilty monarch, and foretells the downfall of Saul's house as even now at hand. The spirit of the King is irritated into madness. He commands Abner to change the arrangements of battle made by the impious David, to drag the high-priest from his presence, and to slay him. He orders his *vengeance* to be sent to Nob, there to destroy the whole sacerdotal race,—priests and prophets,—their wives, children and household. In vain his children interpose to stay his hand. After swearing vengeance

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against David, he commands them from his presence, and exclaims in mournful soliloquy,—

> 'Sol, con me stesso, io sto.—Di me soltanto,
> (Misero re!) di me solo io non tremo.'
>
> 'I to myself am left.—Myself alone,
> (Unhappy king!) myself I dread not.'

In the fifth act, Michal is leading forth her fugitive husband from his concealment. The shades of night environ them. She beseeches him to fly. David at first refuses. The holy spirit which inspires him has revealed to the chosen one of Heaven, that

> 'For Israel and its king
> The terrible day is come.'

But when he hears that holy blood has been shed in the camp of Saul, he consents, but implores the princess to let him wander forth alone; represents to her the hardships to which one bred in softness would be exposed in the wilderness,—and entreats her to remain and console her unhappy father. They part in mutual sorrow, and Michal is left to mourn alone the sad condition of all whom she loves most. She hears the sound of war, and groans proceeding from her father's tent. The delirium of Saul in the next act is sublime. He enters, without recognising his daughter, but beholding the dread shade of Samuel,—of Achimilech,—of the slaughtered priests. Rivers of blood environ him. On either shore are piled heaps of recent corpses. In the midst of his terror and remorse, he prays that his innocent children may be spared; but he reads no pity in the eyes of Samuel, —they are orbs of blood,—his hands are fire, and his nostrils breathe flames. Then, from amidst the spectral throng, issues the cry,—

> 'We are the children of Achimilech,
> I am Achimilech. Die, monarch, die.'

Suddenly, the spectres seem to vanish from his sight,—and the din of battle is heard approaching. The sound of the trumpets grows louder, and Abner rushes in with a handful of fugitive soldiers. The Philistines are in the camp of the Israelites, and the sons of Saul are slain. As if the retributory wrath of heaven were appeased, the evil spirit of Saul seems to leave him. He commends his daughter to the care of Ab-

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ner, but for himself, he will die like a king. The Princess refuses to abandon her father. He prays her not to compel him to weep. He forces her to go, and remains alone. His last soliloquy is noble.

'Oh figli miei! Fui padre,
Eccoti solo, o re; non un mi resta
Dei tanti amici, o servi tuoi. Sei paga,
D'inesorabil Dio terribil via?
Ma, tu mi resti, o brando! all 'ultim 'uopo
Fido ministro, or vieni. Eccogià gli urli
Dell insolente vincitor; sul ciglio,
Già lor fiaccole ardenti balenarmi
Veggo, e le spade a mille....Empia Filiste!
Me troverai, ma almen da re, qui.....morto.'

'Oh my children!
I was a father. See thyself alone,
Oh king; of thy so many friends and servants,
Not one remains. Inexorable God!
Is thy retributory wrath appeased?
But thou remainest to me, oh sword! now come
My faithful servant in extremity.
Hark! hark! the howlings of the insolent victors;
The lightning of their burning torches glares
Before my eyes already, and I see
Their swords by thousands....Impious Philistine!
Thou shalt find me, but like a king, here....dead.'

As he falls transfixed on his own sword, the victorious Philistines rush in with flaming torches and bloody swords. While with loud cries they surround Saul, the curtain falls.

There is much of the spirit of Shakspeare in the conception of this noble drama. The madness of Saul is treated with the same masterly hand,—with that fearful truth and nature which distinguish those scenes, in which the great English dramatist has described the wreck of the human mind. Yet the tragedies of Alfieri produced no lasting effect. He revived the conventional rules of the French system, and invested them with a splendor which was only dissipated, when his sceptre passed into feebler hands, and the real barrenness of his dramatic theory became evident.

The most celebrated tragedy, which has been written in the school of Alfieri, is the Aristodemo of Vincenzio Monti. Great expectations were excited by its publication, but the

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genius of the author seemed to have been nearly exhausted in this splendid production,—or rather, his talents and his principles abandoned him together. Notwithstanding the efforts of Giovanni and Ippolito Pindemonte, and their partial success, the Italian drama gradually declined, and it became evident, that a total change in the prevailing ideas with regard to the dramatic system, was necessary.

The learned criticisms of German writers, and the spirit of inquiry diffused throughout Italy, have at length effected a revolution in the dramatic literature of that country, likely to produce the most important results. Alessandro Manzoni, who stands at the head of the new school, seems to have been well aware of the fact, that in any departure from established rules, the bolder the project is, the greater necessity there exists for prudence in its execution.

He has been extremely cautious, and almost timid, lest in endeavoring to attain liberty, he should incur the reproach of having degenerated into license. He has simplified the plots of his dramas with a care which is almost superfluous, even whilst he enlarges his limits of space and time. He has also entirely rejected the union of tragic and comic in his dramas, a combination which has, however, been defended by German critics; and has thus prudently avoided an alliance at all times hazardous, and one which is too apt to destroy in our minds the effect of the deeper feelings which tragedy is intended to produce.

Before venturing upon the violation of these canons of taste, Manzoni has thought it necessary to explain the principles by which he has been actuated. From his clear and masterly exposition of these principles, he has contrived to throw a new light upon a question, which seemed to admit of no novelty in discussion. He reduces the inconveniences resulting from the classic system, to four principal heads. First,—that in the choice which an author must make between the events represented before the spectator, and those which are only made known to the audience in recital, he must be regulated by an arbitrary measurement of time, and not by the nature of the events themselves and their relation with the action. Secondly,—a greater number of facts are brought together in the space fixed by arbitrary rule, than probability permits. Thirdly,—notwithstanding this, many very poetic materials, furnished by history, must be omitted. Fourthly,—causes purely

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inventive must be substituted for the causes which really determined the action represented. He has also proved, that the strict observance of the unities of place and time has arisen from a misconception of ancient authorities; the first, from the circumstance that Greek tragedies represented an action which happened in one place alone, and from an idea that the Greek theatre must remain a model of dramatic perfection,—the second, from a passage in Aristotle, simply taking notice that such was the general practice of the Greek theatre; but by no means laying it down as a precept. It is well known, that the chief reason adduced by the French critics for their strict adherence to unity of place is, that since the spectator remains stationary, it must appear to him a violation of probability, that different parts of the action, which he sees represented, should happen in different places. This reasoning is founded upon a false supposition; viz.,—that the spectator is there as forming part of the action; whereas, he is in fact a *mind* contemplating it. Probability arises from the connexion which the different parts of the action have with each other; not from any relation which they have with the actual condition of the spectator. Thus we hear two persons confidentially disclosing a secret on the stage, while the theatre is crowded with spectators.

But, since the French themselves have admitted the propriety of extending the action to a space of four and twenty hours, on account of the difficulty of finding a subject which can be compressed within such narrow limits, the question becomes reduced to a mere matter of calculation, as to the probable stretch of the human imagination. Yet while the author denies that the precise time can be calculated and laid down by arbitrary rule, he admits that the more space and time the action includes, the more likely it is to lose the important character of unity of subject, which is so essential to probability. He is also of opinion, that if the facts composing an historical event are so scattered, and are at such a distance as to have but a feeble connexion with each other, the poet should abandon that subject, as unfitted for tragedy.

In treating the question in a moral point of view, he has compared the tragedies of Othello and Zaire, the master-pieces of two different systems, and the subject of which is fundamentally the same. In Othello, we behold the growing strength of one predominant passion, so distorting the mental vision,

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that the most simple circumstances appear 'confirmation strong as proof of Holy Writ.' We see the power exercised by cold-blooded villany over a fierce but generous nature;—terminating in murder, remorse, and suicide. The moral lesson is terrible and affecting.

But, in Zaire, it was necessary, in order that the poet should not deviate from the prescribed path, that we should behold Orosmane, a generous and humane monarch, in the morning filled with confidence and affection for Zaire, and in the evening of the same day, with a credulity which would have been improbable even in the hot-headed Moor, believe himself betrayed, and stab her to the heart. No time was given slowly to distil into the soul of Orosmane, drop by drop, the poison, which conducted Othello to vengeance. The error must be produced by the false interpretation of a fact. A letter addressed to Zaire falls into the hands of Orosmane, and leads him instantaneously to the conviction of her treachery. Here is no moral lesson. We are merely shown, that accidents may occur in the course of our lives, which may lead a virtuous man to become criminal and wretched.

By means of another important innovation, Manzoni has in fact approached nearer to the classical models of antiquity, than any preceding dramatist. He has introduced, by way of experiment, a lyrical chorus, and to it we are indebted for two of the most splendid specimens of lyric poetry, which modern Italy has produced.

The subjects selected by Manzoni in the two dramas, which render his name so justly celebrated, are of a nature so coldly political, that nothing short of the masterly manner in which the author has treated them, could have invested his characters with the interest which they cannot fail to excite. The Conte di Carmagnola is founded on an event, which occurred in Venice in the fifteenth century. The hero, a soldier of fortune, who had risen from the ranks to the post of generalissimo of the armies of Filippo Visconti, duke of Milan, having, by his popularity amongst the soldiers, excited the jealousy of his master, was deprived of his command, and took refuge amongst the Venetians, by whom he was welcomed with distinction. The Florentines were at this time engaged in a war with Milan, and had requested the assistance of the Venetian Republic. After much deliberation, Carmagnola is chosen by the Venetian senate to command their forces. An important victory is

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gained by the troops under his command over the Milanese, at Maclodio; but the Venetian senate begin to conceive suspicions of the brave adventurer, on account of his persisting in giving liberty to his prisoners, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the commissioners, a proceeding, however, in strict accordance with the universal practice of the *Condottieri* of those times. His ruin is determined upon,—he is decoyed to Venice, and when in the power of the senate, is condemned to death. Upon this simple basis, the author has raised a superstructure of five acts. The chief interest is excited by the unnatural collision between the proud and fiery soldier of fortune, and the cold, calculating Venetian senate; between the wise and worldly politicians, and their noble but imprudent victim. Perhaps the most effective passages in the drama, are the soliloquy of Carmagnola after his election, the spirited scene in the second act, which introduces us to the camp of the Duke of Milan, near Maclodio, and the chorus which terminates the second act, and which describes, in all the pomp of beautiful language and striking imagery, the destructive effects of war.

There is little doubt, however, that the effect produced by this magnificent ode, would have been still stronger, had not the author suddenly passed from a tragic action, where the personages are represented as present, to a lyric song, expressive only of his own imaginative feelings. To this error he has been led by Schlegel's definition of a Greek chorus. 'The chorus must be regarded as the personification of the moral thoughts inspired by the action,—as the organ of the sentiments of the poet, who speaks in the name of humanity. The Greeks wished that in every drama the chorus should represent first the national genius, and then the defender of the cause of humanity; the chorus was in short the ideal spectator,' &c. But the Greek chorus was in fact composed of real personages, and expressed the sentiments of the people; and had the author brought forward this chorus in action, had he for example supposed it to be sung by some of the spectators of the battle,—by the trembling maidens, or the aged men, who from the neighboring heights beheld the approaching destruction, and communicated to each other their hopes and fears, it is impossible but that the effect upon the audience must have been of the most thrilling nature; and he would have proved that the ancient chorus may be combined advantageously with the modern tragic system.

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It is evident, that if the author has deviated from Grecian rules as to the space and time of his action, he has been more than necessarily severe in the barren simplicity of his outline; and that, in taking this his first flight, he moves with cautious wing, and still feels the imaginary weight of the chains which bound him; totally differing in this respect from the German reformers, who boldly rushed to the opposite extreme, and only learned moderation by experience.

But in the Adelchi, the genius of Manzoni has taken a higher flight. The subject is the downfall of the last national kings of the Lombards, Desiderius and Adelchis, before the victorious arms of Charlemagne. Ermengarda, the wife of Charlemagne, the sister of Adelchis and daughter of Desiderius, has been divorced by her husband, from motives of policy, and the play opens with the return of the heart-broken princess to the fair land of her fathers. The first scene displays to us the political and domestic motives of the war, which is about to ensue. Desiderius, a brave and proud barbarian, unfolds to his son his projects of vengeance, for the insult which he has received in the person of his daughter,—his determination of placing the two orphan nephews of Charlemagne, who had been entrusted to the care of the Lombard princes by their mother Geberga, on the throne of the usurper,—his intention of taking the princes to Rome, and of compelling Pope Adrian to anoint them kings. Adelchis, who dreads a contest with Rome, endeavors, but in vain, to dissuade his father from this rash project. The entrance of the unfortunate Ermengarda interrupts their dispute, and the tender and delicate consolations which she receives from her father and brother are described in a scene of exquisite tenderness and beauty. Desiderius speaks of vengeance, and the princess prays for peace and solitude. He sternly asks her if she still loves Charlemagne, and she entreats him not to force her to search her joyless heart; but to permit her, as a last favor, to retire from court, and to seek for shelter within the walls of the convent, of which her sister Ausberga is Abbess. Desiderius grants this request, and when the princess has retired, the arrival of an ambassador from Charlemagne is announced. With a laconic haughtiness, which befits the messenger of the great monarch, he demands, in the name of his master, that Desiderius shall forthwith resign the territories given by Pepin to the Pope. The result of the conference is an immediate

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declaration of war; and the conclusion of the first act reveals the treachery which, in the heart of the capital, is preparing the fall of the Lombard king.

At the opening of the second act, the two armies are drawn up in array against each other, but separated by the Alps, apparently an impassable barrier. The action is suspended. The French, hopeless and dispirited, are on the point of being led back by Charlemagne into France, when the arrival of an Italian priest, Martin, the deacon of Ravenna, suddenly revives their drooping spirits. He has crossed these mountains, by the desire of Pope Leo, and appears before Charlemagne, like a good angel sent from above, to guide him on his way. The description of his passage over the Alps is one of the most sublime to be met with in modern poetry. The scene is brought before us with a vigor and clearness of detail, which prevent the mind from wandering for a moment from the subject. We follow the footsteps of the narrator with almost breathless anxiety. We almost hear the boiling of the torrent,—the scream of the falcon,—the flap of the eagle's wing as he starts from his lonely eyrie; and feel the fierceness of the noon-day sun, causing 'the frequent crackle of the pine-tree tops,' as it smites them; and share in his triumphant joy when he describes his first view of the valley, and of the tents of Charlemagne. The emperor demands how this road was made known to him, how hidden from the enemy. He replies:

'Dio gli accecò, Dio mi guidò. Del campo
Inosservati uscii; l'ormi ripresi.
Poco inanzi calcate; indi alla destra
Pregai vero Aquilone, e abbandonando
I battuti sentieri, in una angusta
Oscura valle m'internai: ma quanto
Più il passo proceda, tanto allo sguardo
Più spaziosa ella si fea. Qui scorsi
Greggie erranti e tuguri: era cotesta
L'ultima stanza de'mortali: entrai
Presso un pastor, chiesi l'ospizio, e sovra
Lanose pelli riposai la notte.
Sorto all'aurora, al buon pastor la via
Addimandai di Francia. Oltre que'monti
Sono altri monti, ei disse, ed altri ancora;
E lontano lontan Francia: ma via
Non havvi; e mille son quei monti, e tutti
Erti, nudi, tremendi, inhabitati

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Se non da spirti, ed uom mortal giammai
Non li varcò.—Le vie di Dio son molte,
Piu assai di quelle del mortal, risposi ;
E Dio mi manda.—E Dio ti scorga, ei disse :
Indi tra i pani che teneva in serbo
Tanti pigliò di quanti un pellegrino
Puote andar carco ; e in rude sacco avvolti
Ne gravò le mie spalle : il guiderdone
Io gli pregai dal cielo ; e in via mi posi.
Guinse in capo alla valle, un giogo ascesi,
E in Dio fidando, lo varcai. Qui nulla
Traccia d'uomo apparia ; solo foreste
D'intatti abeti, ignoti fiumi, e valli
Senza sentier : tutto tacea ; null'altro
Che i miei passi io sentiva, e ad ora ad ora
Lo scrosciar dei torrenti, o l'improvviso
Stridir del falco, o l'aquila dall erto
Nido spiccata in sul mattin rombando
Passar sovra il mio capo, o sul meriggio
Tocchi dal sole, crepitar del pino
Silvestre i coni. Andai cosi tre giorni ;
E sotto l'alte piante, o nei burroni
Posai tre notti. Era mio guido il sole ;
Io sorgeva con esso e il suo viaggio
Seguia, rivolto al suo tramonto. Incerto
Pur del cammino io già ; di valle in valle
Trapassando mai sempre ; o se talvolta
D'accessibil pendio sorgermi innanzi,
Vedeva un giogo, e n'attingea la cima,
Altre più eccelse cime, innanzi, intorno
Sovrastavanmi ancora ; altre di neve,
Da sommo ad imo biancheggianti, e quasi,
Ripidi, acuti padiglioni al suolo
Confitti ; altre ferrigne, erette a guisa
Di mura, insuperabili. Cadeva
Il terzo sol, quando gran un monte io scersi,
Che sovra gli altri ergea la fronte ; ed era
Tutto una verde china ; e la sua vetta,
Coronata di piante. A quella parte
Tosto il passo io rivolsi. Era la costa,
Oriental di questo monte istesso ;
A cui di contro al sol cadente il tuo,
Campo s'appoggia, o sire ! In su le falde,
Mi colsero le tenebre : le secche,
Lubriche spoglie degli abeti, ond 'era,
Il suol grenuto, mi fur letto, e sponda

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Gli antichissimi trouchi. Mia ridente
Speranza all' alba risvegliommi ; e pieno
Di novello vigor la costa ascesi.
Appena il sommo ne toccai, l'orecchio
Mi percosse un ronzio che di lontano
Parea venir, cupo, incessante : io stetti,
Ed immoto ascoltai. Non eran l' acque,
Rotte fra i sassi in giù ; non era il vento,
Che investia le foreste, e sibilando,
D'ima in altra scorrea ; ma veramente,
Un romor di viventi, un indistinto
Suon di favelle e d' opre e di pedate,
Brulicanti da lungi, un agitarsi
D'uomini immenso. Il cor balzommi, e il passo
Accelerai. Su questa, o re, che a noi
Sembra di qui lunga ed acuta cima,
Fendere il ciel, quasi affilata scure,
Giace un' ampia pianura e d' erbe è folta
Non mai calcate in pria. Presi di quella,
Il piu breve tragitto ; ad ogni istante,
Si fea il romor più presso : divorai
L' estrema via ; guinse sull 'orlo, il guardo
Lanciai giù nella valle, e vidi....oh ! vidi,
Le tende d 'Israello, i sospirati,
Padiglion di Giacobbe : al suol prostrato,
Dio ringraziai, li benedissi, e scesi.' *

'God blinded *them :* God guided *me.* Unseen
Of all, I left the camp, again I took
The path I late had trodden ; to the right,
And to the north declining, I forsook
The beaten track, and to a narrow vale
Gloomy and deep plunged down. But as my step
Moved on and on, the valley wider spread
And wider still around me. Wandering flocks
And cottages I spied, and one that seemed
The last of human dwellings. Entering there,
I sought the shepherd's shelter, and upon
His couch of skins I laid me down to sleep.
At morn, uprising, of my host I asked
The way that led to France. " Beyond these hills
Are other hills," said he, " and others still ;
And far, far hence, is France. No way leads thither,

* In this, and the next extract, we have availed ourselves of Foscolo's translation.

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A thousand mountains lie between,—and all
Bleak, barren, terrible, untenanted
Of aught save spirits,—and by human step
Untrodden." "Many are the ways of God,
Tho' few the ways of mortals." I replied;
"And God hath sent me." "God then be thy guide,"
Said he; then from his scanty store of loaves
He chose as many as the wanderer
Might bear, wrapt them in his rude scrip, and laid them
Upon my shoulder. And I prayed that Heaven
Would bless him for the boon, and took my way.
I reached the valley's mouth. I climbed the steep
And confident in God I crossed it. Here
No track of man appeared, but forests old
Of heavy firs, rivers unknown, and vales
Untravelled; silent all: no sound was heard
Save of my footsteps, and from time to time
The boiling of the torrent, or the shrill
And sudden falcon's scream, the eagle's wheel
Starting, at morning, from his nest, and soaring
In solemn circles round me, or at noon
The frequent crackle of the pine-tree tops
Smote by the sun. Three days I journeyed thus,
Three nights, beneath the thickets and the caves
I rested. By the sun my steps I guided,
I rose with him, my eyes pursued his course
Until he sank into his western home.
Doubtful I travelled on, from vale to vale
Still crossing without end; and when at times
I reached some pathless peak that rose before me,
A loftier range of hills, before, behind,
High overshadowing towered, some snowy shrouded
From top to base, rising like pointed tents
Pitched in the ground; some iron-bound, upreared
Like walls erect and insurmountable.
The third day's sun was setting, when I spied
One loftier than the rest, whose side was all
One green descent, whose summit forest-crowned.
Thither I turned. It was the eastern side
Of that same hill, along whose western slope
Thy tents, O sire! are pitched. Night overtook me
Upon its side. The dry and slippery bark
Of the hoar pines, that strewed the grass, I made
My bed, their immemorial tusky trunks
My mossy pillow. Gay and smiling hope

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Awoke me with the dawn of day, and full
Of renovated strength I climbed the hill.
Scarce had I reached the summit, when a hum,
As from a distance, smote upon mine ear,
Deep and unceasing. All at once I paused
And listened, motionless. 'Twas not the rush
Of broken mountain torrents, nor the wind
Sweeping the forest, and with piping breath
Wandering among the branches; 'twas indeed
The noise of living things, the mingled murmur
Of converse, and of labor, and of footsteps
Echoing afar the muster and the motion
Of countless multitudes. My heart beat high,
My step grew quicker. By yon pointed peak
That seems with sharpened edge to cleave the sky,
When viewed from hence, an ample plain extends
Whose grass is yet untrodden. Thence I took
The nearest path,—with every step the sound
Came nearer still,—I seemed to swallow up
The road,—I gained the bank,—I shot my glance
Down to the valley,—and I saw, I saw
The tents of Israel,—the long-sought pavilions
Of Jacob; prostrate on the ground I fell,
I thanked my God, I blessed them and descended.'

Then Charlemagne exclaims—

'Impious is he, who does not here behold
The right hand of the Highest!'

The army are roused from despondency, and speedy preparations are made for attempting the passage of the Alps.

In the third act, the scene changes to the camp of the Lombards, where Adelchis is expressing to Anfrido, his faithful shield-bearer, his fears lest Charlemagne, unable to effect a passage over the Alps, should escape their vengeance,—and that his father, disappointed in this project, will turn his arms against the Pope. Desiderius enters, and already, in anticipation of the event, salutes his son as the conqueror of Rome. Suddenly, loud cries announce the arrival of the French. The terrified Lombards are seen flying in every direction. In vain the brave princes attempt to rally the fugitives. Fear has taken possession of them, and treachery has done its work. In the next scene, Charlemagne receives the homage of the traitors who have betrayed their country to the foe.

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Then, in a solitary wood, surrounded by a few trembling adherents, we find the unfortunate king of the Lombards. He is joined by his son, and though well aware that all is lost, they resolve that the victory shall be dearly purchased by the foe. The act concludes with a lyrical chorus, which, being sung by the old inhabitants of the country, is full of animation and effect.

The next scene is one of unmingled tenderness and beauty. In the secluded convent of St. Salvador, in Brescia, Ermengarda, one of the most beautiful creations of a poet's fancy, is sinking to her last rest, the hopes of Heaven before her eyes, yet her woman's heart filled with love for her ungrateful husband. No poet of ancient days could have dreamed of an Ermengarda, or embodied the beautiful shades in which her character is drawn. The contrast also is peculiarly impressive between the perfect seclusion of the holy retreat, and the storms of war, which are raging without. It has been observed that the scene greatly resembles that of the death of Queen Catharine in Shakspeare, but the mixture of tenderness and dignity in the character of the Lombard princess,—her love,—her simple purity,—render her infinitely more interesting than the English Queen. She is brought into the convent-garden, supported by her women, and attended by her sister.

'*Ermengarda.* Lay me beneath this linden.
[*She seats herself.*]
O! how sweet
This April ray! how lovingly it lies
Upon the budding leaves! Ah! now I know
Why they, who full of years feel life flit by,
So love to look upon the sun.'

The maidens retire, and she reveals to Ausberga her last wishes. She prays her to tell her father and her much-loved Adelchis, how, on the brink of life, the memory of the day when 'to the trembling one they stretched a strong and pitying arm,' was still sweet and grateful to her heart. Then, in a more hesitating, but yet more earnest tone, she bequeaths her last forgiveness to the conqueror. Ausberga solemnly promises that her request shall be sacred.

'*Ermengarda.* Beloved!
One more, and I have done....This mortal frame
On which, while living, thou hast lavished oft

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Thy tender cares, oh! let it not displease thee
To tend, when dead, and lay it in the tomb.
This ring thou see'st on my left hand,—let that
Go with me to the grave, for it was given me,
Beside the altar, before God. And modest
Let mine urn be. Dust we are all, and I,
Of what have I to boast? Yet let it bear
The ensigns of a queen; a sacred bond
Made me a queen, and what God gave, thou know'st
Man cannot take away. So let my death,
Even as my life attest it.'

She supposes that Charlemagne may yet claim her cold remains as due to the royal tomb; since the dead are often more powerful than the living. But Ausberga imprudently reveals to the unfortunate princess, that Charlemagne is yet more guilty towards her, and that his union with her rival, Ildegarda, has already taken place. Unable to bear this last sad blow, the princess swoons, and when she awakens, her imagination impressed with the falsehood of her husband, she imagines, in her delirium, that she beholds her rival usurping his affections, and she herself despised and driven from him with insult.

'*Ermengarda*, [*in delirium.*] Guards!
Drive off that woman! Ha! Do ye not see
How boldly she advances, and attempts
To take my husband's hand?
Ausberga. Awake! Oh God!
Be yet thyself; and speak not thus; dismiss
These phantoms, and invoke His holy name.
Ermengarda. I pray thee, Charles! Let her not do so,
But flash on her the lightning of thine eyes,
Then will she swiftly flee; since, even I,
Myself,—thy wife,—whose thoughts were ever pure,
Yet never could behold them without trembling.
Oh God! What do I see? Thou smilest on her?
Ah no! But cease the cruel jest;—I love it not,—
It tortures me,—Oh Charles, thou canst now,
In truth thou canst, if so it pleases thee,
Kill me with grief, but where would be thy glory?
Thyself, one day,—thyself wouldst grieve for it.
Tremendous is my love,—thou know'st it not,—
I never dared to show it,—thou wert mine,—
Secure in joy and love, these lips dared not
Reveal the secret rapture of my soul.

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In mercy drive her off! Behold! I fear her
Like a serpent; her eyes are killing me.
I am alone, and weak; say,—art not thou
My only friend? If I was once thine own,
If ever thou didst love me,—force me not
Thus to implore that mocking crowd,—Oh God!
He flies into her arms! I die!.....'

Sometimes she tries to believe that the whole is but a dream.

'*Ermengarda.* If it were a dream! And that the dawn
Should make it vanish! And I should waken
Worn out and faint with weeping; and that Charles
Should ask me of the cause; then smilingly
Should chide me for my little faith!
(She relapses into her lethargy.)
Ausberga. O Queen
Of Heaven, take pity on her!
First Sister. Ah! see
Her face grows tranquil, and her troubled breast,
No longer beats beneath my hand.
Ausberga. Oh sister!
Ermengarda! Ermengarda!
Ermengarda. Who calls? [thee
Ausberga. Look at me; I am Ausberga; and around
Thy maidens stand, the pious sisterhood,
Who pray for peace to thee.
Ermengarda. May Heaven bless them!
Yes! these indeed are eyes of peace and friendship.—
I am awakened from a mournful dream.
Ausberga. Unfortunate! Exhaustion, not repose,
Brings thee this troubled peace.
Ermengarda. Alas! 'tis true—
My breath has gone—support me, my beloved,—
And you,—kind maidens,—lead me to my couch,
'Tis the last time that I shall trouble you.
But all will be remembered there,—above.
Now let me die in peace,—and speak of God;
I feel Him very near me.

CHORUS.

Scattered her silken tresses
Upon her weary breast,
Feeble her pulse,—her pallid brow
With death's cold dews imprest,
The holy Lady lies,
Her sad and trembling eyes
Looking to Heaven for rest.

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No more the voice of wail!
Let sounds of prayer arise!
How gently close her soft blue eyes!
While a light hand descends,
And o'er her clay-cold brow extends
Death's last and tranquil veil.

To Heaven's will resigned,
All earthly feelings banish,—
From thy pure and holy mind
Let care and sorrow vanish.—
At the Eternal Throne
Thou, blest and pious one!
A bright reward for troubles here shalt find.'

The mind is painfully brought back to the scenes of treachery, which occupy the remainder of the fourth act. In the last act, the success of Charlemagne is complete, and an interview takes place between him and the old dethroned monarch. Instead of the gallant Charlemagne, surrounded by his paladins, invested in all the warm coloring of chivalry,—brave, generous and romantic, as we imagine him,—we have a cold, calculating, prudent sovereign, for whose character we have much respect, but with whom we have no sympathy. The Italian poet could not otherwise represent his country's enslaver. He views him in the stern page of history; not in the bright hues of romance. Nevertheless, the mind is awakened too rudely from an agreeable illusion. Desiderius implores the life of his son, and the Charlemagne of Manzoni coldly rejects his prayer. A messenger arrives with the intelligence that Verona is taken, and that Adelchis is mortally wounded. A gleam of pity shoots athwart the stern heart of the conqueror, and he commands that the dying hero shall be brought into his tent. The meeting between the father and the son is in a high degree affecting. With his death the drama closes.

Its faults may be briefly enumerated,—the poverty of the plot,—the remote and uninteresting nature of the story,—the outrage of all poetical justice in the *denouement*,—the slender links by which the fate of Ermengarda is connected with the main action,—the perversion of an historical fact in the death of Adelchis, who was not killed until some years afterwards,—and the character of Adelchis himself, the pure and perfect abstraction of every human virtue. But though these errors

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may strike the critical reader, it is scarcely possible to perceive them upon the first perusal of this noble tragedy,—the happiest medium which has yet been found, between the irregularity of Shakspeare and the frigid simplicity of the French school. Kindred genius has nobly appreciated the merits of the author. Goethe himself, from his own golden sunset, generously hailed the appearance of this new star in the literary horizon. Nor is it probable that the genius of Manzoni has reached its destined height. Encouraged by the applause of the learned, and sufficiently candid to profit by their criticisms, there scarce seem any limits to the excellence which he may hope to attain. As a lyric poet he is unrivalled,—and his ode, entitled 'Il cinque Maggio,' the Anniversary of Napoleon's death, and which has already been translated both into English and German, is the most splendid tribute which has yet been paid to the Conqueror's memory.

We have left ourselves brief space to speak of the contemporary poets of Italy. The interest with which misfortune has invested the name of Pellico, and the untoward circumstances under which many of his tragedies have been written, would almost of themselves serve to disarm a critical judgment. Yet though far inferior in energy to the author of Adelchi, there is a sweetness and purity of feeling in the works of Pellico, which are very attractive, even if insufficient for the higher walks of tragedy. Of his Francesca da Rimini so much has been said, that all analysis of it is superfluous. Yet we question whether the whole tragedy has caused as many tears to flow, as the few lines of Dante, which simply relate the story. Perhaps it is in human nature to be more affected, when a stern poet like Dante condescends to embody a tale of tenderness, than when we peruse whole pages on the same theme by a feebler pen. We feel grateful, as for the strong man's gentleness,—more touching by contrast with his power.

The works of Pellico seem to resemble his character,—gentle, amiable, enthusiastic, and with a tenderness of disposition almost bordering upon effeminacy. While his style is always pure and elegant, it is wanting in energy and compression; and this fault is the more obvious, from the circumstance of his keeping the Greek school so much in view, without possessing the power and grandeur which can alone reconcile us to its simplicity. Noble simplicity is imposing. Simplicity allied with softness, is apt to degenerate into insipidity.

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The Giovanni da Procida of Giovan-Battista Niccolini is distinguished from the other works of the same author by the introduction of a chorus; an innovation to which he has been probably led by the example of Manzoni. This chorus, which is sung by the poets and maidens of Sicily, is the most affecting part of the tragedy. The story is founded upon the historical fact of the Sicilian Vespers: but while the plot is of the most horrible description, the scenes are so cold and abstracted, with so little warmth and nature infused into the characters, that, with the exception of some noble passages, and occasionally striking dialogue, there is little to awaken our sympathy, or arouse our feelings. The whole bears the impress of genius, but of genius fettered by system, and dreading criticism. This tragedy furnishes another proof, that something more than the mere adoption of a national subject is wanting to inspire the modern dramatist. The Polyxene of the same author is infinitely superior to the play in question.

Yet there is now no country where the dramatic art is likely to flourish with greater vigor, than in Italy; and the highest merit is due to the author, who has made so hazardous and successful a stand against prejudices hallowed by time. When we consider the importance of the Drama as a vehicle of public instruction, and the effect which it may produce on the vehement minds of an Italian audience, we can scarcely attach too much importance to the subject. 'The dramatic art,' says Manzoni himself, in his preface to the Carmagnola, 'is to be found amongst all civilized nations; by some it is regarded as a powerful means of amelioration, by others, as a powerful means of corruption,—by none, as a matter of indifference.'

And where is the heart so cold, that it will not rejoice at the literary glory of Italy,—the sceptre which Heaven has bestowed, and which human force cannot wrest away? Let her no longer wreathe her chains with flowers, but bind the brows of her sons with unfading laurel, and, like Greece in by-gone ages, force the usurper to bend before the power of genius,—and retain the Empire of the Mind, even though the Empire of the World is no longer hers.

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ART. IV.—*Kay's Travels in Caffraria.*

Travels and Researches in Caffraria; describing the Character, Customs, and Moral Condition of the Tribes inhabiting that Portion of Southern Africa, &c. New York. 1834.

THIS book, which was published last year in London, is the production of the Rev. Stephen Kay, a missionary of the Wesleyan Methodist Society, who has been engaged some eleven years, as he expresses himself in his Introduction, 'in the service of the perishing progeny of Ham,' and of Christian missions generally, and has, of course, enjoyed very considerable opportunities of personal observation in regard to the country and people which he has here undertaken to describe. We deem it but justice to him, to say,—previously to any examination of the interesting details of his volume,—that he has manifestly entered upon the composition of it, not as a book-maker, but conscientiously; and although some portions of it are not very clearly arranged, and others are borrowed literally, and pretty liberally too, from preceding travellers in the same regions, the whole collation constitutes, nevertheless, what we may safely pronounce the most accurate, complete and valuable account of the Caffers, which has yet been given to the world. There is also a good deal of information in it regarding the present condition of the English settlement in the Colony of the Cape, the neighboring Hottentots and other tribes, the progress of civilization and Christianity among these people, and other incidental subjects of no little interest. We propose, in the following pages, to present our readers with a brief view of the whole ground of the Researches, derived as well from all the previous authorities on the subject, which have came to our notice, as from the last of the series, which lies before us.

There has been heretofore a great want of definiteness in the accounts furnished us of the people comprehended under the title of *Caffers*. The application of this title has been quite as variable as its orthography, and frequently as irrelevant as its original meaning,—the word being the Arabic for

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liar or *infidel*, and first employed by certain more northerly African nations, with whom the Europeans were earlier acquainted, to designate all the South-eastern tribes who had not embraced the Mohammedan faith. We do not wonder much, under these circumstances, that some of the latter are, as Lichtenstein states in his travels, 'offended at being called Caffers.' Had they been thus generically denominated thieves, instead of liars, certain facts, which we shall have occasion to notice, would seem to give a color of pertinency to the designation.

It is remarkable that the word *Hottentot*, as Barrow has pointed out, is of unknown origin. The name, in use among that people themselves, is *Quaiquae*. We are not aware that the Caffers recognise any such generic appellation, or rather, we should say, that any occasion exists for such appellation: for in fact the compliment conveyed, as above stated, in the term used by the northerly nations, has been since applied by Europeans, with an altogether arbitrary looseness of liberality, to combinations of nations, as various as those of the kaleidoscope. Mr. Kay, in the use of the term, apparently intends to designate those tribes which '*lie along the eastern coast from the colonial boundary, in* 33 *degrees south latitude, northwards.*' This description is not particularly definite, but the sketches are actually in a great measure confined to three tribes, the Amaxosæ, Amatembu, and Amaponedæ, and to these our remarks will chiefly have reference. They occupy the country from the eastern frontier of the English colony to Port Natal.

The Caffers, then,—since convenience, rather than courtesy, must model our phraseology in this instance,—are admitted by most travellers, notwithstanding their name, to be a well-formed, decent-featured, and comely people. Their countenances are more European than African, although their hair is woolly and their color dark brown. From their physical traits, Barrow has drawn the inference of an Arabic origin for them. He says, they have not the smallest resemblance to the negroes in either conformation or features, and that they differ from the Arab superficially in nothing but a deeper shade of complexion; and this theory is somewhat plausibly confirmed, in the view of this writer by their nomadic habits, their hospitality, the shape of their habitations, and especially

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their scrupulous observance of the rite of circumcision. Pringle also supports this opinion, and so does Mr. Kay ; and they both adduce additional facts in apparent confirmation of it. There is nothing incredible, or even improbable, in the theory itself, especially since it is well known that the wandering Bedouins have penetrated into almost every section of the continent, and have even planted themselves on the South African islands. However, genealogies, like etymologies, are not always to be relied on. The Aborigines of this country, commonly so called, have been derived, as every body is aware, from nearly all the civilized nations, ancient and modern, on the face of the earth. Books have been written exclusively to prove their descent from the Israelites; the Tartars of Northern Asia, the Chinese, Icelanders, Carthaginians, have severally been charged with the ancestral relation ; even the Welsh have not escaped ; and finally, it is only three years since it was proved to the satisfaction of some persons, that the Moors must inevitably take the responsibility, from the alleged circumstance, that a sailor of that nation, who met with a Choctaw Indian at Natchez, was able to hold conversation with him without the aid of an interpreter ! So much for genealogies.

The apparel of the Caffers is made wholly of the skins of beasts, excepting those cases only, which may be noticed hereafter, where the customs of their civilized neighbors have been introduced among them. These changes have occurred at and about the missionary stations, and may generally be considered,—taking into view the attachment which all barbarians (as well as some partly civilized people) feel for old customs, —as a tolerably accurate indication of the more important intellectual and moral advances, to which they commonly correspond.

The imitative propensity, as well as the communicative, it is worth noting, are universally traits in the African character, —in which, by the way, they differ diametrically from our Indians,—and such as may be pronounced of the first interest, in reference to the competency and tendency of their possessors to a state of civilization. This social disposition is indeed often carried to an extent which most travellers, if not missionaries, would call meddlesome and troublesome, not to say ridiculous. The Landers, we well remember, were not a little amused by a native who, after indulging his curiosity

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in a pretty free examination of their premises, baggage and all, not meeting with any thing which suited his taste better for a hat, finally encircled his cranium with the tin top of a jelly-pot, which was marked in large letters 'concentrated gravy,' and in that guise grinningly strutted about the encampment, with all the dandy dignity of a Bond-street beau. Mr. Kay somewhere remarks, that the Caffer lady, in what may be called the chrysalis stage of transmutation, is not unfrequently seen promenading, in the vicinity of the mission-houses, with an English petticoat suspended from the neck instead of the waist, while the gentleman in attendance makes himself nearly as conspicuous, by sporting for a gala dress a pair of leather trowsers, surmounted by a check shirt. So they can get on any thing civilized, and keep it on, by hook or crook, it matters little of what material the decorations may be made, or in what order they are fastened to the frame of the wearers. Our natives have been much slower to imitate, and still more awkward also in the process. Witness the tradition transmitted by the Dutch party who first landed on Manhattoes. They made a donation of stockings and axes,—two valuable articles,—to the chiefs of the party which entertained them; and when the visit was repeated the next season, it was ascertained that the stockings had been converted into tobacco-pouches, while the axes were generally used for bosom-pins. In regard to the taste of the Caffers in matters of dress, we shall add only, that ornaments of various kinds are extensively worn. These consist chiefly of beads, bones, feathers, and metallic bracelets, some thirty of the latter being occasionally seen on the arms of a great man, that is, a stout man; to all which the same dignified class often append, like the chiefs of the Northern African tribes, the elegant embellishment of a cow's tail, swung from the knee.

The wealth of the Caffers consists of their herds and flocks, and their occupation, of the care of them;—there being probably no barbarous nation in the world, who are so systematically and scientifically devoted to grazing. 'The Caffer,' says Mr. Kay, 'is never so happy, as when engaged in something calculated to increase the numbers or improve the appearance of his cattle.' Such is his perfect acquaintance with his herd, that one of a thousand would be immediately missed; and he observes even the turn of the horns, or the slightest spots on the hide, so minutely, as to identify every individual almost infalli-

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bly after seeing them two or three times. Our traveller mentions an instance in which two oxen had been stolen from the mission-fold by marauders, when, although the path leading to it had been trampled upon by the whole herd, the track of the animals driven off was at once discovered by the neighboring natives, and diligently followed up by a party of them,—though rendered by the thieves as circuitous as possible,—until they came upon the very kraal in which the lost property had been concealed. These cattle-folds are invariably constructed in every hamlet,—generally on the sunny side of a hill,—and are made of circular hedges, so compact as to protect the herd in winter from the cold in some measure, as well as from the wild animals which infest the country.

It is a curious illustration of the dignity which the grazing profession possesses in the view of the Caffers, that the cattle-field is always used as the place of public meetings and resort. Cattle constitute the currency in a great degree. Brides also are bought and sold for so many bullocks,—the proprietor in conversation frequently classing his wife and his pack-ox together, and estimating his property according to the joint amount of his herd and his daughters. Indeed, says our latest authority, 'his conduct towards his cattle is generally of a much more feeling character, than that which he sometimes evinces towards the partner of his bosom.'* Even crimes are paid for in cattle. In one instance a party of villagers, having been pilfered by their neighbors, and having complained of it without obtaining restitution, took justice into their own hands, and commenced an affray which resulted in the slaughter of three of the trespassers. The matter was then brought before the chief, who affected to weep for the loss of his warriors. No sooner, however, had he obtained one half the herd belonging to the assailants, than he not only suspended his lamentations, but declared that all they had done was 'very good.'† Travelling, in the Cape Colony, is also performed by the Europeans mostly with the aid of oxen,—not less than four or five pairs being customarily attached to the unwieldy and lumbering wagons of the country,—and this practice again, as well as the price which the hides of the animals will bring in the civilized market, where one is at hand, adds to the commercial value of the herd. Even the amusements of these people are derived from the same source.

* Researches, p. 128. † Ibid, p. 140.

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Racing young cattle is a favorite sport; and a part of the herd are trained to run at an astonishing rate, the oddity, if not beauty, of the appearance of this singular procession being doubtless not a little augmented by the Caffer custom of twisting the horns of the animals, while they are yet flexile, into all sorts of fantastical shapes. In a word, the ox is to the Caffer what the horse is to the Bedouin, or the deer to the Laplander,—shelter, vesture, carrier, family and food.

As might be expected, the principal aliment of these tribes is *milk*, which they use, like the Arabs, in a sour, curdled state; next to this article, boiled corn, (Indian)—for they cultivate, after a fashion, considerable tracts of fertile land; and more generally, a species of millet, also pumpkins, a kind of sugar-cane, gourds, fruits, and a few esculent roots of minor importance. The use of animal food is rare. Veal is objectionable in an economical view,—on the same principle, (according to Mr. Kay's apparent ideas of the Caffer theory,) which would render it bad policy for a man to eat his daughter or 'the partner of his bosom.' Swine's flesh,—it is remarkable,—is rejected by the Caffers with abhorrence. The same is the case with the feathered tribe to some extent; none of them keep poultry of any sort; and eggs, as an article of food, are altogether contraband. Nay, these scrupulous gentry will have nothing to do with the fish of the sea, which they for the most part regard as company only for snakes, and no more fit to be the food of a gentleman. So that, although these people live almost wholly on or near the coast, the entire line of which abounds with the choicest fish, they are ignorant even of the art of casting a net.

Neither will they eat elephant's flesh on any occasion, or even undertake, like the Hindoos, to domesticate that animal. This is the more remarkable, since he is always regarded as favorite game, and the passage of a herd in the neighborhood of a hamlet is the signal for a general hue and cry. The explanation given to Mr. Kay,—whether *bona fide* or not, we cannot decide,—was, that the elephant is too sagacious, too much like man himself, to be used for food. Their respect for him appears, at all events, from their hunting habits. They approach him from behind, so as to elude the glance of his eye, and when thus engaged in killing him, it is not a little amusing, says our informant, to hear them lauding the animal, and crying, '*Don't kill us, great captain, don't*

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tread upon us, mighty chief,'—plying him lustily meanwhile with their spears, and raising a tremendous shout the instant the animal falls. The tusks are the prize sought for. One of them falls to the lot of him who first pierces the game with his weapon, and the other to the chief of the party.

The Caffer does not however subsist wholly on vegetable food. The issue of the very elephant hunts just described, is usually celebrated by the feasting of the whole company upon an ox, which the successful hunter must furnish: and on other occasions a rhinoceros is despatched and devoured with as much *goût*, and as little ceremony or cookery, as if he were no better or bigger than a cabbage-head. 'Plain animal food, without salt, seasoning, or vegetable, is the greatest luxury the Caffer desires, and whenever any one kills a cow, it is an invariable custom throughout the country for all around to flock to the feast.'* Even this custom, however, rather indicates the infrequency of the use of such food, and on the whole it may doubtless be asserted safely, that it enters in a very small proportion into their regular subsistence. They are substantially a milk-fed nation; and if the physiologists, philosophers, or physicians have any theories to form or confirm in respect to the influence of such aliment on the character of the people with whom it prevails, they will probably find few cases where the data are more conveniently set before them.

We may properly take this occasion to remark, without discussing a question which we are not prepared to decide, that, whatever the cause may be, the Caffers are generally admitted to be favorably distinguished from most barbarous nations by their mildness of disposition,—a position, which is not much contradicted by the existence of many harsh and cruel customs among them, rather appertinent to condition than character, and chiefly the immediate result of excessive superstition. Not only Mr. Kay, but travellers generally, and especially missionaries, when known to be such, have always been treated with signal civility. 'The treatment we met with from the natives on this journey,' says the former, 'was far better than we had anticipated, *as the clans living along the base of the mountain are celebrated thieves and robbers.*'† Again,—'their habits of life induce a firmness of carriage, and an open manly demeanor, altogether free from that apparent

* P. 97. † P. 101.

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fear and suspicion, characteristic of uncivilized nations.'* In another instance he describes the commencement of a mission among the Amatembu, under the charge of himself and another clergyman. The inhabitants received them, at the first villages, 'rather coolly,' although the chief had granted them permission to make the attempt; but on learning who the strangers were, we are told they assumed an entirely different character. They kindled their fires for them, and, having finished their day's labor among the herds, assembled for divine service, and listened attentively to a hymn and a sermon from the missionaries,—'perfect silence reigning in the desert around, and the moon shining delightfully bright above, while they led this sable group to the contemplation of divine things.' After the services, the chief gave them a fat cow for slaughter, —'for which, however, he expected an equivalent, *such reciprocity of friendly tokens being the customary mode of forming attachments.*'

This estimate of the Caffer character is confirmed by Barrow, Lichenstein, Alberti, General Janssens, and other travellers. Vasco de Gama originally named them *boā gente*,—'good people;' and, to come nearer home for authority, we have the testimony of the American Captain Stout, of the ship Hercules, who, in his narrative of the shipwreck of his vessel on this coast some twenty years since, acknowledges that he found in the natives a hospitality, and received from them a protection, which on many of the shores of the polished nations of Europe he might have looked for in vain. 'They made a fire to dry us, slaughtered a bullock, conducted us to a spring of water, &c. Such was the conduct of a people described as possessing no other semblance of the human character, than what they derive from their formation.'† The reputation of the Caffers, for what this gentleman calls 'the compassionate feelings which adorn humanity,' may, on the whole, be considered as sufficiently established.

Their reputation for honesty does not perhaps rest on so good a foundation. In 1828, when Mr. Kay visited Gaika, a cele-

* P. 247.

† This narrative is cited in an article in the London Quarterly Review for 1820, the writer of which states that he saw with his own eyes the wreck of the Captain's vessel on the shore mentioned in the narrative.

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brated and principal chief, with the view of obtaining permission to establish a missionary station in his country, (in which he succeeded) one of that potentate's wives contrived to steal a silk handkerchief from the pocket of a gentleman in the company, while he was engaged in negotiation with the husband. Whether the latter acted as accessary in the business does not appear: the missionary remarks only, that this 'royal mendicant,' whom he describes otherwise as 'a sordid, avaricious, and beggarly wretch,' was in the mean time endeavoring to extort additional presents from *him* by complaining of his niggardliness, in regard to what he had already bestowed. This kind of gratitude might certainly be considered,—as Captain Church says of four and sixpence a day, premium for an Indian's head, —'scanty encouragement and poor reward.' But however this might be, no doubt King Gaika and his wife, had they read Dr. Combe's 'System,' would at least dignify their accumulative propensity, if they could not deny it, by reference to the example set forth by that illustrious King of the Sicilies, who is reported to have been so inveterate a pickpocket, that he laid hands upon every portable article of value which came in his way.

His majesty, whose character is pourtrayed in the flattering terms borrowed above from Mr. Kay, by no means stands so preëminent in the fashionable accomplishment alluded to, as his station, and the value of his example, might seem to require. When our traveller went into Cafferland a second time, during the year last named, on the same errand as before, he gives a graphic description of an interview with the natives, which took place under the spreading branches of a thorn-tree, on the banks of a solitary stream. The news of his arrival collected great crowds of visitors the next morning; and 'their deportment was indeed friendly,' says Mr. Kay, 'but circumstances soon convinced us, that they would consider it no evil to pick and steal whenever opportunity enabled them to do so.' It is remarkable that a remedy was found in this instance by hiring one of the depredators, for the consideration of a few beads, to guard the exposed property of the tent. This he did to the perfect satisfaction of his employers, and the missionary embraces with evident pleasure this occasion of stating, as an offset to the vice before charged upon the Caffer, that *he never knew a single instance of his betraying his trust in any thing which was fairly and fully committed to his*

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charge. 'Do this,' he adds, 'and the utmost confidence may in general be placed in him.'

Dr. Combe would perhaps consider this apparent inconsistency the result of a ruling propensity being counteracted by setting in operation an opposite motive. Whether the stealing disposition is constitutional or casual, it would be presumptuous in us to endeavor to decide, when doctors disagree. It may however be remarked, that the habit in question is to some extent an almost universal trait of savage character. If the Caffer carries it farther than some others, by stealing, whenever he can conveniently, as Mr. Kay somewhere states, from even his best friends of his own tribe, and by inculcating this Spartan doctrine systematically, in early life, upon the minds of his children, perhaps this preëminence may be fairly attributed in a great measure to the nature of the intercourse he has held for a century and a half with his profligate European neighbors, and especially to the depredations and other injuries he has suffered at their hands. Unprincipled war has degenerated into rapine on a smaller scale, rapine into robbery, robbery into larceny, and the habit thus acquired, particularly if deemed honorable, could not fail of being finally exercised with considerably less discrimination as to subjects, than might have been the *honest* intention in the outset. The African tribes generally, it may be noticed, have credit among travellers for no small share of this disordered acquisitiveness, and it is no where so rife as with those nations which have suffered most from the slave-trade. Crime, like disease, is contagious.

The government of the Caffers resembles that of the North American natives, and indeed that of most of the African tribes. It is ostensibly democratic, and substantially despotic, respectively in the highest degree; the personal superiority of the chiefs, and the advantage they derive from traditionary authority, being for the most part sufficient to enable them to treat their subjects with the most unqualified, though only customary, severity of discipline or imposition, as the case may be. By personal superiority, we mean simply such qualifications as create personal influence among such barbarians as the Caffers. The principal ones are energy and cunning. Such must have been the recommendations of his majesty, the 'beggarly wretch,' above described. It is stated also of another, named S'Lhambi, who visited Wesleyville with a train of thirty or forty counsellors,—persons corresponding to the same class

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among our natives,—that notwithstanding his advanced age, 'lust, avarice and lying were by far the most prominent traits of his character;' a description which recalls to mind the accounts given by American historians of the celebrated Uncas. Yet the reverence evinced for this exemplary character by his attendants, was unbounded. Hinza was another great man among the Caffers, and the dignity of this worthy may be inferred from the circumstance, that while his slaves were literally trembling in his presence, 'lest he should cast envious eyes on their earnings,' he attempted to extort a basket of corn from Mr. Kay, by ingeniously contracting his body in such a manner as to represent the effects of a severe famine. How far the advice of the counsellors aforesaid, and the custom of conducting trials and councils in the palaver-houses (that is, the cattle-fold) contribute to check his absolute authority, may be easily conjectured, when it is understood that 'the chiefs are, in all cases,' as Thompson remarks, 'both legislators and judges;' and that, in the language of Mr. Kay, although Hinza would not seize the property of his subjects with force and arms, yet '*such is his power and their thraldom, that whatever he might request they would scarcely dare to refuse.*'

The degradation of the female sex is considered by Dr. Robertson the characteristic of the savage in all countries. If the degree of it fairly indicate that of the grossness of his barbarism, the Caffers must be low indeed in the human scale. No where are women, as such, such perfect slaves; no where are they so much used as mere chattels. Even the building devolves on them, as well as the digging, sowing, planting and reaping. The common price of a *bride* is from five to ten head of cattle, though one of high birth, as the term is,—much as in civilized countries we speak of the descendant of a famous horse,—will bring five or six times that amount. After marriage comes endless drudgery, till the woman is fortunate enough either to be worn out with her slavery, or to be left a widow. Indeed, the tyranny of custom follows her even beyond that of her husband, for not only is she compelled, on his decease, to retire alone into the wilderness for a considerable time, under pretext of mourning,—whatever the season or her condition may be,—but, the only dowry allotted her from his property being a new garment from the hide of one of his oxen, she thenceforth 'sinks under an intol-

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erable burthen of drudgery, and is constantly constrained to be the servant of sin.' *

The wives of the king,—for polygamy is universal,—do not appear to be exempted from these or any other of the sufferings of other women. When the above-mentioned S'Lhambi died, all the apparel of his ten wives was burned, and all their ornaments given away, and they then entered the forest comparatively naked. Even the husband's hut is destroyed, so that the first care of the widow, on her return, must be to erect a new one, as usual, with her own hands. That the Caffer women, under all these circumstances, are able to maintain a reputation rather superior to that of savages generally, for vivacity of manners, is a marvel worthy of study. The triumph of nature, however, over man, does not last through life. Even the personal beauty of the young is here, as among the Western Africans described by Major Laing, pretty soon changed into even 'disgusting ugliness.'

If now, in connexion with the view which has been given, imperfect as it is, of the traits of the Caffers, we take into consideration certain circumstances of their geographical situation and condition, which have but an indirect bearing upon the former, we shall be prepared for forming some opinion on the prospect of success, which a teacher of European arts and religion might safely entertain among such a people, and of course on the degree of success which actually has been and probably may be ultimately attained by such laborers.

Being, as we have seen, emphatically a grazing people, they must regard primarily the thrift of their herds and flocks, rather than personal comfort, social enjoyment, or an attachment to particular situations. Water and pasturage are requisites of the first degree, and these are matters not to be calculated upon in South Africa, as they are in Vermont. The whole face of the landscape may change from month to month. Streamlets, for instance, which are indispensable to the herdsman, are often lost, either by evaporation during severe droughts, or by absorption in a sandy soil. Such failure might trouble our grazers, but the Caffer has only to remove, with his family and herds, to another station, where the elements are more propitious. There he can erect his hut and his fold in a few days.

* Researches.

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It is easy to see the difficulty of civilizing people who live in this manner; and, on the other hand, the difficulty of changing their mode of life, so far as even their occupation is concerned, is substantially the labor of civilization itself, for it implies the adoption of agricultural habits and of a fixed residence. Mr. Kay takes this view of the subject, when he says,—'one great object of our missionary labors is, to turn his attention more fully to agricultural pursuits, and *to attach him to the soil*, that he may be made fully acquainted with the arts of civilized life.' At present he is attached to nothing but his herds.

All savages are more or less belligerent, and perhaps the South Africans, though less bloodthirsty than many other nations, are as much as any in this respect the victims of custom and circumstances. Their neighbors on all sides are barbarous like themselves, valuing their cattle as dearly, and as ready to fight for them, in defence or in depredation,—excepting only the frontier population of the European colony. The character of this frontier population may be known from its name. It is bad enough every where,—enough effectually to prevent the civilization of any conterminous people,—but here, the very *beau ideal* of bastard barbarism. The Caffers and the Dutch boors,—the latter extremely ignorant and rude, remote from the supervision of even the colonial government, and living in the most scattered manner conceivable,—have always been tugging at each others' throats. Unquestionably the first aggressions, and those extremely violent, were on the part of the whites; but this would be a comparatively unimportant question to settle, were we able to say that in later times the case had been essentially improved. Unfortunately, the English, although only thirty years in possession of the colony, have during that short period outstripped, in their horrible oppression of the natives, even the cold-blooded cruelties of the Dutch boors of the last century. No British traveller has denied this, so far as we know, and most of them confirm it in explicit terms. Among these may be named Thompson, Barrow, Pringle, and quite lately Dr. Phillip, as well as the author before us. Lieutenant Rose, in his Four Years in South Africa, states that official orders have been issued, 'that all Caffers appearing within the proclaimed line should be *shot*.' Again,—'the crime was individual, but the punishment general; the duty of the commanders was to destroy, to

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burn the habitations, and to seize the cattle; and they did their duty.' 'I hate the policy that turns the English soldier *into the cold-blooded butcher of the unresisting native*,' &c. Such, as a writer in the last Edinburgh Review remarks, is the testimony of an officer for some time stationed on the Caffer frontier, and officially cognizant of the transactions he thus describes. Some of these atrocities, adds the Reviewer himself, —rather wantonly travelling from the record,—'rival any thing we have read of the conduct of certain States of North America towards the native Indians!'

The details which these strong statements are based on, might be easily furnished, but the task would be as unnecessary as disgusting; and enough has already been said to indicate, as we intended, the extremely disheartening circumstances, so far as first impressions and prepossessions go, under which it may reasonably be supposed that any European, and, not least, any English missionary, must enter upon the work of civilizing and christianizing the Caffers. Some striking evidences of the feelings of the latter in reference to this point, occur in the volume before us. They will be readily conjectured by those who recall the history of the early intercourse between the settlers of this country and the Red Men, or, indeed, of that which has gone on in our own times between the latter and the 'Regulators' of the back woods.

The excessive ignorance of these people may be well considered another obstacle, of no trifling importance, in the way of even their instruction. In most of the Oriental countries, as Mr. Kay remarks, there is more or less of a literature. In the northern regions of Africa, and in the central, Mohammedanism has kept up at least an acquaintance with a written language. Native translators may be obtained in each instance. But the Caffers had never heard of a written character previously to the arrival of Europeans in their vicinity, and to this day their knowledge is simply traditionary, and without record of religion, history, or law. Let our missionary speak for himself:

'A missionary sits down with his interpreter, who cannot read a single line of the Word of God in any language; and perhaps his knowledge of divine things is very imperfect, and some of his notions erroneous. He opens the sacred volume, and has to translate that, in the first instance, into barbarous Dutch, that his interpreter may comprehend its meaning; and

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then his interpreter tells him how that barbarous Dutch ought to be worded in the Caffer language. And thus, every verse being a double translation, not only is the progress exceedingly slow, but, it may be, in several instances, after all care and caution have been employed, the genuine sense is not given, or in only a very imperfect manner. With this translation the missionary stands up to read a portion of the Word of God; for his interpreter cannot read it; and here a defect in the pronunciation of words, entirely dissimilar in their sound to any in his own language, occasions a further deterioration of his labors; so that, after all, only some parts of what he has accomplished are understood by the people.'

Whether the religious ignorance of the Caffer is on the whole a greater obstacle to the introduction of Christianity than a definite and time-hallowed system of superstition would be, we much doubt; but it is at all events discouragement enough. S'Lhambi was not far from reasonable, when he told Mr. Kay, on the occasion of a visit which has already been mentioned, after hearing his proposals, that however good his intentions were, he doubted if *his* people were not rather too bad to learn. 'What teacher,' he asked, 'will come to live among them?' This being satisfactorily answered, 'Where,' exclaimed he, 'does that man, God, live?'—a question which we are told is often put by the Caffer, and in a manner which shows both his ignorance and his skepticism.

Nor ought an opinion to be formed on the prospects of civilization in this quarter of the globe, or elsewhere, without some reference to the personal hardships which must be undergone by those who act as its almoners. These are likely to be, in any case of the kind, severe enough to try both the physical and mental powers of endurance and perseverance which most men possess, independently of the obstacles heretofore referred to; but in South Africa they are aggravated by the peculiar character of the country as well as of the people. The latter are so ignorant, improvident, destitute and filthy, that when the missionary is among them, whatever is done for his personal comfort, even the building of his hut, must be done with his own hands; and perhaps, by the time his shelter is fairly set up, his congregation will be migrating to another district, leaving him to shift for himself again. Then, the population is so scattered, and so much of the territory between the settlements a scarcely traversable desert

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as to add still further to the difficulties of communication,—not to make mention of the hazard of encountering belligerent tribes or marauding parties, or an abundance, such as scarcely any other region of the world produces, of highly dangerous reptiles and beasts of prey. A few random passages from our missionary's travelling sketches will set this matter in its true light.

The very first day when his party left Graham's Town for the interior, his path was 'an exceedingly solitary one, leading through a bushy part of the country, infested by wild beasts, and traversed by wandering marauders,'—and they were obliged to ride till ten at night, before they could have the satisfaction of resting their aching bones on 'a hard wooden couch, with nothing over it but a wild beast's skin.' Their first consolation in the morning was the view of a group of graves, which marked the spot where a number of their countrymen had been 'horridly massacred by the natives a few years before.' On another occasion the fare was comparatively luxurious:

'Being both hungry and thirsty, we stopped at one of the hamlets in our way, and with five or six buttons procured a basket or two of sour milk, which furnished us with a refreshing meal. Just as the sun disappeared we came to a fine fountain, and there halted. As usual, the grass was our bed, and the saddles our pillows, while the spreading branches of a large tree served, in some degree, to shelter us from the chilling dews of night. Being now in an unoccupied part of the country, our fires were kept burning, as well for protection as comfort; and our repose was undisturbed, excepting by the shrill screams of the jackal, which occasionally awoke us.'

To make up, however, for this extraordinary comfort, the next morning, upon starting afresh on horseback, the traveller was thrown senseless over the yawning mouth of a deep pit, which had been dug and concealed for wild beasts. It is not uncommon for both horse and rider to be killed in this way.

Another situation equally desirable is alluded to in the following extract, some previous mention having been made of herds of elephants.

'While we were ascending the eastern bank, one of these huge creatures raised the most hideous shriek I ever heard; the sound vibrated in the surrounding glens for several seconds. The animal was evidently right in front of us; and, judging from his horrid note, could not be many paces distant. On hear-

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ing it, our horses made a dead halt; and how to act we knew not, the night being so dark that we could scarcely see each other, much less the beast before us. Our road led up a narrow neck of land, on each side of which were deep kloofs and tremendous precipices; hence, to turn off either to the right hand or to the left was impossible with any degree of safety, and to go back we were not at all willing. After pausing, therefore, for a few minutes, we gave a hearty shout, and then proceeded.'

How much of a luxury even a friendly entertainment is among those people, may be learned from S'Lhambi's distinguished hospitality.

'For our accommodation was set apart a shattered hut, in which it was impossible to stand upright; and which every heavy blast threatened to carry completely away. Herein we slept, with our interpreters and guides, &c., on each side of us; nor were they all; for as the entrance was entirely open, there being no door, we sometimes found, on waking, that a company of half-starved dogs had quietly crept in, and taken lodgings in the midst of us. "That you may not perish of hunger near my dwelling," said the chief, "here is an old cow for you to eat." This, with the economy of civilized life, would, of course, have constituted ample provision for many days; but the moment the poor animal's doom was sealed, a multitude of mouths, human, canine, and vulturine, seemed instinctively to open and prepare for devouring her. It not unfrequently happens that every bone is picked, and every edible morsel consumed, in the course of five or six hours after the beast is killed. Even while the slaughter is going on, each helper considers himself entitled to the privilege of cutting off "titbits;" which, while quivering with life, he throws upon the fire, and devours without much ceremony. When the whole has been eviscerated and dissected, all around expect a portion; and hosts of dogs, which accompany their owners to the feast, pick and steal on every side.'

Again:

'The weather being hazy and wet, we were all obliged to crowd together in an old filthy hovel, that was neither wind nor water-proof; and the perpetual stew of broiling meat rendered our situation still more disagreeable. This to them is the most delightful way of spending a rainy day,—cooking, eating, and sleeping. When thus impeded in our peregrinations, the day may be profitably spent in reading, conversing with the people, or in observations upon the surrounding objects; but to be cooped up in a Caffer hut during a long winter's evening is miserable indeed.

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As soon as the sun disappears, a fire is kindled in the centre of the floor: in the roof there is no chimney nor aperture (unless, indeed, the building happens to be in a dilapidated state), whereby the smoke may escape; consequently a reeky cloud soon fills the room; to read is almost impossible, the fire not affording sufficient light, and lamps or candles are here unknown.'

The night following the day here referred to was spent by the travellers under the shelter of a hedge,—that situation being preferred, though the weather was 'piercingly cold,' to the accommodations mentioned above. But at length the journey was finished, the object of it effected, and a regular shelter raised for the party. Alas!

'To keep ourselves dry either by night or by day was almost impossible: so that our situation was any thing but comfortable; and severe colds were the unavoidable consequence.'

In another case,

'On asking for a hut to sleep in, I was informed that one was all he had; but that, if we thought proper, we were at liberty to occupy a small half-built shed among the shrubbery hard by, which was appropriated to the use of his servants. This consisted merely of a few live twigs bent at the tops, and interwoven so as to form a frame, which was loosely covered with long grass and branches. It was by no means the most pleasant or desirable situation to lie down in, as the high weeds and thick underwood that surrounded it were evidently a nest for serpents and other vermin.'

In this opinion most of our readers will doubtless concur, though it happens to be on this same page that the traveller expresses his acknowledgments, as above stated, for the unexpected good treatment he met with on this route, as the people he travelled among, were for the most part a banditti of notorious thieves and scoundrels,—a kind of society which must have greatly enhanced the comforts of the situation described in the extract. Colonel Hamilton was much less grateful for the privilege allowed him, as he says, of sleeping over night, at one of our country taverns, in what he supposed to be a dog-hole, which was graciously given up, for his especial accommodation, by the negro who blacked his boots.

Once more:

'The night was exceedingly cold, which rendered me glad to take refuge in one of their huts, although by no means a very

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pleasant bed-chamber. Its diameter was about ten feet, and besides myself, companion, and a dog or two, there were no less than eight Caffers laid in different positions on the floor. At our feet, and in the centre, we had a good large fire, which was kept burning during the whole of the night. Had there been no other company, the place would have been tolerable; but, to say nothing of swarms of mice, vermin of various descriptions ever and anon disturbed our slumbers, and made us frequently long for morning.'

The impatience of the reverend gentleman, under all these circumstances, was in our opinion quite excusable. Fortunately he was aroused early in the morning by 'sounds of a very doleful kind,' which were found to proceed from a company of natives engaged in performing the orgies customarily used,—as a medicine, we presume,—for certain cases of disease. We need only add, that to form a just conception of the delights of these Caffer sleeping-rooms, the reader must generally imagine the savory accompaniment of a party of inveterate smokers of a filthy species of wild hemp, who, in the absence of regular pipes, are in the habit of using water-melons and horns to answer the same purpose.

The question may now properly be discussed, what has been done, and what may be done hereafter,—and how,—for the promulgation of European civilization and the Christian religion in regions like these? If any tolerable degree of success has been or can be attained under circumstances, of which at least the aspect to a casual observer is thus discouraging, it would seem somewhat difficult to substantiate the correctness of that theory, which denies to any portion of the human race, in any condition, a competency for the important enjoyments and improvements of refined society.

After all, there are redeeming traits in almost all characters and situations; and it must be admitted that, reasoning *a priori*, those of the Caffer, even as they have been described, are by no means so forbidding as might be imagined. Though a wandering and warlike people,—hideously savage in some of their domestic habits,—abjectly submissive to the impositions of both chiefs and priests, whose interest it is, of course, to keep them where they are,—exasperated, by long-continued injuries, against all white men, and as rudely ignorant as perhaps even the New Hollanders themselves,—on the other hand, as we have seen, instead of being, like the North

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American natives, solitary, suspicious, proud and implacable, they are kind and docile, and as ready to forgive an injury as to resent one. If their volatility and their volubility, which are strong characteristics of most of the native Africans, be sometimes provoking, as the missionaries represent, they are far less discouraging qualities, especially in regard to the temperament they indicate, than either the apathy of some savages or the coarse cruelty of others.

There are at this time a number of mission stations in different parts of Cafferland, supported, we believe, by five or six different denominations of English Christians. On all these stations, says Mr. Kay, '*the plough is busily engaged, and bids fair for ultimately putting down the field-labor of women altogether.*' This remark intimates what appears to us a rational and practical view of the whole ground of the civilizing process, from which the happiest results may be expected to arise. We agree with this writer, that from settlements of civilized people, established near or even among these or any other barbarians, under whatever circumstances of inter-communication, but upon merely civil principles, and without any general, public, explicit, and carefully supported recognition of the Christian religion in some form or another, no permanent good can be expected to result to either of the parties. Such experiments have been abundantly tried, and found wanting. But, on the other hand, any attempts to introduce for the first time this religion among savages, under existing circumstances, alone,—attempts to introduce the theory and formality of religion, without the substantial applications and connexions which make it the vital spirit of civilized life,—and without such applications adapted also to the condition of the people and country who are expected to receive it and retain it,—are, and have been proved to be, no better than attempts to transplant the trunks of trees without some portion at least of the roots. The Christian religion is designed for man as he is found on the face of the earth, and not for the abstract being in an abstract state; and wheresoever it is to be promulgated anew in these days, by the agency of men, among men, nothing can be vainer than to expect it to thrive, or even live, in a soil, or rather an atmosphere, of words and creeds alone. It is neither an air-plant, nor a water-plant; nor a flower to spring, like the almond blossom, from leafless branches. Its radix must be buried deep in the daily affections and thoughts, and must fasten its living fibres in them all.

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There is a good sense, then, to our mind, in the incidental allusion last cited, which is ominous of good results. Again, —' Having planted *a few twigs of the mulberry, together with various other fruit trees*, at Mount Coke, in 1828, I now found them flourishing luxuriantly; as also at Wesleyville, where both soil and climate seem to suit them well.' Mr. Kay trusts, therefore,—and so do we,—that in process of time the silk-worm will be introduced, and constitute a profitable source of employment for the natives. Will any one ask, what has the mulberry, and what has money-making, to do with the Christian religion? Every thing has to do with it in a case like this,—every thing not intrinsically exceptionable,—which makes its reception more easy, its retention more sure, —every thing, of course, which makes the nomade more stationary, the warrior peaceable, the savage a farmer, the enemy a friend. The more of these physical and practical associations the better. They are not indeed the trunk of the tree, but, as we said before, its soil, and humanly speaking, its support. Let this be but well-chosen and well-cultured, and the faithful and intelligent missionary may, not without cheerful confidence in the usual operation of industrious effort and stirring inducement, labor and pray, like the husbandman who is not above the practical prosecution of his business, for the crowning sunbeams and dews of divine favor upon his work.

Hence we are not surprised to find Mr. Kay subjoining to the statements just quoted, that '*schools have been every where established;*' and that, 'notwithstanding the numerous difficulties arising out of a total want of books, from manuscript lessons alone many of the children have acquired a knowledge of letters.' On this continent, as well as elsewhere, it has been but too often and too vainly attempted either to civilize without Christianity, or to christianize without civilizing: and some sciolists have mooted the question for centuries, substantially, which of these methods is to be preferred, while it has not apparently occurred to them that religion can as ill do without reason as reason without religion; and that both are, in this world, under divine appointment, as indissolubly indispensable to the vitality and prosperity of civilized and christian society, as the soul and body of man to his individual existence.

Excellent judgment has been also recently shown to advantage, in the case of the Caffers, by the colonial government, in the establishment of a systematic commercial intercourse

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between them and the Europeans, which requires only a strict supervision to render it productive of much benefit to the former, and especially by affording them opportunities of witnessing the comforts of civilized life in their best aspect, and by inducing them, in view thereof, and of the profits of the commerce we refer to, to adopt industrious, frugal, and regular habits and modes of life. From 1824 to 1829, the amount of native produce brought into the colony, to the fairs, was rated at £50,000, at least. A Cape paper of April, 1832, estimates that brought into Graham's Town alone, at from £500 to £700, weekly, for several months then last past. This importation is composed mostly of ivory, hides, horns, and sambocs, or whips made of the hide of the rhinoceros and hippopotamus. Those portions of this trade, of which the materials are supplied by wild animals, must diminish, and probably disappear altogether, at some future day; but, so far as the cause of civilization is concerned, this can hardly be a subject of regret. The benefits, which ought to result from the trade meanwhile, so long as it lasts, are not so likely to be lost, even though it should not give place to a source of pecuniary profit, more consistent with and more conducive to an agricultural subsistence.

A publication cited by our author, under the title of the Cape Directory, bears testimony to the decreased amount of Caffer depredations on colonial cattle, to the entire cessation of murders by the same people within the boundary, and to the fearless impunity with which the frontier settlers now expose themselves unarmed in the most retired jungles of the country;—all attributed to this new direction given to the Caffer capability, by the creation of the new market. Individuals of approved character have been licensed also to pass the boundary, and trade with the natives out of their own hamlets; and at one of the missionary stations is a shop, which, as Mr. Kay states, has been of great benefit in supplying the surrounding clans with English apparel,—and that is becoming fashionable,—iron cooking-pots, knives, hatchets, agricultural implements, and other useful articles, at moderate prices, and in a manner best adapted to the circumstances of the purchasers.

In another quarter, an extensive and very desirable communication has been opened between the colony and Port Natal, across the Caffer territory, by the traders making a direct road, over what has been hitherto an impassable country, with the aid of about a hundred of the natives. Some

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of the best English families have settled themselves in the midst of these people, and of these not a few are making themselves essentially serviceable in their instruction of the Caffers around them. One young man is mentioned, (as having settled among Pato's tribe,) who manages a Sunday school of fifty children. British coin, now the colonial currency, has been introduced to a considerable extent among the natives. These measures, and especially the conduct of the missionaries, have had an astonishing effect in removing or reducing the ancient prejudices of this people against the whites.

A similar account is given, for example, of the voluntary visit of Dushani, a powerful chief, who went to Graham's Town with Mr. Kay, to make restitution for certain trespasses of his subjects:

'The day after their arrival, they were introduced to Lieutenant-colonel Somerset, the commandant, who kindly ordered all necessary attention to be paid to their wishes and wants during their stay. The day following, being Sabbath, they attended divine service in our chapel, and conducted themselves with marked propriety. The appearance of the congregation, the order of the service, and the solemnity of the occasion evidently impressed them much, as they had never before witnessed any thing of the kind. After minutely examining almost every corner of the place, Dushani, with manifest astonishment, exclaimed, "And is it possible to build such a house for God in our land?" After spending about a week in town, they became anxious respecting home; and as I was not ready to return, the commandant furnished them with a military escort, lest any harm should befall them on the way. During their stay, they were treated with unexpected kindness by the British colonists generally; received numerous presents, and returned highly satisfied with their visit.'

Again,—speaking of Morley, a late and remote settlement, which has been joined already by a neighboring chieftain, with all his hamlet, whose residence is now within a few minutes walk of the mission-house,—

'Among those who were employed in various kinds of work on the mission premises, one old man was pointed out to me, whose history is highly interesting. He heard from afar, that the *Abafundis* (missionaries) were men of peace, and that these men of peace were come into the land. This intelligence excited in his mind "a burning desire to see them;" and although he knew not which way to proceed, he set off in search, and

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determined if possible to find them. For food on their journey, both he and his family were entirely dependent upon the spontaneous supplies of nature; bulbous roots and earth-nuts constituting their only means of subsistence. Cattle they had none, nor were they able to procure any. Having to travel through an enemy's country, he had frequently to flee for his life; so that his family was at length completely dispersed, and he lost the whole of his children (five) one by one. Thus distressing was the situation of this solitary wanderer in the desert, without any earthly prospect whatever, and bereft of the only solace he had. He nevertheless persevered in his main design, earnestly inquiring as he went along, if any one knew "where the men of peace dwelt?" After travelling until almost worn out, and ready to faint, he finally reached the station; and there his peregrinations ended.'

Not to enter farther into detail, and passing over wholly the corresponding accounts given of the Hottentots, it must be admitted that these statements,—the correctness of which is confirmed by an abundance of impartial testimony,—are, on the whole, highly encouraging to the advocates of an enlightened practical system of African Colonization, in reference to its effect on the natives. If the same exertion shall be made, with the same discretion, by our American settlers, and the missionaries among them, we see no good reason for doubting their success on the Western Coast, where there are several circumstances which must operate in their favor, that have been wanting in the Southern experiment. Colonies have always been the conductors of civilization the world over, and although they have sometimes, perhaps generally, in past ages,—as, for example, in the settlement of most parts of our country,—been made the occasion of little use and of great abuse to the natives, as well as vast ulterior benefit at large, it would seem wonderful indeed if all this experimental knowledge, which history furnishes, of good and evil, and right and wrong, in the matters of colonial economy and polity, should be lost to the reason, philanthropy and justice of a day like this in which we live. One thing is certain, at least,—that, at no period of time, has any portion of the earth's surface presented a fairer field, than Western Africa now does, for the trial of the old system upon new principles; and never had any people, on the other hand, either stronger motives or better means than ourselves, for the prosecution of such a trial to a vigorous maturity and a glorious close.

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ART. V.—*Hayward's Physiology of Man.*

Outlines of Human Physiology; designed for the Use of the higher Classes in Common Schools. By GEORGE HAYWARD, M. D. Boston, 1834.

IT is a subject of no small degree of surprise that the science of Physiology has received so little attention, except from those to whom it is a necessary part of professional education. It might have been thought, that the structure and functions of the human body furnish sufficient matter for the curiosity and investigation of the general inquirer after knowledge, no less than for him to whom the study is of immediate practical necessity. Surely we are 'fearfully and wonderfully made.' Where else shall we look for such a specimen of mechanism, fitted with such matchless skill, for the accomplishment of an endless variety of purposes? To say nothing of the inscrutable apparatus, designed both as the residence and the instrument of the immortal mind.

And yet, curious and interesting as are these subjects, and fruitful as they are of most useful results, there are few persons among us, with the exception of medical men, whose curiosity is excited to study them. Of the wonders of the human body, the learned, in regard to general subjects, and the unlearned, are alike, or nearly alike, ignorant. If we sometimes, and it is rarely that we do, hear the preacher or the orator refer to a physiological phenomenon by way of ornament or illustration, the *antiquity* of the allusion is often betrayed by the reference to an old and discarded theory; the classic origin of the figure shows the sources of the author's information. There is perhaps no branch of science, in regard to which such crude and incorrect notions so generally prevail. Aside from the medical profession, all are in the dark in respect to many wonderful phenomena, exhibited in the commonest functions of every-day life.

The common explanation, or rather apology for this state of general ignorance is, that the subject is involved in phraseology so technical, as to forbid the researches of those who do not make it the business of their lives to pursue it. It is true, that when followed out in all its details, medical science

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includes the knowledge of many things, not known to ordinary men, to which names must be given; and thus a language is created, as peculiar as the knowledge of which it is the instrument. But the general knowledge of physiology, of which we are speaking, demands no such intimate acquaintance with details. In point of fact, most of the physiological works published in modern times, although written for the profession without any especial care to avoid technical phraseology, may be read with facility by any man of ordinary intelligence; and require less use of a glossary than the speculations of phrenology, which have at times excited so much popular curiosity.

A better reason for the inattention to physiology is, in our view, the want of a work on the subject, well suited to the habits and tastes of general readers. Those works designed for the medical profession, treating of the whole subject of human and comparative physiology, contain discussions not adapted to parlor reading; and therefore the more suitable topics are disregarded or thrown out of favor, by the company in which they are found. There was a want of a treatise, which should present a comprehensive description of the general functions of the human body, while it should leave out of view such topics, as are necessary only to the physician. Such precisely is the work before us. Its purpose is well stated by the author.

'This work is intended for those who are unacquainted with the structure of the human body. It is an attempt to explain to them the uses of its most important parts, in familiar and popular language. It differs, therefore, in this respect, from most works on physiology, which suppose some knowledge of anatomy in those who read them; and it does not treat of those topics, which, though highly important to professional students, could not with propriety be introduced into the studies of the young.

'The author was induced to undertake it, in the hope that it might be useful to the young; and his object will be effected, if it should open to them a new and interesting branch of knowledge. He was desirous that they should become acquainted with human physiology, as he felt confident, that they could not fail to see, in the structure and functions of their own bodies, the clearest evidence of wonderful contrivance and beneficent wisdom.'—*Preface.*

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The work is intended primarily for the instruction of the young; we believe there are few, of any age, however, who have not made physiology a study, but will find in it a large amount of interesting and useful information; and to the physician, who has not recently renewed his application to this branch of knowledge, it furnishes a valuable condensed view of the different explanations and theories, as they are modified or illustrated by the more recent improvements in general science. It is 'designed for the use of the higher classes in common schools.' Yet we are not to infer that our author had any expectation or wish of making it a common school-book for little boys and girls, who should be studying their accidence and their grammars, instead of prying into the wonders of their own bodies. It is an older and more advanced class of learners that is included in this designation, who, having already acquired the more elementary branches of knowledge, may be allowed and encouraged, before they leave school, to lay in some stores of information in the more particular departments of learning. We fear that in our *common* schools, speaking literally, few classes will be found of scholars, who are properly qualified for thus entering advantageously upon studies of this sort. Some such there are, however, and for them this book is well adapted to be useful.

It might be hoped that a work like this, teaching the true principles of sound physiology, explaining the manner in which the great functions of human life are carried on, would be the means of correcting some of the errors of the prevailing systems of education. A little knowledge of the delicate structure of some of the organs most essential to life, and of their easy susceptibility, especially in childhood, to impressions unfavorable to health, should seem to be enough to show the danger of confining children to the school-room five or six hours at a session, daily, for years, on an uneasy bench, in a constrained posture, and often with such rigor, that to stoop and pick up a pin is marked as a misdemeanor, which counts, at the end of the year, in the estimate of character, and exerts an influence in the annual distribution of prizes. A mere glance at that wonderful organ, the brain,—that mysterious medium of communication between the immaterial mind and the material body, so curiously wrought, so delicate as scarcely to admit of examination, furnished with an immense supply of blood-vessels, which are excited to in-

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creased action by every emotion,—the slightest hint of all this were enough, one would think, to give warning of the imminent risk with which children, at an age when bodily constitution and mental character both peculiarly expose them to injury, are forced, by hot-bed excitements, into studies, proper only to maturer years. The successive developments of the different powers of the mind are disregarded; and at an age when little more than perception and memory are fully developed in the young mind, exercises are required, which can be properly performed only by calling into action the riper faculties of a much later period of life. Infants almost, and sometimes even in Sunday schools, are taught to reason, and *to write their reasonings*, when they should be storing up facts for future use; and the sciences are taught to babes, who scarcely know their alphabet.

It is true, that most of these only learn to borrow the reasonings of others, while they are supposed to learn thus prematurely to think, and to substitute high-sounding names of technical science for the unpretending words of every-day life.* Still the evil is the same. To the many, indeed, only self-conceit is taught instead of real knowledge; and this is comparatively a small matter. A few years more of life may correct it, and give them a juster view of the extent and value of their acquirements. But the few,—had they been spared, they would have formed the very *élite* of society, they would in the coming generation have taken the lead in whatever is excellent in our institutions, and have raised the standard of meritorious attainment in them: the few, who really enter into the spirit of these precocious exercises, are often stimulated into disease and death. The premature exercise and excitement of faculties, which are yet in their infancy, either exhaust the powers of the mind, and leave the child in subsequent mediocrity or inferiority, or else they become the cause of inflammation or dropsy in the brain. That delicate organ cannot bear a long-continued and over-strained excitement, without great danger of permanent injury: and this injury may be exhibited either in impaired faculties of mind, or in the early death of its victim.

* 'Grandpapa,' said a bright little fellow, of three years old, who had studied his alphabet and geometry a few weeks at an infant school of science, and had learned the scientific name for a *post*, 'Grandpapa, what do you have that *perpendicular* in your yard for?'

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This is a subject of great importance, but we cannot farther pursue it here. We shall greatly rejoice, if the slight notice we have taken of it shall excite the attention of some, whose office it is to influence the public mind on matters of this sort.

We have said, that even a slight knowledge of physiology might correct these evils, and teach a better mode of education; yet we have little hope that it will do so. And it is not altogether the fault of teachers that it will not. If parents are more solicitous of seeing their children prodigies, than reasonable beings, well endowed with sound learning, there is no alternative left to the teacher but to yield to the craving. He must select the most active and aspiring pupils, and press them forward into studies beyond their age, while the mass follow on in a round of lessons beyond their competency;—or he will fail of the degree of *éclat*, that is necessary to secure him the possession of his station as an instructer of youth. How many mothers have mourned over the loveliest of their daughters, whose ingenuous spirits were thus stimulated into excessive and fatal action, cut off in their first opening into mature life! The remembrance of an unwonted proficiency is now the balm for the wounds of affliction: the glory of unnatural attainments becomes the victim's wreath, and reconciles her weeping friends to the sacrifice.

We have already said, that the work before us is not designed to foster this destructive passion for precocious learning. We would fain hope it may do something to counteract it. Although we have spoken so discouragingly of the prospect of a speedy correction of an evil, which we certainly regard as a most serious one, we are not wholly without the hope, that a juster state of feeling may gradually be introduced into our community by the diffusion of information: and we know not where that information may better begin, than with some knowledge of the healthy functions of those bodies, which are so constantly exposed to injury.

There are some other of the customs of society, upon which a general dissemination of physiological information might be supposed to exert a favorable influence. The mother, who understands the essential importance of a free action of the chest, to a proper performance of the functions both of the heart and the lungs, might perhaps be less disposed to bind down the ribs of her daughters, in immovable casements of whalebone.

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But we are not so sanguine as to expect, that the *dicta* of fashion can ever be reversed by science. And happily there is less in the habits of dress of the present day, than in some of the days gone by, to call forth either the admonition, or the unavailing lamentations of the severe guardians of the public health.

A still more direct influence might be anticipated, in the discouragement and diminution of quackery. The man, who knows something of the wonderful powers of steam, would feel more of apprehension in following a locomotive engine, conducted by an ignorant engineer, than he who had seen nothing but the outward form of the curious apparatus. In like manner, it is the almost universal ignorance of the complicated structure and curious performances of the several parts of the human body, that prompts so many to trust the management of its disorders to the hands of those whose knowledge, both of its healthy and its diseased functions, is as limited as their own.

After all, however, the chief ground of confidence of the usefulness of this little book is the great principle, that all knowledge is useful. It is essential only that the knowledge disseminated be accurate, and it must, sooner or later, do good. In this respect we have great pleasure in speaking of the work before us. Although wholly unpretending in its character and claims to notice, it has obviously been prepared with great care, and a scrupulous attention to accuracy in all its parts. We could wish that scientific works, designed for general readers, were always prepared with equal ability and care.

There is much, indeed, in the science of physiology, in which our knowledge is still imperfect. After all that the improvements of modern science have done to explain them, there are many parts of the human body, whose modes of action are still but very imperfectly understood. It becomes peculiarly important, therefore, in a work of this sort, that a careful discrimination be made between what is known, and that which rests upon theoretical speculation merely. This we are happy to say is faithfully done in the work before us. The reader is no where misled by opinions advanced as facts. The results of accurate observation are stated; and the theories in explanation of the several phenomena are given as deductions from these observations. Wherever, as is often the case, the results of careful observation are inconclusive, the

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reader is not palmed off with a theory confidently proposed, by way of substitute; but is honestly informed of the deficiency of our knowledge in regard to the particular point. Some of the best explanations which have been attempted by different physiologists are then given, with the reasons in favor of them, and the reader is left to draw his own conclusions. The consequence will probably be, in most cases of this kind, that he will come to no conclusion at all. And this is just what it ought to be: since, if the evidence is such as to leave the best physiologists in doubt, it is not to be expected that those who are less instructed in the matter will understand it more clearly. All that they can here require is, that they shall be taught the full extent of the solid grounds which the several opinions have to rest upon, and a full demarcation of the line at which hypothesis begins.

To the casual reader, it may seem that so much is left unsettled, that little can be truly known; and there have not been wanting those who have reproached medical science generally, as made up more of conjectures than of accurate knowledge. Nay, some have gone so far as to prefer the medical skill of those who discard all pretensions to knowledge, as if those, who are the boldest in their conjectures, are the most to be trusted.

There are two answers to this view of the matter. In the first place, most of the questions, in regard to which the greatest uncertainty prevails, relate to the manner in which a particular function is performed, the *modus operandi*, rather than to the character of the function itself. The action itself has been carefully observed and is well understood, but the means by which that action is carried on and directed, are involved in mystery. For example, it is perfectly well known that some impression must be communicated by a nerve to a muscle, to enable it to contract; for if the nerves of any part are destroyed or divided, the muscles of that part wholly cease to act. But of the nature of the influence thus communicated, we are entirely ignorant. In a practical point of view, however, the *facts* which we know, are of incomparably more importance, than the explanation of those facts, which still remains hidden. Throughout the whole circle of human physiology, the functions of the several parts, with the phenomena which attend the performance of those functions in a state of health, and also the changes of structure and of action which the same

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parts undergo in disease, have been and still are the subjects of careful observation and study. The attention of medical men, especially at the present time, is directed to the observation of facts, rather than to framing theories. Doubtless much remains to be learned. But we may well ask, in the second place,—supposing that there still is much of ignorance in the profession,—which is the safest guide through this ignorance, he who has learned something of its extent, and has done something to surmount it, and who has at least learned some caution in regard to what is unknown, by the difficulties by which he has acquired what is known; or he who has learned nothing, and who leaps confidently in the dark, because he sees none of the pitfalls in the darkness by which he is surrounded?

The arrangement of this work is simple and natural. After a short introduction, giving a concise account of the textures, or *systems*, which make up the composition of the human body, the author treats of the various functions; and those are first examined, which are connected with the growth and nourishment of the individual being, and afterwards those which connect him with external objects.

'The animal body is composed of fluids and solids. The former constitute a much greater part of the whole than the latter; being in the proportion of six to one, according to Richerand, and of nine to one, according to Chaussier, in an adult subject.' These fluids are divided into four classes; 1st, those which form the blood; 2d, the blood itself; 3d, those that are formed from the blood; and 4th, those that are returned to the blood from the various parts of the body.

'The solids are formed from the fluids by a process called secretion, which will be treated of in a subsequent part of this work. Much labor and research have been bestowed on attempts to ascertain how many elementary solids exist in the various organs of the body. Some have supposed that all the solids are formed from three elementary ones, viz.: the cellular, the nervous, and the muscular: and to these, others have added the osseous and membranous. It is believed that all the organs, however various they may appear, in their structure and composition, can be ultimately reduced to these five.

'These simple textures or tissues, as they are called, being united in various proportions, form the compound tissues or systems. There are eleven of these systems, according to the arrangement of Dupuytren and Richerand; these are

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1. The Cellular. 2. The Mucous. 3. The Serous. 4. The Muscular. 5. The Osseous. 6. The Vascular. 7. The Nervous. 8. The Fibrous. 9. The Erectile. 10. The Horny, as the Nails and Hair. 11. The Parenchymatous, as the Glands.'

The function first to be described, under this arrangement, is, of course, that of *digestion*. The apparatus for the performance of this function, the teeth and tongue, the parotid gland, and the stomach, are succinctly described. Then, after a short notice of the more important of the exploded theories of digestion, we have an explanation of the process, as follows.

'The opinion that is now most generally received respecting the mode in which the stomach acts on the food that is taken into it, is, that a peculiar liquor secreted by the stomach, and called gastric juice, has a solvent power, which enables it to reduce the food to an uniform mass.

'The introduction of food into the stomach, produces an increased secretion of the gastric liquor, which is poured out in such abundance in health, as to surround every particle of it. When this is accomplished, an alternate contraction and expansion of the stomach take place, and continue till the whole alimentary mass is converted into chyme. This motion is produced by the muscular coat of the stomach, which is formed, as has been before stated, by muscular fibres running in a longitudinal and transverse direction.

'It has been ascertained, that in a healthy stomach, the food, if easy of digestion, is converted into chyme, in four or five hours, and that before this change has taken place, it is prevented from passing into the intestine, by a sort of valve situated at the pyloric orifice of the stomach, called pylorus, or door-keeper. It has been supposed by some, that this valve has the property of determining when the aliment was sufficiently changed to allow it to pass, that it gives free exit to chyme, and contracts when undigested substances attempt to enter the duodenum.

'The food is not all converted into chyme at the same time; but as fast as it is changed, it passes into the intestine, only two or three ounces collecting in the pyloric extremity at once.

'The change which the alimentary mass undergoes in the first intestine or duodenum, as it is called, is as great and important as the one which is effected in it in the stomach. In that organ, it is converted into chyme, and the process is called chymification: in the intestine, it undergoes what is called chylification; in which it is brought into such a state, that a peculiar fluid, called chyle, can be extracted from it by the absorbent vessels, whose mouths open in great abundance into this intestine. This

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chyle is a thin milky fluid, and these absorbents are thence called lacteals.

'The chyme passes slowly through the duodenum, and in its passage it becomes intimately mixed with the liquor secreted by the pancreas or sweetbread, and the bile which is formed by the liver. These fluids sometimes pass through separate tubes, and at others enter by a common canal. The inner coat of the first intestine is covered with folds of its lining membrane, which answer the purpose in some measure of valves, retarding to some extent the passage of the chyme, and preventing, under ordinary circumstances, its regurgitation. In this way, the absorbents have an opportunity of separating from it the chyle, the fluid which is afterwards to be converted into blood, for the nourishment of the body.

'The chyle has frequently been examined, with a view of ascertaining its nature and properties. It has no inconsiderable resemblance to cream in appearance, and when removed from the body and suffered to stand, it undergoes a species of spontaneous coagulation. It separates into three parts, a transparent and colorless fluid, a firm and white coagulum, and a thin pellicle of fatty matter, which floats on the surface; a process not unlike that, which will be hereafter spoken of, as taking place in the blood when removed from the body.'

Another extract will show the purposes which the chyle, thus formed, accomplishes in the animal system.

'The process by which the body increases in size, and the waste of its organs is repaired, is called nutrition. Its agents are supposed to be those minute vessels, that are situated between the termination of the arteries, and the commencement of the veins, and which are known by the name of capillaries. These vessels are distributed largely to all parts of the body, and have the power of separating from the blood particles identical in character with those of which the various organs of the system are composed.

'It has been before remarked, that a species of composition and decomposition is constantly going on in the body during life. The first of these is effected by the blood-vessels, and the latter by the absorbents. By digestion, nutritive fluid, called chyle, is extracted from the food taken into the stomach; the lacteals convey this into the blood, and partially assimilate it to that fluid; but it is not yet fit for the purposes of life. It is carried by a distinct set of vessels into the lungs, where it parts with some of the noxious principles it derived from digestion, and it also receives others from the air, which, as it were, imparts to it

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vivifying properties. In this state it is returned to the heart, and this organ sends it through numberless vessels to every part, for their growth and nourishment. But the mere circulation of this fluid would not be sufficient; a portion of it must be left in each of the organs to supply the waste, and this is probably done by the minute capillary vessels of the part. Under ordinary circumstances, these vessels cannot be seen by the eye, even when aided by the microscope: they are so minute as to elude all examination in their natural state. But, small as they are, they are agents whose functions cannot be dispensed with in the animal economy. One set performs an important office in the lungs, as has been already noticed, and the other, spread throughout the system, is carrying nourishment to all the organs. The latter have received the name of the nutritive arteries. The nutritive process is a sort of secretion, by which different substances are separated from a common fluid, the blood. Thus, one set of these vessels deposits the fibrin to form the muscles, and another, the earthy and animal parts of the bone. We are wholly ignorant how this is accomplished; but of the fact there is no doubt.

'Nearly all the parts of the body are continually, during life, subjected to this process; the old particles are taken up by the absorbent vessels, and new ones are deposited in their place by the nutritive arteries. The hair, the nails, the outer covering of the teeth, the coloring matter of the skin, and perhaps the cuticle, form almost, if not the only exceptions.'

This circumstance of the continual change of the matter of our bodies, has given rise to an amusing question in regard to the evidence of personal identity. When it is announced that the materials of our bodies are incessantly changing, metaphysicians ask, in some perplexity, how know we that we are the same individuals that we were a year ago? Since within that time all the portions of matter, of which our bodies were then composed, have been exchanged for others, how are we assured that our persons have not been exchanged also,—that we really are ourselves, and not somebody else;—like the far-famed stocking, that had been darned until not a thread of the original article remained, and no one could ever tell whether it was the same stocking or another?

It is true, every body feels that there is no real difficulty in this case, except as a matter of theory. In reference to himself, no man needs to reason about it. He feels within himself that he is the same individual that he ever was. And

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this circumstance has given rise to the theory, that it is this very consciousness which constitutes the proof of identity. A better explanation, perhaps, may be found in the manner in which the changes of substance in the animal body are effected. These changes take place only particle by particle; and the change has respect to the individual particles, rather than to the body of which they form the several parts. Each new portion of matter, as it becomes assimilated, assumes the character of that whose place it supplies. As the sentinel who goes on duty receives the orders of his predecessor, and transmits them to his successor, so each successive particle, incorporated into the animal system, receives its impressions from those that preceded it. In this manner, not only the form and powers of the body, but the habits of the constitution, and its tendencies to disease, or its exemption from a particular disease, are transmitted through successive changes of matter, with nearly, or quite as much certainty, as if every particle of the body were perpetual and unchanging. The individual is identically the same, therefore, because the character of his physical constitution, as well as his intellectual and moral character, is the same.

Although the matter which supplies the nutrition of the body is received into the blood by the process of digestion, it is not however so immediately fitted for this its ultimate purpose. We must therefore return with our author, (for we have anticipated his course of arrangement,) and take a short notice of some of the intermediate processes. The most important of these are the Circulation of the blood, and Respiration.

There is no part of Physiology, to the improvement of which the discoveries of modern science have been so successfully applied, as to the explanation of the phenomena of Respiration. The ancients were ignorant of the true course of the circulation of the blood: and even long after that problem had been solved by the investigations of the immortal Hervey, physiologists were wholly at a loss to account for the circulation through the lungs. They saw that every portion of the whole mass of blood, as fast as it had completed its tour of duty over the general system, before it set out again to repeat the same course over the body, was sent into the lungs, and there brought under the influence of the air in Respiration. But so utterly uncertain were they of the nature of this influence,

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that while some said that the purpose was to cool the blood, others thought that it was to supply heat; some, to supply, others to abstract moisture. It was reserved for the discoveries of modern Chemistry to explain the true nature of the reciprocal changes, which the blood and the air undergo in this remarkable process.

'The quantity of oxygen is diminished by respiration, and that of carbonic acid gas is increased. Expired air, instead of containing twenty-one parts of oxygen, like atmospheric air, has but eighteen parts, and contains four parts of carbonic acid gas, instead of one. Some physiologists are of opinion, that all the oxygen that has disappeared, may be accounted for by the carbonic acid gas that is formed, while others believe that a portion has united with the blood. This point may perhaps be considered as still unsettled. We shall say more of it when treating of the changes produced in the blood by respiration.

'The next point of view in which the important process of respiration is to be considered, is as to the effects which it produces on the blood that is sent to the lungs. It has been before explained, that the blood which is derived from digestion, and that which is returned by the veins from all parts of the body, is carried to the right side of the heart. It is of a dark color, and unfit for the purposes of life. It is sent by the contraction of the right ventricle to the lungs; it passes through numberless vessels of the smallest size, and is carried to the left side of the heart, of a bright scarlet color. How is this effected? We have seen above, that the quantity of carbonic acid is greater in expired, than in atmospheric air. But the oxygen, contained in the carbonic acid gas, does not account for all the oxygen that is lost. Some have supposed that a portion of it unites with hydrogen, and thus forms the watery vapor that is thrown from the lungs. This is not, however, the prevailing opinion. The fact seems to be, that in respiration, both the air and the blood part with something, and receive something from each other. The air loses a portion of its oxygen, part of which goes to the formation of the carbonic acid, and the remainder unites with the blood; the blood also parts with some of its carbon, which unites with the oxygen taken into the lungs, and is then thrown out in the form of carbonic acid; and another part of the oxygen is absorbed by the blood. Thus it appears that the blood parts with a portion of its carbon, and at the same time gains some oxygen.

'This change in the blood in respiration has been called the oxygenation of the blood, by those who explained it on the supposition, that oxygen united with the blood in its passage though

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the lungs. It has also been called the decarbonization of the blood, by those physiologists who believe that the change is produced by the discharge of carbon. The truth seems to be, that the blood is both oxygenated and decarbonized by respiration; that is, that a portion of the oxygen taken into the lungs unites with it, and at the same time the blood throws off carbon in a volatile state, which unites with another portion of oxygen, while the air, at the same time, loses some oxygen and receives some carbon, and thus forms carbonic acid gas.'

'To whatever circumstance this change may be owing, it is certain, that it is one essential to life. If it were completely suspended, even for a moment, death would follow. The black blood, or the blood of the veins, or venous blood, as it is called, cannot support the animal functions; they require the stimulus of the red arterial blood.

'If respiration be suspended, the heart will for a time continue to throw the blood to the lungs; but when all the air is exhausted in these organs, so that they return purple blood to the left side of the heart, death immediately follows. This is owing, in great measure, to the circumstance that black blood is now of course thrown into the coronary arteries, the nourishing arteries of the heart; and this organ ceases to act, when not excited by arterial blood. The action of the brain, too, cannot be continued for an instant, without the stimulus of oxygenated blood, and all the organs of the body are dependent on the brain and nervous system for their power of action.'

It should not be inferred, as it sometimes has been, from the statement of these facts, that the presence of carbon in the blood is necessarily poisonous, under all circumstances; or that all the oxygen is withdrawn from venous blood. Both these substances exist in large quantities both in arterial and venous blood, and in every other animal product. It is a difference of proportions merely, in the two kinds of blood; and this difference is so small as scarcely, if at all, to be detected by direct analysis. Our knowledge of it is derived more from the effects on the air respired, than from experiments, made on the blood itself. It may seem strange, that a change of proportions so slight as to be appreciable only by inference, should be so important in its effects. But here is our limit between observation and conjecture. The fact is well established, not only that respiration is essential to life, which every body has always known, but also that the chemical changes produced in respiration are equally indispensable. It is worthy of remark, too, that these changes

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are essentially the same, in all living bodies, and are equally indispensable to all, from the highest animal, to the lowest vegetable.

Connected with Respiration, are the remarkable phenomena of animal heat. The human body is capable of preserving a uniform temperature, for an indefinite length of time, through all the changes of a climate, whose extremes are more than a hundred degrees asunder; and for a limited period the power is much greater. It is manifest that to keep up such an equilibrium, especially in a medium, as in our climate, many degrees colder than the body, must demand a great power of producing heat. It might have been supposed that such a manufactory might easily be discovered, yet physiologists have not been able to point out satisfactorily its true sources. When it came to be known, that the changes which the air undergoes in respiration are entirely similar to the effects produced upon the same fluid by combustion, it was but natural to infer that heat is in like manner derived from the process. Consequently, physiologists have been constantly looking to this process for an explanation of the production of animal heat, ever since the true composition of the atmosphere was made known. It was objected, that the lungs are no hotter than other parts of the body, as it might be expected they would be, if they manufacture the heat for all the other parts. But

'Dr. Crawford brought forward an explanation of the manner in which animal heat is generated, that was for a time adopted by most physiologists. He agreed in opinion with Dr. Black, that heat was generated in respiration, as in combustion, by the conversion of oxygen and carbon into carbonic acid gas; and the reason, which he assigns for the fact that the lungs have not a much greater degree of heat than the other parts of the body, is, that the arterial blood has a greater capacity for caloric than the venous blood, and that a part of the heat formed in the lungs is absorbed by the arterial blood, and remains in it in that state which is known by the name of latent heat. When the blood is conveyed to the various parts of the body, the heat is given out whenever the arterial blood is converted into venous, as it is in the various processes of nutrition.'

This is so simple and beautiful a theory, that it is a pity it is not true. But the animal system never works so entirely by physical laws. Dr. Crawford indeed details a long course of

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experiments, to establish the truth of his opinion. He calculated very carefully the capacity for heat, not only of the inspired and expired air, and the arterial and venous blood, but also that of the various articles of food, and found every thing favorable to this theory. The result to which he came was, that the change of capacity for heat in the blood during respiration is sufficient to produce a demand for 207 degrees of heat, to remain latent in the arterial blood, so as to cause no actual change of temperature. The corresponding change in the air he found sufficient to set free 4,650 degrees of heat. It only remained to bring these two results together, to form a perfect test of their correctness. But this he omitted to do.

It is obvious that the increase of temperature, caused by a given quantity of heat, other things being equal, is inversely as the quantity of matter. A pint of hot water, added to a hundred pints a hundred degrees colder, will raise the temperature of the hundred just one degree. Now if Dr. Crawford's positions are true, the quantity of matter, in that portion of air which is changed in respiration, must correspond exactly with the quantity of matter in the portion of blood which it supplies with latent heat. These quantities cannot indeed be ascertained with entire exactness; but something is known in regard to them. Taking the highest estimate that has ever been made of the quantity of oxygen consumed in each respiration, its actual weight does not amount to one grain; while at least seven ounces, or 3,360 grains of blood, are presented to the action of the air in each respiration. One grain, heated 4,650 degrees, would raise 3,360 grains a little more than one degree; whereas Dr. Crawford's positions require 207 degrees, besides the quantity of heat lost in raising the temperature of the remaining portion of respired air, and in various other ways.

This difficulty, however, in regard to animal heat, is scarcely greater, than that of explaining the production of heat in ordinary combustion, from which the analogy is drawn. The ordinary explanation of the process of combustion, with which most chemists appear to be satisfied, attributes the production of heat, in the same manner to a change of capacity for heat, effected during the process. Upon this hypothesis, according to all the known laws of heat, the burning of gunpowder should be a most freezing operation; for all the ingredients, even the oxygen, are in a state of comparatively small capacity, and

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by the combination in burning they pass into states requiring immense proportions of latent heat. The truth is, many of the laws of heat are too imperfectly known to render it safe to found any confident opinions upon them, even in regard to physical science; still less in their application to the operations of organized, living beings.

After all, it is not easy to escape altogether the impression, that animal heat is in some way dependent upon or connected with respiration. Direct experiments on animals, designed to ascertain this point, have repeatedly been tried; but their results are contradictory. Mr. Brodie inferred from his experiments, that no heat is produced by respiration, while Dr. Wilson Philip, M. Legallois, and others, have come to a different conclusion. The truth probably is, that artificial respiration in animals keeps up the animal heat, just in proportion to the extent to which it preserves the other vital actions. All the functions of life are not destroyed at the same moment; and in some modes of death, certain of these functions are retained in action much longer than when death takes place in other ways. Animal heat is one of these functions; and it is preserved to a certain extent by artificial respiration, whenever that respiration is so managed as to prolong the powers of life. The same result may be produced without artificial respiration. If two animals of the same character and size are killed, in different ways, so as in one to destroy suddenly *all* the functions, while in the other the *entire* death of all the parts follows more slowly, although both animals are, in the ordinary sense of the term, equally dead from the same moment, the first will cool much more rapidly than the last. It is not impossible, although we see little evidence of it, that the chemical effects of respiration have something to do with the production of heat; and it is no proof against this hypothesis, that we are not able to explain the manner in which the development of heat may arise; since, as we have just observed, we are equally ignorant in regard to the origin of the heat produced in combustion.

'These, and other experiments of a similar character, (the experiments of Dr. Philip and M. Legallois,) have induced most physiologists of the present day to adopt what is usually called the chemical theory of the generation of animal heat. It must be confessed, however, that it is not without its difficulties,

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but at the same time it cannot but be acknowledged, that it is embarrassed with fewer than any other that has ever been proposed. Though it is called a chemical theory, it is so only in a limited sense, the laws of chemistry being, as in all the other operations, that go on in the living body, modified and controlled by the laws of vitality. The brain and nervous system no doubt perform an important part, if not in the generation, at least in the evolution of animal heat.

'There is one fact worthy of notice, as it seems to show that there must be an intimate connexion between respiration and animal heat; and that is, that in those animals whose respiratory apparatus is the most extended, the temperature is uniformly highest. Birds, whose organs of breathing extend over a large part of the body, and who consequently require a great quantity of air, have a higher degree of temperature than other animals: it is twelve degrees above that of man; while in cold-blooded animals, as fishes, whose temperature is not much greater than that of the medium in which they live, but a very small quantity of blood at any one time is subjected to the effects of respiration.'

We have not room to prolong our remarks, and notice the other subjects of interest discussed in this little volume. Nor is it necessary. Enough we trust has been said, to exhibit something of the character of the work, and of the able and faithful manner in which the author has executed his purpose.

We would hope that the publisher will put a portion at least of future editions into the dress of a parlor book. There is something in the air of a school-book, which does not always carry pleasant associations with it into the parlor. However useful this book may be for the higher classes in schools (and highly useful to them, we are persuaded it will be,) we believe it will be even more valuable to those whose school days have gone by. Those who have before studied Physiology as a science, will find in it a convenient and agreeable summary of the best modern opinions on the different subjects. Those to whom the whole subject is new, will find it filled with important instruction, conveyed in an intelligible and pleasant manner.

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ART. VI.—*Slavery in Rome.*

The Influence of Slavery on the Political Revolutions in Rome. A Lecture, delivered before a Society of Young Men in Massachusetts. pp. 41. Northampton. 1834.

WHEN Tiberius Sempronius Gracchus, on his way to Spain, to serve in the Roman army before Numantia, travelled through Italy, he was led to observe the evils, which slavery had entailed on the provinces of his country. The great body of the Roman citizens were impoverished. Instead of little farms, studding the country with their pleasant aspect, and nursing an independent race, he beheld nearly all the lands of Italy engrossed by large proprietors; and the plough was in the hands of slaves. In the early periods of the State, agriculture and war had been the labor and the office of freemen; but the great mass of the Roman citizens had now, by the institution of bondmen and its necessary tendency to accumulate all possessions in the hands of a few, been excluded from employment; the palaces of the wealthy towered in the landscape in solitary grandeur: the freemen hid themselves in miserable hovels. Deprived of the dignity of proprietors, they could not even hope for occupation; for the opulent landholder preferred rather to make use of his slaves, whom he could not but maintain, and who constituted his family. Excepting the small number of the immeasurably rich, and a feeble and constantly decreasing class of independent husbandmen, poverty was extreme. The king of Syria had reverenced the commands of Roman envoys, as though they had been the commands of Heaven; the rulers of Egypt had exalted the Romans above the Immortal Gods; and from the fertile fields of Western Africa, Massinissa had sent word that he was but a Roman overseer. And yet a great majority of the Roman citizens, now that they had become the conquerors of the world, were poorer than their forefathers, who had extended their ambition only to the plains round Rome.

The elder Gracchus, when his mind began to brood over the disasters, that were fast gathering in heavy clouds round

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his country, was in the bloom of manhood. Sprung from an honorable family, independent though not of the most opulent, by the intermarriages of his nearest kinsmen connected with the families of the most haughty patricians, the son of a hero who had been censor, and had twice been consul, and twice had enjoyed the honors of a triumph, grandson of the elder Scipio, the victor of Hannibal, the brother-in-law of the younger Scipio, the destroyer of Carthage, he might have entered the career of ambition with every assurance of success. Possessed, by the kindness of Heaven, of admirable genius, he had also enjoyed an education superior to that of any of his contemporaries. His excellent mother, whom the unanimous testimony of antiquity declares to have been the first woman of her times, had gathered round his youth the best instructers in the arts and in letters; what then was a rare thing in Rome, he had learned to rest his head on the bosom, and enjoy the confidence, of the Grecian Muse. Nor were the qualities of his heart, and the nature of his passions, inferior to his talents and his nurture. His first appearance in the Roman army was in the last war against Carthage, under the command of his brother-in-law; and when Carthage was at last taken by storm, he, the impetuous soldier of eighteen, led the onset, and was the first to ascend the walls of the burning city. And yet he was gentle in all his dispositions; a maidenly modesty, and a peaceful composure distinguished his character; his purity obtained for him in youth the unusual distinction of a seat among the augurs. Nor was his truth nor his moderation less remarkable or less celebrated. The city of Numantia, a city within the limits of the modern kingdom of Castile, had resisted the Roman arms with an invincible fortitude, which the companions of Palafox could imitate, but not equal. But no sooner was it announced in the besieged city, that Tiberius Gracchus had appeared as a messenger before its ramparts, than the gates opened, the natives of Spain thronged round his steps, hung on his arms, and clung to his hands. They bade him take from their public stores whatever treasures he desired: he took but a handful of incense, and offered it to the Gods. They requested him to establish the basis of a peace, and he framed a treaty on principles of mutual independence.

But, in the vain attempt to give peace to Spain, Tiberius Gracchus did not forget the miseries of Italy. Who, that has

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reflected on the history of nations, has not perceived how slow is the progress of change in the condition of the laboring class of society? It is now three centuries since the eloquent and disinterested Calvin first attempted, in the language and on the soil of France, to infuse into its peasantry an ameliorating principle; and in all that period, how little improvement has taken place in the physical condition and the intellectual culture of the humbler classes of the French! If it was true, in the reign of Elizabeth, that millions of her English subjects could not write nor read, it was hardly less true of millions during the reign of George IV. History has consisted chiefly of the personal achievements of a few individuals, the victories of armies, the scandals of courts, the intrigues of the palace; on the character, rights, and progress of the great mass of the people, it has been silent. The Greatest Number has been forgotten by the annalist, as its happiness has been neglected by the lawgiver.

Human nature was the same of old; but Gracchus, in hoping to improve the condition of the impoverished majority of his countrymen, refused to indulge in the vain desires of an idle philanthropy. With the enlarged philosophy of an able statesman, he sought to understand the whole nature of the evil, to devise measures for its remedy, and to find a powerful support, capable of giving efficacy to his benevolence.

He found the inhabitants of the Roman State divided into three distinct classes. The few wealthy nobles; the many indigent citizens; the still more numerous class of slaves. Reasoning correctly on the subject, he perceived that it was slavery, which crowded the poor freeman out of employment, and barred the way to his advancement. It was the aim of Gracchus not so much to mend the condition of the slaves, as to lift the brood of idle persons into dignity; to give them land, to put the plough into their hands, to make them industrious and useful, and so to repose on them the liberties of the state. With the fixedness of an iron will, he resolved to increase the number of the landed proprietors of Italy. He resolved to create a ROMAN YEOMANRY. This was the basis of his radical reform.

The means were at hand. The lands in Italy were of two classes; private estates, and public domains. With private estates, Gracchus refused to interfere. The public domains, even though they had long been usurped by the patricians,

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were to be reclaimed as public property, and to be appropriated to the use of the people, under restrictions, which should prevent their future concentration in the hands of the few. To effect this object required no new order; the proper decree was already engraved among the tablets of the Roman laws. It was necessary only to revive the law of Licinius, which had slumbered for two centuries unrepealed.

In a republic, he that will execute great designs, must act with an organized party. Gracchus took counsel with the purest men of Rome; with Appius Claudius, his father-in-law, a patrician of the purest blood; with the great lawyer Mutius Scævola, a man of consular dignity, and with Crassus, the leader of the priesthood; men of the best learning and character, of unimpeachable patriotism, and friends to the new reform. But his supporters at the polls could be none other than the common people, composed of the impoverished citizens, and the very few husbandmen, who had still saved some scanty acres from the grasp of the aristocracy.

The people rallied to the support of their champion; and Gracchus, being elected their tribune, was able to bring forward his Agrarian Law. 'The wild beasts in your land,' it was so he addressed the multitude, 'have their dens; but the soldiers of Italy have only water and air. Without houses or property, they, with their wives and children, are vagabonds. Your commanders deceive you, when they bid you fight for your hearths, and your gods; you have no hearths, you have no household gods. It is for the insolence and luxury of others, that you shed your blood. You are called lords of the world, and you do not possess a square foot of soil.'

The famed Agrarian Law, relating only to the public domain, was distinguished by mitigating clauses. To each of those who had occupied the land without a right, it generously left five hundred acres; to each of their minor children two hundred and fifty more; and it also promised to make from the public treasury further remuneration for improvement. To every needy citizen it probably allotted not more than ten acres; perhaps less. Thus it was designed to create in Italy a yeomanry: instead of planters and slaves, to substitute free laborers; to plant liberty firmly in the land; to perpetuate the Roman Commonwealth, by identifying its principles with the culture of the soil. *Omnium rerum ex quibus aliquid adquiritur*—such were long the views of intel-

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ligent Romans—*nihil est agriculturâ melius, nihil uberius, nihil dulcius, nihil homine,* NIHIL LIBERO DIGNIUS. No pursuit is more worthy of the freeman, than agriculture. Gracchus claimed it for the free.

Philanthropy, when it contemplates a slave-holding country, may have its first sympathies excited for the slaves; but it is a narrow benevolence which stops there. The indigent freeman is in a worse condition. The slave has his task, and also his home and his bread. He is the member of a wealthy family. The indigent freeman has neither labor, nor house, nor food; and, divided by a broad gulf from the upper class, he has neither hope, nor ambition. The poor freeman claims sympathy; he is so abject, that often even the slave despises him. For the interest of the slaveholder is diametrically opposite to that of the free laborer. The slaveholder is the competitor of the free laborer, and by the lease of slaves, takes the bread from his mouth. The wealthy Crassus, the richest man in Rome, was the competitor of the poorest free carpenter. The Roman patricians took away the business of the sandal-maker. The existence of slavery made the opulent owners of bondmen the rivals of the poor; greedy after the profits of their labor, and monopolizing those profits through their slaves. In every community where slavery is tolerated, the poor freeman will always be found complaining of hard times. Would you abolish slavery? Imitate Gracchus, and pass a law in spirit like his; that none but the free shall till the soil. Let the plough, the spade, and the hoe be safe from the touch of a bondman, and bondage will cease. Are you afraid to abolish slavery, and would you yet mitigate the severe action of slavery upon the impoverished free? Enact a law, ensuring the exclusive exercise of the mechanic arts, to the free portion of the population. If the laws secure to the master his slaves, let them secure to the freeman his labor.

The laws of Gracchus cut the patricians with a double edge. Their fortunes consisted in land and slaves; it questioned their titles to the public territories, and it tended to force emancipation, by making their slaves a burden. In taking away the soil, it took away the power that kept their live machinery in motion.

The moment was a real crisis in the affairs of Rome; not a crisis, such as precedes the eve of every annual election;

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but a crisis, such as hardly occurs to a nation in the progress of many centuries. Men are in the habit of proscribing Julius Cesar as the destroyer of the Commonwealth. The civil wars, the revolutions of Cesar, the miserable vicissitudes of the Roman emperors, the avarice of the nobles and the rabble, the crimes of the forum and the palace, all have their germ in the ill success of the reform of Gracchus.

It is our object to state results, not to narrate. We pass over the proofs of moderation which the man of the people exhibited, by appearing in the Senate, where he had hoped to obtain from the justice of the patricians some reasonable compromise; and where he was received, very much as O'Connell was received in the English Parliament, when he pleaded for Ireland. The attempt of the aristocracy to check all procedures in the assembly of the people, by instigating another tribune to interpose his veto, was defeated by the prompt decision of the people to depose the faithless representative; and the final success of Gracchus seemed established by the unanimous decision of the commons in favor of his decree.

But such delays had been created by his opponents, that the year of his tribuneship was nearly passed; his re-election was needed in order to carry his decree into effect. But the evil in Rome was already too deep to be removed. The election day for tribunes was in mid-summer; the few husbandmen, the only shadow of a Roman yeomanry, were busy in the field, gathering their crops, and failed to come to the support of their champion. He was left to rest his defence on the rabble of the city; and though early in the morning great crowds of the people gathered together, and though, as Gracchus appeared in the forum, a shout of joy rent the skies, and was redoubled as he ascended the steps of the Capitol, yet when the aristocracy, determined at every hazard to defeat the assembly, came with the whole weight of their adherents in a mass, the timid flock, yielding to the sentiment of awe rather than of cowardice, fled like sheep before wolves; and left their defender, the incomparable Tiberius, to be beaten to death by the clubs of senators. Three hundred of his more faithful friends were left lifeless in the market-place. In the fury of triumphant passion, the corpse of the tribune was dragged through the streets, and thrown into the Tiber.

The deluded aristocracy raised the full chorus of victory and joy. They believed that the Senate had routed the demo-

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cracy; when it was but the avenging spirit of slavery, that struck the first deadly wound into the bosom of Rome. When a funeral pyre was kindled to the manes of Tiberius Gracchus, the retributive Nemesis, indignant at the evils which followed in the train of slavery, lighted the torch, which, though it burned secretly for a while, at last kindled the furies of social war, and involved the civilized world in the conflagration.

The murder of Gracchus proved the weakness of the Senate; they could defeat the people only by violence. But the blood of their victim, like the blood of other martyrs, cemented his party. It was impossible to carry the Agrarian Law into execution; it was equally impossible to effect its repeal.

Gracchus had interceded for the unhappy indigent freeman, whose independence was crushed by the institution of slavery. The slaves themselves were equally sensible of their wrongs; and in the island of Sicily they resolved on an insurrection. Differing in complexion, in language, in habits, the hope of liberty amalgamated the heterogeneous mass. Eunus, their wise leader, in the spirit of the East, employed the power of superstition to rally the degraded serfs to his banner, and, like Mahomet, pretended a revelation from heaven. Sicily had been divided into a few great plantations; and now the voice of a leader, joining the fanaticism of religion to the enthusiasm for freedom, with the hope of liberty awakened the slaves, not in Sicily only, but in Italy, to the use of arms. What need of dwelling on the horrors of a servile war? Cruel overseers were stabbed with pitchforks; the defenceless were cut to pieces by scythes; tribunals, hitherto unheard of, were established, where each family of slaves might arraign its master, and, counting up his ferocities, adjudge punishment for every remembered wrong. Well may the Roman historian blush as he relates the disgraceful tale. *Quis aequo animo ferat in principe gentium populo bella servorum?* The Romans had fought their allies, yet had fought with freemen; let the queen of nations blush, for she must now contend with victorious slaves. Thrice, nay, four times, were the Roman armies defeated; the insurrection spread into Italy; four times were even the camps of Roman praetors stormed and taken; Roman soldiers became the captives of their bondmen. The army of the slaves increased to 200,000. It is said, that in this war a million of lives were lost; the statement is exaggerated; but Sicily suf-

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fered more from the devastations of the servile, than of the Carthaginian, war. Twice were Roman consuls unsuccessful. At length, after years of defeat, the benefits of discipline gave success to the Roman forces. The last garrison of the last citadel of the slaves disdained to surrender, and could no longer resist; they escaped the ignominy of captivity by one universal suicide. The conqueror of slaves, a new thing in Rome, returned to enjoy the honors of an ovation.

The object of Tiberius Gracchus, continued by his eloquent and equally unhappy brother, who moreover was the enlightened and energetic advocate of a system of internal improvement in Italy, aimed at ameliorating the condition of the indigent freeman. The great servile insurrection was designed to effect the emancipation of slaves; and both were unsuccessful. But God is just and his laws are invincible. Slavery next made its attack directly on the patricians, and following the order of Providence in the government of the moral world, began with silent but sure influence to corrupt the virtue of families, and even to destroy domestic life. It is a well ascertained fact, that slavery diminishes the frequency of marriages in the class of masters. In a state where emancipation is forbidden, the slave population will perpetually gain upon the numbers of the free. We will not stop to develope the three or four leading causes of this result, pride and the habits of luxury, the facilities of licentious indulgence, the circumscribed limits of productive industry; some of which causes operate exclusively, and all of them principally, on the free. The position is certain and is universal; no where was the principle more amply exemplified than in Rome. The rich slaveholders preferred luxury and indulgence to marriage; and celibacy became so general, that the aristocracy was obliged by law to favor the institution, which, in a society where all are free, constitutes the solace of labor and the ornament of life. A Roman censor could, in a public address to the people, stigmatize matrimony as a troublesome companionship, and recommend it only as a patriotic sacrifice of private pleasure to public duty. The depopulation of the upper class was so considerable, that the waste required to be supplied by emancipation; and repeatedly there have been periods, when the majority of the Romans had once been bondmen. Emancipation was essential to the preservation of a class of freemen, who might serve as a balance to the slave population. It was this extensive celibacy and the consequent

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want of succession, that gave a peculiar character to the Roman laws, relating to adoption.

The continued and increasing deleterious effects of slavery on Roman institutions, may be traced through the changes in the character of that majority of the citizens, whom it left without the opportunity or the fruits of industry. Even in the time of the younger Gracchus, they retained dignity enough to hope for an amelioration of their condition by the action of laws, and the exercise of their own franchises. Failing in this end through the firmness of the nobles, the free middling class was entirely destroyed; society soon became divided into the very rich and the very poor; and slaves, who performed all the labor, occupied the intermediate position between the two classes.

The first step in the progress of degradation constituted the citizens, by their own vote, a class of paupers. They called on the State to feed them from the public granaries. But mark the difference between the pauper system of England, or America, and that of Rome. We cheerfully sustain in decent competence the aged, the widow, the cripple, the sick and the orphan; Rome supplied the great body of her citizens. England, who also feeds a large proportion of her laboring class, entrusts to her paupers no elective franchises. Rome fed with eleemosynary corn, the majority of her citizens, who retained, even in their condition of paupers, the privileges of electing the government, and the right of supreme, ultimate legislation. Thus besides the select wealthy idlers, here was a new class of idlers, a multitudinous aristocracy, having no estate but their citizenship, no inheritance but their right of suffrage. Both were a burden upon the industry of the slaves; the Senate directly from the revenues of their plantations, the commons indirectly, from the coffers of the Commonwealth. It was a burden greater than the fruits of slave industry could bear; the deficiency was supplied by the plunder of foreign countries. The Romans, as a nation, became an accomplished horde of robbers.

This first step was ominous enough; the second was still more alarming. A demagogue appeared, and gaining office and the conduct of a war, organized these pauper electors into a regular army. The demagogue was Marius; the movement was a revolution. Hitherto the Senate had exercised an exclusive control over the brute force of the Commonwealth; the

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mob was now armed and enrolled, and led by an accomplished chieftain. Both parties being thus possessed of great physical force, the civil wars between the wealthy slaveholders, and the impoverished freemen, the select and the multitudinous aristocracy of Rome, could not but ensue. Marius and Sylla were the respective leaders; the streets of Rome and the fields of Italy became the scenes of massacre; and the oppressed bondmen had the satisfaction of beholding the jarring parties, in the nation which had enslaved them, shed each other's blood, as freely as water.

This was not all. The slaves had their triumph. Sylla selected ten thousand from their number, and to gain influence for himself at the polls, conferred on them freedom, and the elective franchise.

Of the two great leaders of the opposite factions, it has been asserted that Sylla had a distinct purpose, and that Marius never had. The remark is true, and the reason is obvious. Sylla was the organ of the aristocracy; to the party which already possessed all the wealth, he desired to secure all the political power. This was a definite object, and in one sense was attainable. Having effected a revolution, and having taken vengeance on the enemies of the Senate, he retired from office. He could not have retained perpetual authority; the forms of the ancient republic were then too vigorous, and the party on which he rested for support, would not have tolerated the usurpation. He established the supremacy of the Senate, and retired into private life. Marius, as the leader of the people, was met by insuperable difficulties. The existence of a slave population rendered it impossible to elevate the character of his indigent constituents; nor were they possessed of sufficient energy to grasp political power with tenacity. He could therefore only embody them among his soldiers, and leave the issue to Providence. His partisans suffered from evils, which it required centuries to ripen and to heal; Marius could have no plan.

Thus the institution of slavery had been the ultimate cause of two political revolutions. The indigence to which it reduced the commons, had led the Gracchi to appear as the advocates of reform, and had encouraged Marius to become their military leader. In the murder of the former, the Senate had displayed their success in exciting mobs, and in resistance to the latter, they had roused up a defender of their usurpations.

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The slaves, also, who had found in Eunus an insurgent leader, were now near obtaining a liberator. The aristocracy was satisfied with its triumphs; the impoverished majority, now accustomed to their abjectness, made only the additional demand of amusements at the public expense; and were also ignobly satisfied. The slaves alone murmured, and in Spartacus, one of their number, they found a man of genius and courage, capable of becoming their leader. Roman legislation had done nothing for them; the legislation of their masters had not assuaged one pain, nor interposed the shield of the law against cruelty. The slaves determined upon a general insurrection, to be followed by emigration. The cry went forth from the plains of Lombardy, and reached the rich fields of Campania, and was echoed through every valley among the Appennines. The gladiators burst the prisons of their keepers; the field-servant threw down his manure-basket; Syrian and Scythian, the thrall from Macedonia and from Carthage, the wretches from South Gaul, the Spaniard, the African, awoke to resistance. The barbarian, who had been purchased to shed his blood in the arena, remembered his hut on the Danube; the Greek, not yet indifferent to freedom, panted for release. It was an insurrection, as solemn in its object, as it was fearful in its extent. Rome was on the brink of ruin. Spartacus pointed to the Alps; beyond their heights were fields, where the fugitives might plant their colony; there they might revive the practice of freedom; there the oppressed might found a new state on the basis of benevolence, and in the spirit of justice. A common interest would unite the bondmen of the most remote lineage, the most various color, in a firm and happy republic. Already the armies of four Roman generals had been defeated; already the immense emigration was on its way to the Alps.

If the mass of slaves could, at any moment, on breaking their fetters, find themselves capable of establishing a liberal government, if they could at once, on being emancipated or on emancipating themselves, appear possessed of civic virtue, slavery would be deprived of more than half its horrors. But the circumstance, which more than any other renders the institution execrable, is this; that while it binds the body, it corrupts the mind. The outrages which men commit, when they first regain their freedom, furnish the strongest argument against the system of bondage. The horrible inhumanity of

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civil war, and slave insurrection, are the topics of the loudest appeal against the condition, which can render human nature capable of committing such crimes. Idleness and treachery and theft, are the vices of slavery. The followers of Spartacus, when the pinnacles of the Alps were almost within their sight, turned aside to plunder; and the Roman army, which could not conquer in open battle the defenders of their personal freedom, was able to gain the advantage, where the fugitive slave was changed, from a defender of liberty, into a plunderer.

The struggle took place precisely at a moment, when the Roman State was most endangered by foreign enemies. But for the difficulties in the way of communication, which rendered a close coalition between remote armies impossible, the Roman State would have sunk beneath the storm; and from the shattered planks of its noble ruins the slaves alone would have been able to build themselves a little bark of hope, to escape from the desolation. Slaves would have occupied by right of conquest the heritage of the Cesars. They finally became lords; but it was in a surer, and to human nature and Roman pride, in a more humiliating manner.

The suppression of the great insurrection of Spartacus brings us to the age of the triumvirs, and the approaching career of Julius Cesar. To form a proper judgment of his designs, and their character, we must endeavor to gain some distinct idea of the condition of the inhabitants of Italy during his time, as divided into the classes of the nobles, the poorer citizens, and the slaves.

The vast capacity for reproduction, which the laws of society secure to capital in a greater degree than to personal exertion, displays itself no where so clearly as in slave-holding states, where the laboring class is but a portion of the capital of the opulent. As wealth consists chiefly in land and slaves, the rates of interest are, from universally operative causes, always comparatively high; the difficulty of advancing with borrowed capital proportionably great. The small land-holder finds himself unable to compete with those, who are possessed of whole cohorts of bondmen; his slaves, his lands, rapidly pass, in consequence of his debts, into the hands of the more opulent. The large plantations are constantly swallowing up the smaller ones; and land and slaves soon come to be engrossed by a few. Before Cesar passed the Rubicon, this condition

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existed in its extreme in the Roman State. The ARISTOCRACY owned the soil and its cultivators. A free laborer was hardly known. The large proprietors of slaves not only tilled their immense plantations, but also indulged their avarice in training their slaves to every species of labor, and letting them out, as horses from a livery stable, for the performance of every conceivable species of work. Four or five hundred slaves were not an uncommon number in one family; fifteen or twenty thousand sometimes belonged to one master. The wealth of Crassus was immense, and consisted chiefly in lands and slaves; on the number of his slaves we hardly dare hazard a conjecture. Of joiners and masons he had over five hundred. Nor was this the whole evil. The nobles, having impoverished their lands, became usurers, and had their agents dispersed over all the provinces. The censor Cato closed his career by recommending usury, as more productive than agriculture by slave labor; and such was the prodigality of the Roman planters, that, to indulge their fondness for luxury, many of them also mortgaged their estates to the money-lenders. Thus the lands of Italy, at best in the hands of a few proprietors, became virtually vested in the hands of a still smaller number of usurers. No man's house, no man's person, was secure. *Nulli est certa domus, nullum sine pignore corpus.* Hence corruption readily found its way into the Senate; the votes of that body, not less than the votes of the poorer citizens, were a merchantable commodity. *Venalis Curia patrum.* The wisdom and the decrees of the Senate were for sale to the highest bidder.

Thus there was in all Italy no yeomanry, no free labor; no free manufacturing class; and thus the wealth of the great landed proprietors was wholly unbalanced. The large plantations, cultivated by slave labor, had already ruined Italy. *Verum confitentibus, latifundia Italiam perdiderunt.*

The FREE CITIZENS, who still elected tribunes and consuls, and were still sometimes convened in a sort of town-meeting, were poor and abject. But the right of suffrage ensured them a maintenance. The petty offices in the Commonwealth were filled from their number, and such as retained some capacity for business found many a lucrative job, in return for their influence and their votes. The custom houses, the provinces, the internal police, offered inviting situations to moderate ambition. The rest clamored for bread from the pub-

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lic treasury, for tickets for the theatre at the national expense, for gladiatorial shows, where men were butchered at the cost of the office-seeking aristocracy, for the amusement of the majority. But there existed no free manufacturing establishments, no free farmers, no free laborers, no free mechanics. The State possessed some of the forms of a democracy; but the life-giving principle of a democracy, prosperous free labor, was wanting.

The third class was the class of SLAVES. It was three times as numerous as both the others; though, as we have already observed, the whole body belonged almost exclusively to the few very wealthy. Their numbers excited constant apprehension; but care was taken not to distinguish them by a peculiar dress. Their ranks were recruited in various ways. The captives in war were sold at auction. The good Cicero, in the little wars in which he was commander, sold men enough to produce at half price about half a million dollars. When it was told in Rome, that Cesar had invaded Britain, the people, in the true spirit of robbers, could not but ask one another, what plunder he could hope to find there. 'There is not a scruple of silver,' said they, 'in the whole island;' *neque argenti scrupulum in illa insula.* 'Yes,' it was truly answered, 'but he will bring slaves.'

The second mode of supplying the slave market was by commerce; and this supply was so uniform and abundant, that the price of an ordinary laborer hardly varied very much for centuries. The reason is obvious. The slave merchant gets his cargoes from kidnappers, and the first cost, therefore, is inconsiderable. The great centres of this traffic were in the harbors bordering on the Euxine; and Scythians were often stolen. Caravans penetrated the deserts of Africa; and made regular hunts for slaves. Blacks were in high value; they were somewhat rare, and therefore both male and female negroes were favorite articles of luxury among the opulent Romans. At one period, Delos was most remarkable as the emporium for slavers. It had its harbors, chains, prisons, every thing so amply arranged to favor a brisk traffic, that ten thousand slaves could change hands and be shipped in a single day; an operation, which would have required thirty-three or thirty-four ships of the size of the vessel in which Paul was wrecked. There was hardly a port in the Roman empire, convenient for kidnapping foreigners, in which the

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slave-trade was not prosecuted. In most heathen countries, also, men would sell their own children into bondage. The English continued to do so, even after the introduction of Christianity. In modern times, when men incur debts, it has been common for them to mortgage their own bodies; the ancients mortgaged their children. Kidnapping, and the sale of one's offspring were so common, as to furnish interesting incidents to the writers of novels.

Besides these sources, the offspring of every female slave was also a slave. The father of a natural child, by his bondwoman, was thus the master of his own offspring.

The legal condition of the slaves was extremely abject. No protection was afforded his limb or his life, against the avarice or rage of a master. Nay, worse; the female had no defence for her virtue and her honor. Instances have occurred, where the young female convert to Christianity was punished by being exposed to public and legalized insults, the most odious to female purity. A remnant of the abuse forms the plot of Shakspeare's play of Pericles.

No marriages could take place among slaves; they had no property; they could make no valid compact; they could hardly give testimony, except on the rack. The ties of affection and blood were disregarded. In the eye of the law a slave was nobody.

The manner in which the laborers on the great plantations were treated, resembled the modern state-prison discipline. They were sent out by day to labor in chains, and at night were locked up in prisons. The refractory were confined in subterranean dungeons. Old slaves were sold off, like old cattle from a farm. The sick were often exposed and left to die.

To enforce industry, the hand, the lash, and the rod, were the readiest instruments. The tire-women of a lady of fashion were slaves; and suffered dreadfully for every unbecoming curl. Or domestic slaves were sent to various workshops, established on purpose to tame the refractory. Sometimes a fork, something like the yoke on a goose, was put round their necks; they were placed in the stocks; they were chained. Every expedient, that human cruelty could devise, was employed to ensure the industry and docility of the wretched slave. The runaway, if retaken, was branded, or crucified; or punished by the loss of a leg; or compelled to fight wild

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beasts; or sold for a gladiator. The slave was valued only as property, and it was a question for ingenious disputation, whether, in order to lighten a vessel in a storm at sea, a good horse or a worthless slave should be thrown overboard.

If we examine the avocations of slaves, we shall find, that they occupied every conceivable station, from the delegate superintending and enjoying the rich man's villa, to the meanest office of menial labor, or obsequious vice; from the foster-mother of the rich man's child, to the lowest condition of degradation, to which woman can be reduced. The public slaves handled the oar in the galleys, or labored on the public works. Some were lictors; some were jailors. Executioners were slaves; slaves were watchmen, watermen, and scavengers. Slaves regulated the rich palace in the city; and slaves performed all the drudgery of the farm. Nor was it unusual to teach slaves the arts. Virgil made one of his a poet; and Horace himself was the son of an emancipated slave. The Merry Andrew was a slave. The physician, the surgeon, were often slaves. So too the preceptor and the pedagogue; the reader and the stage player; the clerk and the amanuensis; the buffoon and the mummer; the architect and the smith; the weaver and the shoemaker; the undertaker and the bearer of the bier; the pantomime and the singer; the rope-dancer and the wrestler, all were bondmen. The *armiger* or squire was a slave. You cannot name an occupation, connected with agriculture, manufacturing industry, or public amusements, but it was the patrimony of slaves. Slaves engaged in commerce; slaves were wholesale merchants; slaves were retailers; slaves shaved notes; and the managers of banks were slaves.

Educated slaves exercised their profession for the emolument of their masters. Of course the value of slaves varied with their health, their beauty, or their accomplishments. The common laborer was worth from seventy-five to one hundred dollars, the usual price of a negro in the West Indies, when the slave-trade was in vogue. A good cook was worth almost any price. An accomplished play actor could not be valued at less than $8000. A good fool was cheap, at less than $800. Beauty was a fancy article, and its price varied. Mark Antony gave $8000 for a pair of beautiful youths. And much higher prices have been paid. About as much was paid for an illustrious grammarian. A handsome actress was worth far more; her annual salary might sometimes be

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$13,000. The law valued a physician at $240. Lucullus, having once obtained an immense number of prisoners of war, sold them for sixty-five cents a head; probably the lowest price for which a lot of able-bodied men was ever offered.

Such was the character of the Italian population, over which a government was to be instituted, at the time when Cesar appeared with his army on the borders of the Rubicon. In the contest which followed, it was the object of Pompey to plunder, to devastate, and to revenge. 'Should Pompey be successful, not one single tile will be safe in an Italian roof;' says Cicero. And again, 'I know right well,' says the same writer, 'he desires a government like that of Sylla.' There did not exist any armed party in favor of a democratic republic. The spirit of the democracy was gone: and its shade only moved, with powerless steps, through the forum and the temples, which had once been the scenes of its glory.

It was in the service of his country, that Cesar carried his eagles beyond the Rubicon. The Genius of Humanity stood by the stream, and commanded her avengers to advance. The republican poet, who represents Rome appearing to the conqueror in a vision,

'Turrigero canos effundens vertice crines,'

and demanding of Cesar the occasion of his appearance in arms on her borders, with equal propriety describes him as replying,

'Roma, fave cœptis! Non te furialibus armis
Persequor; en adsum,
ubique tuus.'

In seasons of violence, despotism is the child of anarchy. Men rush to any strong arm for protection. Such despotism, like that of Cromwell or of Napoleon, is transitory. Permanent despotism can grow only out of fixed relations of society. Julius Cesar was a great statesman, not less than a great soldier. His ambition was in every thing gratified; the noise of his triumphs had filled the shores of England, the swamps of Belgium, and the forests of Germany. Any distinction in the Roman State was within his reach. He was childless; and therefore his ambition hardly seemed to require a subversion of the Roman Commonwealth. And yet, with all this, he deliberately perceived that the continuance of popular liberty was impossible, in the actual condition of the Roman State;

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that a wasting, corrupt, and most oppressive aristocracy was preparing to assume the dominion of the world; that this aristocracy threatened ruin to the provinces, perpetual cruelty to the slaves, and hereditary, intolerant contempt to the people. Democracy had expired; and the worst form of aristocracy, like that of the Venetian nobles of a later day, could be prevented only by a monarchy. Julius Cesar coolly resolved on the establishment of a monarchy. This was the third great revolution prepared by slavery.

Slavery having impoverished, but not wholly corrupted the free citizens, Gracchus had endeavored to restore the democracy by creating an independent yeomanry, and had failed from the opposition of the nobles. The nobles, perceiving the increase of the evils, the great degradation of the electors, and the multiplication of slaves, and being firmly resolved on maintaining the system of slave labor, endeavored to effect a revolution, by substituting a strong aristocracy for the democracy. The plan failed, owing to the strength of the democratic forms, which had survived the democratic spirit. Cesar came, and finding the evil excessive, could devise no cure; but he clearly saw, that a monarchical form of government was the only one which would endure in Rome. Had Cesar possessed the virtues of Washington, the democracy of Jefferson, the legislative genius of Madison, he could not have changed the course of events. The condition of the Roman population demanded monarchy.

Despotism, in the regular order of Divine Providence, is the punishment of a nation for the institution of slavery, and is the consolation or the cure of hereditary bondage. The slave wears his chains with composure, when he sees his owner also in chains. The laborer felt less humiliation, when he beheld his master cringing at the feet of a master. The despot has no interest to invent charges of treason against any but the very rich; the peaceful poor man, the humble slave, has nothing to fear from his rapacity. When, at a later day in Roman history, a tyrant emperor made his horse his consul, the slave could glory in the humiliation of his owners; the people could laugh at the degradation of their oppressors; and the appointment, after all, was probably a popular one. 'That the condition of a slave is better under an arbitrary, than under a free government, is supported by the history of all ages and nations.' It is common to say, that the democracy

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introduces despotism, and a strong executive. It is true, that despotism is brought in by the majority ; it is true, that when great inequalities of fortune exist, it is the clear and well-understood interest of the rich to prevent a despotism. But it is false, that despotism is the child of democracy. Despotism cannot take place, until the spirit of democracy is extinct. When, by the progressive increase of inequalities in the condition of men, society is so changed into the few immensely rich and the many indigent and poor; when the people can, from their humble condition and the operation of the laws of property, no longer exercise a regular influence on government; when they are bowed under the yoke of an oppressive aristocracy of a few wealthy families, then the people cure the evil which grew out of the inequality of fortunes, by pushing that inequality to the extreme ; and, in order to put down an insolent and oppressive aristocracy, they, by a spasmodic effort, create, or, obeying the natural course of events, submit to a despotism. Thus it is the aristocracy which creates the unjust inequalities, for which despotism is the remedy. The usurpations of a strong government, with the assent of the people, imply previous usurpations in the aristocracy. Witness the despotism of Denmark, established by the people for their protection against the nobility. Witness the policy of Louis XIV., and his predecessor; witness Henry VII. and Henry VIII., in England, absolute monarchs, tolerated in their extravagant usurpations, that so the power of the great landed aristocracy might be restrained, and the authority of the church subjected. Witness the present constitution of the Russian empire, brought about, in like manner, by the act of the nation, to restrain the ambition of the nobles.

There remained no mode of establishing a fixed government in Rome, but by vesting all power in the hands of one man. In Italy, no opposition whatever was made to Cesar, on the part of the people or of the slaves. The only opposition proceeded from the aristocracy, and they could offer resistance only in the remoter subjected districts, with the aid of hireling troops, sustained by the revenues of the provinces, which were still under the control of the Senate. The people conferred on Cesar all the power, which he could desire; he was created dictator for a year, that he might subdue his enemies, and consul for five years, that he might confirm his authority. The inviolability of his person was secured by his election as tribune for life.

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What would have been the policy of Julius Cesar, had he remained in power, cannot be safely conjectured. To say that he had no plan is absurd; every step in his progress was marked by consistency. The establishment of monarchy was already an alternative to slavery. Cesar did more. He issued an ordinance, not indeed of immediate abolition, but commanding that one third part of the labor of Italy should be performed by free hands. The command was rendered inoperative by the assassination of Cesar, the greatest misfortune that could have happened to Rome. For who were his murderers? Not the people; not the insurgent bondmen; but a portion of the aristocracy, to whom the greatest happiness of the greatest number was a matter of supreme indifference.

The great majority of the conspirators have never found a eulogist. Every ancient writer speaks of them with reprobation and contempt. Cassius, one of the chief leaders, was notoriously selfish, violent, and disgracefully covetous, not to say dishonest. He is universally represented as envying injustice rather than abhorring it, and his conduct has ever been ascribed to personal malevolence, and not to patriotism. But Brutus!—History never manufactured him into a hero, till he had made himself an assassin. Of a headstrong, unbridled disposition, he never displayed coolness of judgment in any part of his career. It was his misfortune to have been the son of an abandoned woman, and to have been bred in a home, which adultery and wantonness had defiled. The vices of early indulgence may be palliated by his youth and the licentiousness of his time; but Brutus, while yet young, was notorious as a merciless and exorbitant usurer, at the rate of four per cent. a month, or forty-eight per cent. a year. When his debtors grew unable to pay, he obtained for his agent an appointment to a military post, and extorted his claims by martial law. The town of Salamis, in the isle of Cyprus, owed him money on the terms we have mentioned. He caused the members of its bankrupt municipal government to be confined in their town-hall, in the hope that hunger would quicken their financial skill; and some of them were starved to death. Such was Brutus at that ingenuous period of life, when benevolence is usually most active. Brutus hated Pompey, yet after deliberating, he joined the party of that leader, and remained true to it, so long as it seemed to be the strongest; but no

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sooner was the battle of Pharsalia won, than Brutus gave in his adhesion to Cesar, and to confer a value on his conversion, he betrayed the confidence of the fugitive, whose cause he had abandoned! In the plot against Cesar, Brutus was the dupe of more sagacious men. The admirer transfers his own enthusiasm for liberty to those who claimed to be the champions of the republic; and reverences the crime of inconsiderate passion, as the exercise of righteous vengeance.

Cesar had received the Senate sitting; this insult required immediate vengeance. They murdered Cesar, not from public spirit, but from mortified vanity and angry discontent. The people, who had been pleased with the humiliation of their oppressors, were indignant at the assassination, and the assassins themselves had no ulterior plan.

Slavery had poisoned the Roman State to the marrow; and though the conspirators had no fixed line of policy, yet the condition of the population of Italy led immediately to monarchy. The young Octavian owed his elevation, not to his talents, but to the state of the times. Nothing but monarchy was tolerable. The evils that followed servitude made Augustus emperor.

Thus slavery, by impoverishing the majority of the citizens, rendered the reform of Gracchus necessary to the preservation of the democracy, and at the same time rendered that reform impossible. In a word, slavery subverted the Roman democracy. The same cause, corrupting the citizens, occasioned the attempt of Sylla, which Pompey would have renewed, to found an aristocratic government, where there already existed an aristocratic class; a result, which the combined interests of the slaves and the people defeated. Slavery was the moving cause of the third revolution; and monarchy was established by the common consent of the people, and to the sure benefit of the slave. In the emperor the slave would have a friend.

Slavery prepared one more revolution, before it expired. It introduced Oriental despotism into Europe; not by force of arms, but by the sure results of causes, that were perpetually in action.

Slavery impoverished the soil of Italy. The careless culture wore out even the rich fields of Campania. Large districts were left waste; other large tracts were turned into pastures; and grazing was substituted for tillage. The average crops of Italy hardly ever returned fourfold increase. *Nam frumenta majore quidem parte Italiae, quando cum quarto res-*

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ponderint, vix meminisse possumus. It is the confession of the eulogist and the teacher of agriculture. Italy was naturally a very fertile country; but slave labor could hardly wring from it a return one half, or even one third so great, as free labor gets from the hills and vales of New England. This impoverishment of the soil impoverished the spirit of its inhabitants. The owners of slaves, disdaining the use of the sickle and the plough, crept within the walls of Rome, abandoning the cares of agriculture to the vilest of their bondmen.

Slavery prepared the way for Oriental despotism by encouraging luxury. The genius of the Romans was inventive; but it was only to devise new pleasures of the senses. The retinue of servants was unexampled; and the caprices, to which men and women were subjected, were innumerable. The Roman writers are so full of it, that it is unnecessary to draw the picture, which would indeed represent humanity degraded by the subserviency of slaves, and by the artificial desires and vices of their masters. This detestable excess extended through the whole upper class. Women ceased to blush for vices which, in other times, render men infamous. *Beneficium sexus sui vitiis perdiderunt, et quia foeminam exuerunt, damnatae sunt morbis virilibus.* At Rome, the gout was a common disease in the circles of female dissoluteness and fashion. The rage of luxury extended also, in some sort, to the people. For them, tens of thousands of gladiators were sacrificed without concern; for them the enslaved Jews raised the gigantic walls of the Coliseum, the most splendid monument of human infamy; for them actual navies engaged in actual contests; and the sailors, as they prepared for battle, received only an AVETE, on their way to death.

In like manner, the effect of slavery became visible on public morals. Among the slaves there was no such thing as the sanctity of marriage; dissoluteness was almost as general as the class. The slave was ready to assist in the corruption of his master's family. The virtues of self-denial were unknown. But the picture of Roman immorality is too gross to be exhibited. Its excess can be estimated from the extravagance of its remedy. When the Christian religion made its way through the oppressed classes of society, and gained strength by acquiring the affections of the miserable, whose woes it solaced, the abandoned manners of the cities could be forcibly reproved, only by the voice of fanaticism. When domestic life had almost

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ceased to exist, the universal lewdness could be checked only, by the most exaggerated eulogies of absolute chastity. Convents and nunneries grew up, when more than half the world were excluded from the rites of marriage, and condemned by the laws of the empire to promiscuous indulgence. Vows of virginity were the testimony, which religion bore against the enormities of the times. Spotless purity could alone put to blush the shamelessness of artificial excess. As in raging diseases, the most violent and unnatural remedies need to be applied for a season, so the transports of enthusiasm and the revolution of fanaticism sometimes appear necessary, to stay the infection of a moral pestilence. Thus riot produced asceticism; and monks, and monkish eloquence, and monastic vows grew out of the general depravity of manners. The remedy was demanded, since public vice was threatening the Southern world with depopulation.

The gradual decay of the class of ingenuous freemen had ever been a conspicuous result of slavery. The corruptions of licentiousness spared neither sex of the Roman people; and the consequence was so certain, that emancipation alone could supply the void. Nor was it long before the majority of the cohorts, of the priesthood, of the tribes, of the people, nay of the Senate itself, came to consist of emancipated slaves. But the sons of slaves could have no capacity for defending freedom; and despotism was at hand when, besides the sovereign, there were few who were not bondmen or the children of bondmen. Freedom, to exist securely, must be locked fast in hereditary affections, and confirmed as a mortmain inheritance from long generations.

The government of Rome was sufficiently degraded, when the makers of an emperor, stumbling upon Claudius, the wisest fool of the times, proclaimed him the master of the Roman empire. Slavery now enjoyed its triumph, for a slave became prime minister. *Io Saturnalia*, shouted the cohorts, as Narcissus attempted to address them. But the consummation of evil had not arrived. The husband of Messalina had, naturally enough, taken up a prejudice against matrimony; but the governors of the weak emperor, who managed him as absolutely as Buckingham managed James I., insisted upon his marrying Agrippina. He did so; and Agrippina, assisted by freedmen and slaves, disinherited his son, murdered her husband, and placed Nero on the throne. Slaves gave Nero the purple.

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The accession of Nero is the epoch of the virtual establishment of the fourth revolution. The forms of ancient Rome still continued, but Nero was the incarnation of tyranny; the triumph of human depravity; the very name by which men are accustomed to express the fury of unrestrained malignity. Bad as he was, Nero was not worse than Rome. Rome had no right to complain; Rome had but her due. Nay, when he died, the rabble and the slaves crowned his statues with garlands, and scattered flowers over his grave. And why should they not? Nero never injured the rabble, never oppressed the slave. He murdered his mother; his brother; his wife. But Nero was only the tyrant of the wealthy; the terror of the successful. He rendered poverty sweet, for poverty alone was secure; he rendered slavery tolerable, for slaves alone, or slavish men, were promoted to power. In honoring his tomb, they honored their avenger. The reign of Nero was the golden reign of the populace, and the holiday of the bondman. The death of Gracchus was now avenged on the descendants of his murderers. The streams in Heaven, it is truly said, run up hill; and slavery, in producing its perfect results, had brought the heaviest curse on the heads of its supporters.

Despotism now became the government of the Roman empire. Yet there was such a vitality in the forms of liberty, that they were still in some degree preserved. Two centuries passed away, before the last vestiges of republican simplicity disappeared; two centuries elapsed, before the Eastern diadem could be introduced with the slavish customs of the East. Up to the reign of Diocletian, a diadem had never been endured in Europe. Hardly had this emblem of servility become tolerated, when language also began to be corrupted; and, within the course of another century, the austere purity of the Greek and Roman tongues, the languages of Demosthenes and of Gracchus, became for the first time familiarized to the forms of Oriental adulation. Your imperial Highness, your Grace, your Excellency, your Immensity, your Honor, your Majesty, then first became current in the European world; men grew ashamed of a plain name; and one person could not address another without following the custom of the Syrians, and calling him Rabbi, Master.

It is a calumny to charge the devastation of Italy upon the barbarians. We say again, the large Roman plantations, tilled

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by slave labor, were the ruin of Italy. *Verum confitentibus, latifundia Italiam perdidere.* From the days of Gracchus, morals, courage, force of character, and agriculture had been declining. The productiveness of the country was constantly diminishing; Italy for centuries had not produced corn enough to meet the wants of its inhabitants. Rome was chiefly supplied from Sicily and Africa, and the largest number of its inhabitants had for centuries been fed from the public magazines.

The Barbarians did not ruin Italy. The Romans themselves ruined it. Slavery had made it a waste and depopulated land, before a Scythian or a Scandinavian had crossed the Alps.

When Alaric led the Goths into Italy, even after the conquest of Rome, he saw, that he could not sustain his army in the beautiful but desert territory, unless he could also conquer Sicily and Africa, whence alone daily bread could be obtained. His successor was, therefore, easily persuaded to abandon the unproductive region, and invade the happier France.

Attila had no other object, than a roving pilgrimage after plunder; and as his cupidity was little excited, and the climate was ungenial, the wild, unlettered Calmuck was easily overawed by the Roman priesthood, and diverted from the indigent Italy to the more prosperous North. Rome still remained an object for plunderers, but none of the barbarians were tempted to make Italy the seat of empire, or Rome a metropolis. Slavery had destroyed the democracy, had destroyed the aristocracy, had destroyed the empire; and now at last it left the traces of its ruinous power deeply furrowed on the face of nature herself.

ART. VII.—*Coleridge's Poems.*

The Poetical Works of S. T. COLERIDGE. *Complete in one Volume.* Philadelphia. 1831.

PROBABLY no writings of the present day have been more variously estimated, than those of Coleridge. They have been ridiculed by some, and cherished with the warmest admiration by others. But, whether good or bad, they should be looked upon with peculiar interest, coming as they do from the pen of one, who has long been distinguished in many of the highest branches of literature.

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It is our purpose, at this time, to confine ourselves to his poetry. We believe that, in this sphere, he is not yet justly estimated; for, while some have been extravagant in their applause, others have poured upon him the most unmerited abuse. Against the criticisms of Coleridge's detractors, we confidently refer our readers to the works themselves. They prove their own beauty and power, far more eloquently than we could do. The indescribable impress of genius is stamped on all he has written. At all times there is a melody in his language, and an ethereality in his aspirations, which throw a spell upon the mind, and win it to admiration. His works are full of ideal and moral beauty; of pure, deep, and elevating sentiment; now conveyed to us by the soft and silvery music of sweet song, and now swelling in organ-peals from his more elaborate and lofty productions.

One of the first distinguishing traits of Coleridge, is his versatility. True, there is one mind visible through all, yet few have written so much with so little sameness. There is the Hymn to Mont Blanc, with its unrivalled grandeur, and Genevieve with its ravishing beauty, the energetic wildness of the Ancient Mariner, and the supernatural witchery of Christabel, all distinct in their character, yet all perfect in their kind. The style is always in exact accordance with the subject, and the subject is ever varied. Now we gaze upon the aërial forms of spirits, now are bewildered by magnificent scenery, and now look quietly upon his little child. Now his thoughts are conveyed in the simplest form, and now in the antique stateliness of the olden time.

His next distinguishing attribute is his inimitable mastery of language, his exquisite and liquid melody of diction. We know of no writer, since the age of Elizabeth, who owes so much to this single element of power. He stands here absolutely alone. While we read, we seem to be accompanied by a quiet and dreamy music. We might quote passages of exceeding sweetness from almost every page, to show how nearly akin to music mere words may be made to flow. Whatever he touches, seems to breathe forth with the same magical power. We might recommend, then, the study of Coleridge to all who would know the true value of language, and the perfect mellowness of versification, with which a gifted mind may pour forth its conceptions.

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Another marked feature of his poetry is condensation. He always implies more than he expresses. His writings throughout have a sinewy strength of expression. He gathers up vast treasures of thought, and melts them all down to a single line. With one tone he electrifies the soul. His sentences are pictures. His very words live and breathe, and send forth, now low murmurs of joy, and now the piercing wail of grief. He never dwells long on one thought. He strikes the key-note, and leaves the echo of its melody to swell on in the mind of the reader. Thus, through the whole flow of his poetry, there is a deep under-current of thought. And while the careless reader may amuse himself with the rainbow-painted bubbles that float upon the surface, the reflecting mind will behold bright and beautiful conceptions, flashing upward from below. He will feel as the mariner would feel, if the waters of the unfathomable ocean should become transparent like pure ether, and he could gaze down upon its groves of coral, and its amber-fretted caves.

Still another attribute of Coleridge, and not the least distinguishing, is his originality. Here, if we mistake not, is one reason, why his works have not been more appreciated. Originality is like new coin; people hardly know its real worth. It bears not the usual image and superscription; and though the metal may be of triple value, they hesitate to receive it. Thus the very thing, which should gain a crown for its possessor, too often hangs like a millstone about his neck. Coleridge has gone into the secret chambers of his own mind, both for his style, and for his thoughts. He is an enthusiastic admirer of his friend Wordsworth, yet he feels the fallacy of much of his poetic theory, and has not followed its principles.* He has also no small portion of the German spirit, yet nothing that looks like plagiarism, or even imitation. He was first led to embody his poetical feelings, by a volume of Bowles's sonnets, given him by a schoolfellow,† when he was a boy of seventeen. These sonnets he studied with intense interest, and transcribed them upwards of forty times within eighteen

* This subject may be found ably treated in Chapter XVII. of Coleridge's Biographia Literaria;—where will be found a perfect analysis of Wordsworth's poetry, and a proof that he has risen above his own theory.

† This schoolfellow was Dr. Middleton, afterwards Bishop of Calcutta.

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months, that he might present them to his friends. Yet where, in the mysterious twilight shade that hangs around his productions, can we find aught that in the least resembles even his most favorite author? We know, in fact, of no living writer, who possesses so much originality.

Other striking characteristics of Coleridge, are his picturesqueness, his graphic delineation, his distinct and vivid description. They may not be found in equal degree in all his poetry, but still they give a freshness and life to all his productions. While we read, real scenes are made visible to us. We see distinct and definite pictures, without any effort of the mind, and they stand out like a present reality. We can actually look upon the dark rocks, and see the yellow leaves of the ash quivering in the wind, or into the distant and quiet valley, where the silver stream flows silently along, over its soft bed of verdure. We might give interesting extracts from almost all his writings;—but, as many of them may be quite familiar, we will only present a few from one of his Tragedies.

'You cannot err, it is a small green dell,
Built all around with high off-sloping hills;
And from its shape our peasants aptly call it
The Giant's Cradle. There's a lake in the midst,
And round its banks tall wood, that branches over,
And makes a kind of fairy forest grow
Down in the water. At the further end,
A puny cataract falls on the lake;
And there, a curious sight! you see its shadow,
Forever curling like a wreath of smoke
Up through the foliage of those fairy trees:
His cot stands opposite. You cannot miss it.'

Could Salvator have pictured this more distinctly?—Then mark the following:

''Tis a poor Idiot Boy,
Who sits in the sun, and twirls a bough about,
His weak eyes seethed in most unmeaning tears,
And so he sits, swaying his cone-like head
And staring at his bough, from morn to sunset;
See-saws his voice in inarticulate noises!'

Listen to Lord Valdez, while he speaks of his son.

'My Alvar loved sad music from a child.
Once he was lost; and, after weary search,

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We found him at an open place in the wood,
To which spot he had followed a blind boy,
Who breathed into a pipe of sycamore
Some strangely moving notes: and these, he said,
Were taught him in a dream. Him we first saw,
Stretched on the broad top of a sunny heath-bank;
And lower down poor Alvar, fast asleep,
His head upon the blind boy's dog. It pleased me,
To mark how he had fastened round the pipe
A silver toy, his grandam had late given him.
Methinks I see him now as he then looked,—
Even so!—He had outgrown his infant dress,
Yet still he wore it.'

Yet his pictures are never *mere* pictures. He does not so much notice the outward form, as the in-dwelling life. His most graphic descriptions, though clear and distinct, have no external glitter. There is no hard crystallization of fancy, encrusting them over. All is natural and mellow;—all has life and feeling. With a true Promethean spirit, he gives a living soul to inanimate things, and makes external objects the types and emblems of inward gifts and emotions.

In these preliminary remarks, we cannot but allude to the habitual spirit of love that pervades his writings. The words, which he has put into the mouth of his Ancient Mariner, beautifully express the feeling which he ever delights to cherish;

'He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things, both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.'

Thus his whole heart is filled with universal benevolence. The vast creation is to him crowded with beauty, and life. He feels a sympathy, while he listens to the whispering leaves, or the glad murmur of the distant brook as it leaps onward to the ocean. He loves the very clouds, as they wander away through the blue ether, and looks with tenderness upon the delicate wild flowers that smile at his feet. He is familiar with the sweet songs of Nature, and is soothed by them into a quiet and holy joy, while, in the accents of affection, he exclaims;

'Methinks it should have been impossible
Not to love all things, in a world so filled;

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Where the breeze warbles, and the mute still air
Is Music, slumbering on her instrument.

Thus he tempers his mind, and baptizes it at the sacred well-springs of affection. But his love for Nature does not absorb his love for his fellow-beings. He does not gather from her bitterness of spleen, or pampered refinement, or frozen misanthrophy. His feelings are ennobled and enlarged. The love, that has entered so deeply into his bosom beneath the broad sky, has given him a keener sympathy for his own kindred. It has thrown a rich hue over all his writings, and enabled him to breathe out with peculiar sweetness 'the low, sad music of humanity.'

Again, (and it should never be forgotten,) his writings exhibit throughout a deep religious spirit. His heart has been kindled by fire from the heavenly altar. He feels that Christian faith is the perfection of human reason, and that without it the fountains of the heart would be sealed, and its hopes forever blighted. This is in fact the root of all his greatness; Christian love, and Christian benevolence;—and it is the only atmosphere in which true poetry can exist.* Without it, Nature is empty, and her beauty is dust. We believe that none can be so susceptible of poetic feeling as he, who has gathered inspiration from the Book of Life, and dwells perpetually with a sense of the Divine Presence. *He* needs not to wander amid a forest of spices, where sweet citron and golden furze distil incense. Place him on desert sands, amid barrenness and desolation,—give him but one parched shrub, and even *that* to him will be eloquent of God. It will carry his thoughts into the Eternal World, and soothe his spiritual nature into devout contemplation. We trust that this truth will, at no distant day, be more widely felt. It is the essence of all that is great and good in the natural, as well as

* Religion is the Poetry and Philosophy of all mankind: it unites in itself whatever is most excellent in either, and while it at one and the same time calls into action and supplies with the noblest materials both the imagination and the intellective faculties, superadds the interests of the most substantial and home-felt reality to both, to the poetic vision and the philosophic idea.—*Coleridge's Second Lay Sermon.*

I can truly affirm of myself, that my studies have been profitable and availing to me, only so far as I have endeavored to use all my other knowledge as a glass, enabling me to receive more light in a wider field of vision from the Word of God.

Coleridge's Appendix to the Statesman's Manual.

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in the spiritual world. The man must become as the little child. He must feel his dependence upon God, and then, and not till then, will he feel the exceeding glory that shines out from the works of Creation.* And thus it is with Coleridge; and thus it is, in the eloquent language of Sir Philip Sidney,—'he showeth himself a passionate lover of that unspeakable and everlasting beauty, to be seen by the eyes of the mind, only cleared by faith.' To him, every creature and thing bears the impress of the Great Maker,—and therefore awakens awe and reverence in his mind. He never forgets that the same Power, who kindles with fire the stars of heaven, gives life and instinct to the most diminutive reptile that crawls in the dust. He sees Infinity mirrored in the drop of dew, as visibly as in the waters of the ocean. The leaf, that quivers in the sun-light, is to him a problem, of which God Omnipresent is the only solution. He feels that it is linked to the universe, holding living connexion with the earth, the air, and the dew, and the distant sun; and in each of these he beholds the mysterious design and benevolence of Divine Majesty; and his thoughts stretch on, as it were, star by star, till he is overwhelmed by the thought of that Being, the least of whose attributes his finite mind is inadequate to compass. Thus his soul is made to burn with the ardor of devotion, which glows through, and sanctifies all he has written; and thus does he breathe into his poetry such emotions, as will ever tend to exalt the reflecting reader in the scale of intellectual and religious being.

The first portion of the works before us, entitled 'Juvenile Poems,' was published in 1794. They do not show in so high a degree that richness of versification, powerful thought, and vivid picturing, which distinguish his subsequent writing. Yet they evidently contain the elements of the same poetic power. They are peculiarly valuable, as a standard, to show the progressive development of his faculties. They prove, that his mind was strengthened and elevated by continued study and reflection. The first edition had a profusion of double epithets, which Coleridge afterwards speaks of, and

* 'To carry on the feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood, to combine the child's sense of wonder and novelty with the appearances which every day for perhaps forty years has rendered familiar, this is the character and privilege of genius, and one of the marks which distinguish genius from talents.'—*Coleridge's Friend*, p. 90.

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adds, 'I have pruned them with no sparing hand, and used my best efforts to tame the swell and glitter both of thought and diction. This latter fault, however, had insinuated itself into my 'Religious Musings' with such intricacy of union, that sometimes I have omitted to disentangle the weed, from the fear of snapping the flower.'

How touching is the following scene, in the Monody on the death of Chatterton, where the poor frenzied bard is reminded of the joys of home!

> 'When near thee stood Affection meek,
> (Her bosom bare, and wildly pale her cheek,)
> Thy sullen gaze she bade thee roll
> On scenes that well might melt thy soul.
> Thy native cot she flashed upon thy view,—
> Thy native cot, where still, at close of day,
> Peace smiling sate and listened to thy lay.'

There are some impassioned lines on the French Revolution, where he pours out his whole soul, at seeing

> 'Slumbering Freedom, roused with high disdain,
> With giant fury burst her triple chain.'

There is a sweet sonnet addressed to his favorite poet Bowles,

> 'Whose music soothes him, like the murmuring
> Of wild bees in the sunny showers of Spring.'

There is another to Schiller, where, after having his soul quickened and elevated, he wishes he might die,

> 'Lest in some after moment aught more mean
> Might stamp him mortal.'

There are some very beautiful lines to an infant, after having taken from it a knife. His inward eye settles at once on the extended circle of the child's life, and he feels that that one act is but a fragment of the whole. He then sees the little 'breathing miniature of man,' nestling in the bosom of its mother, and beholds in that act the first puttings forth of that faith, which may lead it to confide in the Most High. But the longest of the juvenile poems are the Religious Musings, and the Destiny of Nations, both of which have some youthful faults, but are remarkable productions. They were written during his minority, and show the immense grasp of his mind, even in his youth. It was at the time of the first French

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Revolution, when all the patriots of Europe were anxiously gazing for the rising of the sun of freedom. And lo! Atheism rode up in its place, like a rayless ball, through the heavens, shedding its pale and sickly hue over every living thing. This will explain that moaning for bloodshed, and that grief which almost borders on despair. He speaks of

> 'A mother and her child,—lifeless all,
> Yet lovely! not a lineament was marred,—
> Death had put on so slumberlike a form!
> It was a piteous sight; and one, a babe,
> The crisp milk frozen on its innocent lips,
> Lay on the woman's arm, its little hand
> Stretched on her bosom.'

He speaks too of one, who

> 'Brooded with moving lips, mute, startful, dark,
> Ghastly as broad-eyed slumber.'

And again he describes some,

> 'Who deem themselves most free,
> When they, within this gross and visible sphere,
> Chain down the winged thought, scoffing ascent,
> Proud in their meanness.'

And yet he feels that these things are not to be forever.

> 'These, even these, in mercy didst thou form
> Teachers of good through evil, by brief wrong
> Making truth lovely.'

But, besides these descriptions and general truths, he has shadowed forth even in these juvenile productions that deep and true philosophy, which all his riper works have but continued to unfold,—so that he seems even from his childhood to have been

> 'Treading beneath his feet all visible things,
> As steps, that upward to his Father's throne
> Lead gradual.'

Some years after this appeared the 'Sibylline Leaves,'—a work, which contains many of his very best pieces. It combines tenderness and pathos; simplicity of language, with sublimity of thought. It has delicious descriptions of nature, beautiful expressions of domestic affection, and grand and lofty views of Christian character. The poem, entitled

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'Fears in Solitude,' written in 1798, is full of beauty and power. Its imagery is distinct, its versification exquisite, its sentiment profound. It commences by taking us to the very valley where its writer stands, that we may partake of his sympathies, and be calmed like him by its holy quiet.

> 'A green and silent spot amid the hills,
> A small and silent dell! o'er stiller place,
> No sinking sky-lark ever poised himself.
> The hills are heathy, save that swelling slope,
> Which hath a gay and gorgeous covering on,
> All golden with the never-bloomless furze,
> Which now blooms most profusely; but the dell,
> Bathed by the mist, is fresh and delicate
> As vernal corn-field, or the unripe flax,
> When, through its half-transparent stalks, at eve,
> The level sunshine glimmers with green light.'

This poem was written during the alarm of an invasion, and its purpose is to show, that this invasion may be the just punishment of great national sins. It closes with the following beautiful apostrophe to the land of his fathers.

> 'Oh, native Britain! O my mother Isle!
> How shouldst thou prove aught else but dear and holy
> To me, who, from thy lakes and mountain-hills,
> Thy clouds, thy quiet dales, thy rocks, and seas,
> Have drunk in all my intellectual life,
> All sweet sensations, all ennobling thought,
> All adoration of the God in nature,
> All lovely and all honorable things,
> Whatever makes this mortal spirit feel
> The joy and greatness of its future being?—
> There lives nor form, nor feeling in my soul,
> Unborrowed from my country. O divine
> And beauteous Island! thou hast been my sole
> And most magnificent temple, in the which
> I walk with awe, and sing my stately songs,
> Loving the God that made me!'

The next poem in the 'Sibylline Leaves' is the famous war-eclogue, entitled 'Fire, Famine, and Slaughter.' This, for vigor and wildness, might rival the chants of the Furies of old. It is full of electric fire; and being of a political character, it caused, at the time it was published, in 1796, a great

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degree of excitement.* An unearthly mirth darts through it, and every thought springs out and fastens upon the mind with irresistible power.

After this follow a number of poems, under the name of 'Love Poems,' which are sprinkled with rich fancy and affectionate feeling; few of them can, however, be properly classed under that title.

In Coleridge's 'Love Poems,' there often seems to be something wanting. They have too little of the feelings common to humanity. They are too ideal. Human tenderness melt into spiritual admiration. True devotion fades into a kind of Platonic sympathy. The intense and passionate love, which breathes out in the simple language of nature, is too often lost in metaphysical abstractions. There are however striking exceptions to this; and the most remarkable one is his 'Genevieve.' This is, in truth, one of the most sweet and touching poems in our language. We should rejoice to trace out the beautiful arrangement and combination of this sweet ballad. It has not the voluptuous passion of Byron, or the intellectual calmness of Wordsworth; but a deep fervor, mingled with a softness of melancholy peculiarly his own. It is quiet, yet intense; simple, yet accurate in its metaphysical analysis; spiritual, yet warm with the glow of delicate feeling.

To these succeed the 'Meditative Poems,' any one of which might have established his fame. Here we can see that he not only looks *at* things, but *into* them. Here we behold in a marvellous degree his keen perception of the beautiful, and his supreme love for the good. Here, too, we feel that the seen and the present exist not more truly to his mind, than the ideal and the eternal. No portion of his writings displays the height and the depth of his genius, in a more striking light than this. These poems are well called 'Meditative;' for they not only show us the moral grandeur of the author's musings, but infuse into the mind of the reader a portion of the same spirit. He lifts us into higher and holier worlds, and gathers about us on every side scenes of touching and solemn beauty. And yet he changes not the outer world, so much as the mind. He gives our hearts a new sense. He changes the thoughts and feelings. He attempts not to decorate Nature, but to illuminate it by a light from within. He purifies the

* See the Apologetic Preface, p. 55.

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soul, till its vision becomes piercing, and its sympathies exalted and refined. He quickens it, till it embodies in itself the beauty of the visible creation, and vibrates to its universal harmony.

Let us take, for example, the first poem in this portion of the book;—the 'Hymn to Mont Blanc.'

As we read, this vast symbol of Infinity rises, as it were, visibly before us, lifting its bald summit up into the blue depths of heaven. As we gaze upon its sea of pines and frozen cataracts, we almost feel as if permitted to stand in the presence of Divine Majesty.

'O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Did'st vanish from my thought; entranced in prayer,
I worshipp'd the Invisible alone.
Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my Thought,
Yea, with my Life, and Life's own secret Joy;
Till the dilating Soul, enrapt, transfused
Into the mighty Vision passing,—there,
As in her natural form, swell'd vast to heaven.'

This is the essence of true poetry: the philosophic theory, poetic beauty, and religious sentiment mingled together. The feelings described are true to our nature; the unsatisfied mind is ever eager to grasp at something more than mere material form; it thirsts for that which is spiritual. It is not satisfied with visible magnitude; it must hold converse with invisible power, and in the fulness of its adoration, call upon the torrents and the ice-plains to worship God.

'Ye signs and wonders of the elements,
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise.
* * Tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.'

We stand in the vale of Chamouny, beside the rivers Arve and Arveiron, which have their sources where five torrents rush down the sides of Mont Blanc, within a few paces of the Glaciers. In solemn and awful stillness Nature reposes at the feet of Him, who moulded these immense palisadoes, and left them as types of his power.

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'Motionless torrents! Silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven,
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?
God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo,—God!
God! sing, ye meadow-streams with gladsome voice!
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sound!
And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder,—God!'

After this follow 'Lines written in the Hartz Forest,' and 'The Æolian Harp,' the latter of which is full of the most tender affection, and occasionally breaks out into strains of great power. He listens to the harp, till, entranced by the melody, he exclaims:

'And what if all of animated nature
Be but organic harps, diversely framed,
That tremble into thought, as o'er them sweeps
Plastic and vast, one intellectual breeze,
At once the Soul of each, and God of All?'

Here follow 'Reflections on leaving a Place of Retirement,' and 'Lines to the Rev. George Coleridge,' and that delightful 'Inscription for a Fountain on a Heath,' beginning,

'This sycamore, oft musical with bees.'

All,—all of which are exceedingly beautiful. Then succeeds a piece, headed 'The lime-tree bower my prison,' which has so many grand passages, that we cannot forbear giving one.

'Shine in the slant beams of the sinking sun,
Ye purple heath-flowers! richly burn, ye clouds!
Live in the yellow light, ye distant groves!
And kindle thou, blue ocean! So my friend,
Struck with deep joy, may stand, as I have stood
Silent with swimming sense; yea, gazing round
On the wide landscape, gaze till all doth seem
Less gross than bodily; and of such hues
As veil the Almighty Spirit, when yet he makes
Spirits perceive his presence.'

We find next, in a poem entitled 'The Nightingale,' a little tale of his babe, which no one can read without revering the poet and loving the man.

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'That strain again?
Full fain it would delay me! My dear babe,
Who, capable of no articulate sound,
Mars all things with its imitative lisp.
How he would place his hand beside his ear,
His little hand, the small forefinger up,
And bid us listen! And I deem it wise
To make him Nature's playmate. He knows well
The evening-star; and once, when he awoke
In most distressful mood (some inward pain
Had made up that strange thing, an infant's dream,)
I hurried with him to our orchard-plot,
And he beheld the Moon, and, hushed at once,
Suspends his sobs, and laughs most silently,
While his fair eyes, that swam with undropped tears,
Did glitter in the yellow moonbeam! Well!—
It is a father's tale: But if that Heaven
Should give me life, his childhood shall grow up
Familiar with these songs, that with the night
He may associate joy!'

There is besides a poem on 'Frost at Midnight,' every line of which is a gem. Here too, he introduces his child.

'For I was reared
In the great city, pent 'mid cloisters dim,
And saw nought lovely but the sky and stars.
But thou, my babe, shalt wander like a breeze
By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags
Of ancient mountain, and beneath the clouds,
Which image in their bulk both lakes and shores,
And mountain crags: so shalt thou see and hear
The lovely shapes, and sounds intelligible
Of that eternal language, which thy God
Utters, who from eternity doth teach
Himself in all, and all things in himself.
Great universal Teacher! he shall mould
Thy spirit, and by giving make it ask.'

The last portion of the 'Sibylline Leaves' is composed of Odes and Miscellaneous Poems, many of which are of remarkable beauty. There is the Ballad of the Three Graves, which makes the blood creep;—the Ode to Tranquillity, full of thought,—and Kubla Khan, with its heavenly music;—but there is still another, which surpasses them all,

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and in which the influence of Spirit over Matter is wonderfully displayed,—we allude to the 'Lines writen in Dejection.' No word can be erased without injury to the whole, and no other could be put in to supply the place.

There are, besides these, several other excellent pieces in this part of the 'Sibylline Leaves,' but we must proceed to the next poem, the '*Ancient Mariner.*' This is probably better known than any portion of Coleridge's works.

It was composed according to an agreement with Wordsworth, that they should each produce a specimen of a distinct style of poetry. Wordsworth was to take subjects from ordinary life, and strive to excite the sympathy of the reader by a faithful adherence to nature; while 'my endeavors,' says Coleridge, 'were to be directed to persons and characters supernatural, yet so as to transfer from our inward nature a human interest, and a semblance of truth, sufficient to procure from these shadows of imagination that willing suspension of disbelief for the moment, which constitutes poetic faith.' We presume that every one, who has ever read this production, will bear testimony to his success.

It shows the power of conscience, and that power working through superstition;—and this comes with great truth, and natural simplicity, from the lips of an old sea-faring man. Upon the ocean, where the operations of nature are so wild and vast, the ignorant mind instinctively becomes superstitious, reaches into the misty and obscure, and conjures up a thousand shadowy phantoms. This is common among seamen, and it will be remembered that the whole crew sympathized with the Ancient Mariner in this feeling. They all look upon him with reproachful eye; they upbraid him for having so wantonly killed the bird of good omen; they tear the holy cross from his neck, and hang the dead albatross in its place. Then, while the ship is becalmed, they actually meet with great distress; the arctic sun burns above them, and the air becomes faint with heat; they are exposed to extreme hardships, and intense physical suffering. This, united with the reproaches of the seamen, drives the Ancient Mariner mad. He associates every thing he sees with his keen sense of guilt, and in this way intertwines his own diseased imagination with every circumstance around him, till the mere glitter of the waves seems to flash judgments upon his soul, and grim faces look out from the very air.

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This beautiful poem embodies one of the great laws of our internal being,—that it makes its own world. The first peculiar attribute of the mind is to conceive,—to form images,—to create. Now its imaginings and creations must necessarily take the hue and color of itself,—be it good or evil. The next great law is association. Every object upon which we look, and every event of which we think, must be covered by the subtle web of past associations. The mind is, what the past has made it; and when it looks abroad on Nature, it cannot strip itself of these countless recollections. Thus the mind fuses and moulds every thing into its own likeness,—till wherever it looks it gazes upon—*itself*. Thus, with the Ancient Mariner, his mind has become disjointed, and every thing partakes of its own deformity. It has become diseased, and every thing has been tinged by its own blighted vision, till the actual world is peopled by phantoms, and the very face of beauty becomes ghost-like. There may be others who will think the effect too great for the cause,—and when we look at the ordinary sympathies of mankind, this appears to be true. The mere shooting of a sea-bird would hardly seem to merit the fearful judgments that follow, but we must think less of the deed itself, and more of the spirit that led to it. We shall then see that he had lost that Love, which is the harmony of all things, and that his heart must necessarily moulder within him, till again purified and kindled by holy affection. We should remember, that he had violated the law of human sympathy, and in that way struck a blow at the Creator of all.

Love is the central, sun-like principle of the moral universe. God is love. Every work in the wide creation is a symbol of that love. This is the great harmony of the whole. The mind of man is a portion of God's universe. It is the living link between it, and Him;—and as it parts with this heavenly principle, it wrenches itself away, by its own unworthiness, from the great whole. It becomes in discord with the spiritual world, as well as the natural; and thus dissevers itself from both. It crushes its best affections, and tears out the very nerve of its inner life. It sins against itself, and the divine law; and must be purified by its own fire. This is the key to the Ancient Mariner. This it is, which gives the whole tale its sublime grandeur. It displays the internal life. It lays bare the subterraneous springs of a human

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soul. It makes us feel the sinfulness of trampling upon holy principles, and unfolds the consequences, with their gradual development and final issue. Thus, in this wild tale, there are treasures of wisdom; for while we read, the perception of a grand truth breaks in upon us, and pours its whole flood of light over the mind.

After this comes 'Christabel.' This is a singularly wild and remarkable production. The first part was written in 1797; the second, after his return from Germany, in 1800. It was circulated in manuscript among the most distinguished literary men of Europe, and in this way, long before it was given to the public, became known to Scott, Byron, Wordsworth, and Southey, and was held by them in high estimation. It may seem somewhat singular, that it should have met with so cold a reception, when first published;—but it should be remembered that it had long been alluded to, by some of these writers, as being one of the most extraordinary works of the day. The public expectation had thus been raised to the highest pitch, and was prepared to be satisfied with nothing short of superlative merit. Besides, it was sent into the world unfinished; it was to have consisted of five parts, two only of which were ever written, and it remains even now merely a fragment. It had moreover too much of the German spirit, in its very conception, to suit the public taste. It was too etherial, too indefinite, to be valued by the many. It belonged to that peculiar class of poetry, which never has, and never will awaken sympathy in the universal heart. It wants clearness; it is too ideal; and there are many, who cannot pierce its thick and shadowy mysticisms. It is not wholly founded either upon the intellect, or the passions,—and thus strikes a chord, which in all minds has not a corresponding key. Yet let not those, who cannot perceive its beauties, censure the judgment of those who can. It is no small praise, that it was avowedly the origin of all Scott's metrical ballads.

We now come to the dramas. In 1794, appeared 'The Fall of Robespierre,' a historical drama,—a work which displayed considerable talent, and which was remarkable on account of its having been written, in conjunction with Southey, in less than seventeen hours. It has many beautiful passages, and developes with much truth the wonderful characters of those, who acted on the vast stage of the first French Revolution. But, in order fully to appreciate this production, we should bear

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in mind the singular rapidity with which it was written, at the time when its author had hardly reached the years of manhood. 'Zapolya,' a dramatic poem, in imitation of Shakspeare's Winter's Tale, has also many splendid passages, and is stamped throughout with signatures of genius. Its versification is clear and sweet,—and many of the characters discover a deep knowledge of the heart. Yet this, as well as 'Robespierre,' is not calculated for the stage. They are rather the dramas of the heart. Coleridge, strictly speaking, has not the dramatic faculty. He has the same fault with Byron; his own feelings shine through all his characters. It seems like a sort of 'poetic ventriloquism,' in which the voice, not the soul, speaks from another. He has not, like Shakspeare, an individuality of conception.

After this he published his tragedy of 'Remorse.' Here he has indeed gone much more out of himself. Here he has discovered a deep insight into the most hidden springs of the mind, and has made them visible to us with wonderful distinctness, both in the calm of quiet thought, and the dizzy whirl of passion.*

As the title of the play denotes, one of its great purposes is to show the workings of Remorse upon a base and guilty mind. Ordonio and Alvar, the two sons of Lord Valdez, love the lady Teresa, who rejects Ordonio, and gives her undivided affection to his brother. Ordonio is an artful and hypocritical villain, and plans the murder of Alvar. He employs a Moresco chieftain to accomplish the atrocious deed, and believes that it has been committed. The chieftain, however, is overpowered by the unsuspecting innocence of Alvar, and permits him to escape. He at length returns to witness the constancy of Teresa, and the harrowings of his brother's conscience.

In this drama we have the unfolding of some of the most delicate, and some of the most awful workings of the soul.

* To show the success of this tragedy, when first introduced upon the stage, we will give an extract from Kelly, the well known actor in the King's Theatre, who thus speaks of its first introduction at Drury Lane. 'On the 23d January, 1813, Mr. Coleridge produced his tragedy, "Remorse." A thrilling sensation appeared to pervade the great mass of congregated humanity, and during its performance it was listened to with undivided attention, as if the minds of all present were rivetted and enthralled; and at the conclusion the applause was loud and protracted.'—*Kelly's Reminiscences.*

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It gives passions, and the struggle of passions. It shows us those bright and beautiful hopes, that cluster around the heart of woman, even amid trial and desolation, and lays bare to our sight the horrible convulsions of that mind, on which guilt gnaws like a fanged monster. We see Teresa, with her deep and unchanging affection, her true devotedness, and exceeding purity, still letting her heart cling to the object of her love, and vowing before heaven that she will remain faithful to Alvar, living or dead. See her, as she muses by the green ocean, her soft hair lifted by the mild sea-breeze, where she loves

> 'To shape sweet visions, and live o'er again
> All past hours of delight.'

Hear her while she answers the father of Alvar,—who seeks to comfort her, and induce her to love Ordonio.

> ——————'If this be wretchedness
> That eats away the life, what were it, think you,
> If in a most assured reality
> He should return, and see a brother's infant
> Smile at him from *my* arms?—
> Oh what a thought!'———

Ay, *what* a thought! How thrillingly touching and how true! It is by giving character through these slight but exquisite passages, that genius shows its power.

What a contrast to the innocent and timid Teresa, is the wife of Isidore!—and yet both are equally true to nature. Alhadra is full of bold and masculine courage, and during the various scenes through which she passes, we see her whole character. Now she presses down her passionate feelings with an iron nerve, and now lets them burst forth like a torrent of fire. Now she broods, with smothered indignation, over her many wrongs, and now rushes on even to conflict in her mad frenzy for revenge. Hear her,—a woman born among the mountains,—stung to desperation by the murder of her husband, exclaiming,

> ——————'Knew I a hundred men,
> Despairing, but not palsied by despair,
> This arm should shake the kingdoms of the world!'

There are many other very striking and powerful scenes, but our limits forbid our dwelling at length upon them. There is however the dungeon scene, all of which is fine,

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and part of which we will extract, as it gives the moral of the whole play. It is from Alvar, who, after describing the dreadful solitudes of that place which had been formed by man for man, proceeds to show how different are the ways of nature.

> 'Here he lies
> Circled with evil, till his very soul
> Unmoulds its essence, hopelessly deformed
> By sights of evermore deformity!
> With other ministrations, thou, O Nature!
> Healest thy wandering and distempered child:
> Thou pourest on him thy soft influences,
> Thy sunny hues, fair forms, and breathing sweets;
> Thy melodies of words, and winds, and waters!
> Till he relent, and can no more endure
> To be a jarring and a dissonant thing
> Amid this general dance and minstrelsy;
> But, bursting into tears, wins back his way,
> His angry spirit healed and harmonized,
> By the benignant touch of love and beauty.'

To show the truth of this principle, is the whole design of the tragedy; to hold up before our minds the superiority of the benignant over the vindictive principle, in its influence upon the guilty.

In 1800, Coleridge gave to the world his celebrated translation of Wallenstein, from the German of Schiller. This has been pronounced by eminent scholars to be the best translation from the German in the English language. It is a work, in which one of the greatest poets of Germany concentrated his highest powers, and which his countrymen value as one of the most splendid monuments of their genius. It is of too great a length, and cast in too philosophical a mould, to suit the public taste; but it is a work which the student will always appreciate;—the oftener it is turned to, the more will be found in it to admire. The scene in the Astrological Tower is a poem in itself. The affection between Max and Thekla combines every excellence, and the character of the Princess Thekla may bear comparison with the best of Shakspeare's. It is wholly original,—and is admirable for its beautiful simplicity, energy of purpose and elevated love. It is not however our intention to enter into any analysis of this tragedy. It is sufficient to say that it is the greatest dramatic work of which the last century can boast, and that Coleridge has

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done much for the literature of his country by his admirable translation.

Before we close this article, we can only say, concerning the true power and living spirit of Coleridge's writings, 'seek, and ye shall find.' His works are solid with meaning. They suggest truths, and leave them to be drawn out by the reader. Goethe has said, that 'a work which leaves nothing to divine, can be no true, consummate work; its highest destination must be to excite reflection: and no one can truly love a work till he has been compelled to follow it out, and complete it in his own mind.'

It has been said that Coleridge's works are fragments;—that they have no unity. We think it is not so. His works, taken singly, are fragments; put together, they make a whole. His poetry is a part of his philosophy. It is the golden clasp, that connects the chain. It is his philosophy, after he has breathed into it a living soul. In his 'Aids to Reflection,' he says, 'religion is not a theory, but a *life*;' so it is with his philosophy: and in his poetry he shows this. He shows how it changes the whole man, and opens the inward perceptions. In fact, throughout his whole poetry his Christian philosophy flows, like the sap, into every branch, and leaf, and blossom. Those who would study the one, then, should study the other. They are the productions of one mind. They unfold the same principles,—and explain and support each other.

Again, in his poetry we find perfect truth. Nature is represented as it really is; not dry and dead, but full of meaning. It not only has form, but life. He never veils Nature, but unveils it, that we may see the light from within. Matter is to him full of spirit. It is an instrument in God's hand to develope the soul. Harmony and loveliness, in the book of Nature, are the counterparts to 'God is Love,' in the book of Revelation. The Creation is an embodying of God's character. All its varied works are the symbols of his attributes; and we must look through them to Him. God is omnipresent, and the unfolding of a flower is a direct revelation from the Most High. 'Adam walked with God in the garden.' Earth is not now more distant. He is with us, though we may not be with Him. 'In our Father's house are many mansions.' This world is one, and He fills it; but to know Him and feel Him, we must become spiritualized, and possess a power superior to the senses. 'The kingdom of God is within us.' It is

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this, which gives such value to the writings of Coleridge. It is this, which makes him, not merely a moral writer, but strictly a religious writer. Not that he always writes upon religious subjects, but that he writes upon all subjects in a religious way. He has the religious spirit; the heavenly spirit; the spirit of love. Thus his writings are good; they purify, they elevate, they quicken, they impart himself.

The works of such a writer are of no country; they are the world's. They belong to no age,—but to all men of all ages. They contain truth,—and truth is eternal. They are written with reference to the life to come, and have therefore a spiritual power. For the character of such a writer, we can hardly feel too great a reverence. He has brought out the inner man. He has made the senses do homage to the spirit. He has drunk in from Nature and Revelation, till they have expanded and beautified his soul. He sees the subtle analogy between the spiritual and the natural, and makes the one illustrate and develope the other. He feels the superiority of the inward to the outward, and therefore never sinks himself into mere materialism, but reaches upward to the Infinite. The eye of his soul is not upon the opinions of others, but upon truth, and he crushes the hardest problems, and pierces the most hidden depths, that he may know things as they are. His eye is upon God, and he feels that God's eye is upon him, and he looks with profound awe upon His moral government, and seeks humbly to illustrate the ways of His Providence. Thus he has done much good. At the time when the tide of skepticism was sweeping over the continent of Europe, he stood forth like a bulwark. At a time when the feelings of mankind were tending to materialism, he still reverenced the Unseen, as the Eternal. And in all his works he has sought to give 'information, that opens to our knowledge a kingdom that is not of this world, thrones that cannot be shaken, and sceptres that cannot be broken or transferred.'* His work, then, has been a holy work,—and it is now nearly completed. The circle of his earthly life must ere long be finished. The light of the material world will fade before the light of a higher. The soul that has transmitted to us beauty and truth, will pass away,—but the beauty and truth will remain,—and it is for us to make them our own.

* First Lay Sermon. P. 11.

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ART. VIII.—*Outre-Mer.*

Outre-Mer, a Pilgrimage beyond the Sea. Nos. I. and II. Boston. 1833—1834.

THIS work, only two numbers of which have yet appeared, is obviously the production of a writer of talent, and of cultivated taste; who has chosen to give to the public the results of his observation in foreign countries, in the form of a series of tales and sketches. It is a form, which, as every reader knows, has been recommended by the high example and success of Mr. Irving; and, in recording only such circumstances as suit his fancy, an accomplished traveller is certainly more likely to preserve the proper measure of spirit and freshness, than when he enters on the task of preparing an elaborate and formal narrative. It must not be supposed, that, in adopting the form of Mr. Irving, the author has been guilty of any other imitation. They have both entered on the same field, in different directions, and without the least hazard of crossing each other's path; and we are much inclined to wish that other writers, who possess the requisite leisure and accomplishments, would follow their example.

The *Pays d' Outre-Mer* was the name, by which the Holy Land was known to the pilgrims and crusaders; and the author describes himself as a pilgrim of the Land beyond the Sea. This land filled the visions of his youthful fancy, and when he first beheld its shores, it was with the same emotions, with which the wandering palmer used to hail the bounds of Palestine. It does not appear, however, that in roaming over classic ground, he felt as if he were undergoing penance; on the contrary, he seems to have pursued his journey with a tolerably cheerful spirit, and when it was fairly over, to have sat down to embody and preserve the recollection of the scenes he had passed through. We first behold him mounted on the summit of that locomotive ark, a French diligence, making himself merry with the aspect of his equipage, and the official personages to whom the reins of its government were confided, until he finds repose and shelter in the Golden Lion Inn, at Rouen. This was the first European city of importance he had visited, and he thus describes the feelings with which he gazed on its magnificent cathedral.

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'I rambled on from street to street, till at length, after threading a narrow alley, I unexpectedly came out in front of the magnificent Cathedral. If it had suddenly risen from the earth, the effect could not have been more powerful and instantaneous. It completely overwhelmed my imagination; and I stood for a long time motionless, and gazing entranced upon that stupendous edifice. I had seen no specimen of gothic architecture before, save the remains of a little church at Havre; and the massive towers before me,—the lofty windows of stained glass,—the low portal, with receding arches and rude statues,—all produced upon my untravelled mind an impression of awful sublimity. When I entered the church, the impression was still more deep and solemn. It was the hour of vespers. The religious twilight of the place,—the lamps that burned on the distant altar,—the kneeling crowd,—the tinkling bell,—and the chant of the evening service, that rolled along the vaulted roof in broken and repeated echoes,—filled me with new and intense emotions. When I gazed on the stupendous architecture of the church,—the huge columns, that the eye followed up till they were lost in the gathering dusk of the arches above,—the long and shadowy aisles,—the statues of saints and martyrs, that stood in every recess,—the figures of armed knights upon the tombs,—the uncertain light, that stole through the painted windows of each little chapel,—and the form of the cowled and solitary monk, kneeling at the shrine of his favorite saint, or passing between the lofty columns of the church,—all I had read of, but had not seen,—I was transported back to the Dark Ages, and felt as I shall never feel again.'

At the *Table d' Hôte* of the Golden Lion, the pilgrim encountered a venerable personage, thoroughly versed in all the legendary lore of the city of Rouen, who related to him the story of 'Martin Franc and the Monk of St. Anthony,' which he professed to have found in an old manuscript of the public library. We would not question the veracity of the merry antiquary, who deserves to be regarded as the Dr. Dryasdust of this venerable city; but we strongly suspect, that the learned man has confounded his Oriental manuscripts with Norman ones. His story is, nevertheless, a good one; but its length forbids us to extract it, and we should only mar the whole by offering a portion of it to our readers.

The author next takes up his abode in the village of Auteuil, in a *Maison de Santé;* not to ascertain to what extent the healing art had been carried by its keeper, but because it

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affords a secluded and agreeable retreat in the sultry months of summer. Here he 'possessed himself in much quietness,' and he has preserved a record of some of the circumstances, which are magnified into events in the annals of a village. The reader will be struck with the beauty of the following passage, in which the living reality is set before him by the quiet accuracy of the description, while the scenes themselves are brought together, as we often find them in the course of life.

'I was one morning called to my window by the sound of rustic music. I looked out, and beheld a procession of villagers advancing along the road, attired in gay dresses, and marching merrily on in the direction of the church. I soon perceived that it was a marriage festival. The procession was led by a long orang-outang of a man, in a straw hat and white dimity bob-coat, playing on an asthmatic clarinet, from which he contrived to blow unearthly sounds, ever and anon squeaking off at right angles from his tune, and winding up with a grand flourish on the guttural notes. Behind him, led by his little boy, came the blind fiddler, his honest features glowing with all the hilarity of a rustic bridal, and, as he stumbled along, sawing away upon his fiddle till he made all crack again. Then came the happy bridegroom, dressed in his Sunday suit of blue, with a large nosegay in his button-hole, and close beside him his blushing bride, with downcast eyes, clad in a white robe and slippers, and wearing a wreath of white roses in her hair. The friends and relatives brought up the procession; and a troop of village urchins came shouting along in the rear, scrambling among themselves for the largess of sous and sugar-plums, that now and then issued in large handfuls from the pockets of a lean man in black, who seemed to officiate as master of the ceremonies on the occasion. I gazed on the procession till it was out of sight; and when the last wheeze of the clarinet died upon my ear, I could not help thinking how happy were they, who were thus to dwell together in the peaceful bosom of their native village, far from the gilded misery and the pestilential vices of the town.

'On the evening of the same day, I was sitting by the window, enjoying the freshness of the air, and the beauty and stillness of the hour, when I heard the distant and solemn hymn of the Catholic burial service, at first so faintly and indistinct that it seemed an illusion. It rose mournfully on the hush of evening,—died gradually away,—then ceased. Then it rose again, nearer and more distinct, and soon after a funeral procession appeared, and passed directly beneath my window. It was led by a priest, bearing the banner of the church, and followed by two boys,

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holding long flambeaux in their hands. Next came a double file of priests in white surplices, with a missal in one hand and a lighted wax taper in the other, chanting the funeral dirge at intervals,---now pausing, and then again taking up the mournful burden of their lamentation, accompanied by others, who played upon a rude kind of horn, with a dismal and wailing sound. Then followed various symbols of the church, and the bier, borne on the shoulders of four men. The coffin was covered with a black velvet pall, and a chaplet of white flowers lay upon it, indicating that the deceased was unmarried. A few of the villagers came behind, clad in mourning robes, and bearing lighted tapers. The procession passed slowly along the same street, that in the morning had been thronged by the gay bridal company. A melancholy train of thought forced itself home upon my mind. The joys and sorrows of this world are so strikingly mingled! Our mirth and grief are brought so mournfully in contact! We laugh while others weep,—and others rejoice when we are sad! The light heart and the heavy walk side by side, and go about together! Beneath the same roof are spread the wedding feast and the funeral pall! The bridal song mingles with the burial hymn! One goes to the marriage bed; another to the grave; and all is mutable, uncertain and transitory!'

In a very interesting sketch, the writer describes an excursion which he made on foot in autumn through the delightful valley of the Loire. It was the season of the vintage; which, in addition to the beauty of nature, just before the hour of its temporary dissolution, brought many scenes of rural happiness to his view. These he has painted with abundant grace and skill; and his course presented to him yet another charm, in the hoary monuments of other times, on which he evidently loves to dwell. We copy his descriptions of the chateaux of Chambord and Chernanceau, so strongly associated with the recollection of Francis I., the most refined, if not the most glorious monarch of his day.

'I breakfasted at the town of Mer; and leaving the high-road to Blois on the right, passed down to the banks of the Loire, through a long, broad avenue of poplars and sycamores. I crossed the river in a boat, and in the after part of the day, found myself before the high and massive walls of the chateau of Chambord. This chateau is one of the finest specimens of the ancient Gothic castle, to be found in Europe. The little river Cosson fills its deep and ample moat, and above it, the huge towers and heavy battlements rise in stern and solemn grandeur, moss-

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grown with age, and blackened by the storms of three centuries. Within, all is mournful and deserted. The grass has overgrown the pavement of the court-yard,—and the rude sculpture upon the walls is broken and defaced. From the court-yard I entered the central tower, and ascending the principal stair-case, went out upon the battlements. I seemed to have stept back into the precincts of the feudal ages; and as I passed along through echoing corridors, and vast, deserted halls, stripped of their furniture, and mouldering silently away, the distant past came back upon me, and the times when the clang of arms, and the tramp of mail-clad men, and the sounds of music and revelry and wassail echoed along those high-vaulted and solitary chambers.'

'At Amboise I took a cross-road, which led me to the romantic borders of the Cher, and the chateau of Chernanceau. This beautiful chateau, as well as that of Chambord, was built by the gay and munificent Francis the First. One is a specimen of strong and massive architecture, a dwelling for a warrior;—but the other is of a lighter and more graceful construction, and was destined for those soft languishments of passion, with which the fascinating Diane de Poitiers had filled the bosom of that voluptuous monarch.

'The chateau of Chernanceau is built upon arches across the river Cher, whose waters are made to supply the deep moat at each extremity. There is a spacious court-yard in front, from which a draw-bridge conducts to the outer hall of the chateau. There the armor of Francis the First still hangs upon the wall;—his shield and helm and lance, as if the chivalrous but dissolute prince had just exchanged them for the silken robes of the drawing-room. From this hall a door opens into a long gallery, extending the whole length of the building across the Cher. The walls of the gallery are hung with the faded portraits of the long line of the descendants of Hugh Capet; and the windows, looking up and down the stream, command a fine reach of pleasant river scenery. This is said to be the only chateau in France, in which the ancient furniture of its original age is preserved. In one part of the building, you are shown the bed-chamber of Diane de Poitiers, with its antique chairs covered with faded damask and embroidery, her bed, and a portrait of the royal favorite hanging over the mantel-piece. In another, you see the apartment of the infamous Catharine de' Medici;—a venerable arm-chair, and an autograph letter of Henry the Fourth;—and in an old laboratory, among broken crucibles, and neckless retorts, and drums and trumpets, and skins of wild beasts, and other ancient lumber of various kinds, are to be seen the bed-posts of Francis the First!—Doubtless the naked walls, and the vast, solitary

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chambers of an old and desolate chateau, inspire a feeling of greater solemnity and awe; but when the antique furniture of the olden time remains,—the faded tapestry on the walls,—and the arm-chair by the fireside, the effect upon the mind is more magical and delightful. The old inhabitants of the place, long gathered to their fathers, though living still in history, seem to have left their halls for the chase or the tournament; and as the heavy door swings upon its reluctant hinge, one almost expects to see the gallant princes and courtly dames enter those halls again, and sweep in stately procession along the silent corridors.

'Wrapt in such fancies as these, and gazing on the beauties of this noble chateau, and the soft scenery around it, I lingered, unwilling to depart, till the rays of the setting sun, streaming through the dusty windows, admonished me that the day was drawing rapidly to a close. I sallied forth from the southern gate of the chateau,—and crossing the broken drawbridge, pursued a pathway along the bank of the river, still gazing back upon those towering walls, now bathed in the rich glow of sunset, till a turn in the road, and a clump of woodland, at length shut them out from my sight.'

We offer one extract more, from the account of a journey into Spain.

'I passed by moonlight the little river Bidasoa, which forms the boundary between France and Spain; and when the morning broke, found myself far up among the mountains of San Salvador, the most westerly links of the great Pyrenean chain. The mountains around me were neither rugged nor precipitous; but they rose one above another in a long majestic swell, and the trace of the plough-share was occasionally visible to their summits. They seemed entirely destitute of forest scenery; and as the season of vegetation had not yet commenced, their huge outlines lay black and barren and desolate against the sky. But it was a glorious morning; and the sun rose up into a cloudless heaven, and poured a flood of gorgeous splendor over the mountain landscape, as if proud of the realm he shone upon. The scene was enlivened by the dashing of a swollen mountain-brook, whose course we followed for miles down the valley, as it leaped onward to its journey's end, now breaking into a white cascade, and now foaming and chafing beneath a rustic bridge. Now and then we rode through a dilapidated town, with a group of idlers at every corner, wrapped in tattered brown cloaks, and smoking their little paper cigars in the sun. Then would succeed a desolate tract of country, cheered only by the tinkle of a mule-bell, or the song of a muleteer. Then we would meet a solitary trav-

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eller, mounted on horseback, and wrapped in the ample folds of his cloak, with a gun hanging at the pommel of his saddle. Occasionally, too, among the bleak, inhospitable hills, we passed a rude little chapel, with a cluster of ruined cottages around it; and whenever our carriage stopped at the relay, or loitered slowly up the hill-side, a crowd of children would gather around us, with little images and crucifixes for sale, curiously ornamented with ribbons, and little bits of tawdry finery.

'A day's journey from the frontier brought us to Vitoria, where the diligence stopped for the night. I spent the scanty remnant of day-light in rambling about the streets of the city, with no other guide but the whim of the moment. Now I plunged down a dark and narrow alley,—now emerged into a wide street, or a spacious market-place, and now aroused the drowsy echoes of a church or cloister with the sound of my intruding footsteps. But descriptions of churches and public squares are dull and tedious matters for those readers, who are in search of amusement and not of instruction; and if any one has accompanied me thus far on my fatiguing journey towards the Spanish capital, I will readily excuse him from the toil of an evening ramble through the streets of Vitoria.

'On the following morning we left Vitoria long before daybreak, and during our forenoon's journey, the postillion drew up at a relay, on the southern slope of the Sierra de San Lorenzo, in the province of Old Castile. The house was an old, dilapidated tenement, built of rough stone, and coarsely plastered upon the outside. The tiled roof had long been the sport of wind and rain, the motley coat of plaster was broken and time-worn, and the whole building sadly out of repair: though the fanciful mouldings under the eaves, and the curiously carved wood-work, that supported the little balcony over the principal entrance, spoke of better days gone by. The whole building reminded me of a dilapidated Spanish Don, down at the heel and out at elbows, but with here and there a remnant of former magnificence peeping through the loop-holes of his tattered cloak.

'A wide gate-way ushered the traveller into the interior of the building, and conducted him to a low-roofed apartment, paved with round stones, and serving both as a court-yard and a stable. It seemed to be a neutral ground for man and beast:—a little republic, where horse and rider had common privileges, and mule and muleteer lay cheek by jowl. In one corner a poor jackass was patiently devouring a bundle of musty straw,—in another its master lay sound asleep with his saddle-cloth for a pillow; here a group of muleteers were quarrelling over a pack of dirty cards,—and there the village barber, with a self-important air, stood

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laving the alcalde's chin from the helmet of Mambrino. On the wall, a little taper glimmered feebly before an image of Saint Anthony; directly opposite these, a leathern wine-bottle hung by the neck from a pair of ox-horns; and the pavement below was covered with a curious medley of boxes, and bags, and cloaks, and pack-saddles, and sacks of grain, and skins of wine, and all kinds of lumber.

'A small door upon the right led us into the inn kitchen. It was a room about ten feet square, and literally all chimney; for the hearth was in the centre of the floor, and the walls sloped upward in the form of a long tapering pyramid, with an opening at the top for the escape of the smoke. Quite round this little room ran a row of benches, upon which sat one or two grave personages smoking paper cigars. Upon the hearth blazed a handful of faggots, whose bright flame danced merrily among a motley congregation of pots and kettles, and a long wreath of smoke wound lazily up through the huge tunnel of the roof above. The walls were black with soot, and ornamented with sundry legs of bacon and festoons of sausages; and as there were no windows in this dingy abode, the only light, which cheered the darkness within, came flickering from the fire upon the hearth, and the smoky sunbeams, that peeped down the long-necked chimney.'

There are several sketches, to which we have not yet adverted; among them, are two or three of a humorous character, from which we could not well take portions without impairing the general effect; but which, though spirited and entertaining, can hardly be said to exhibit the highest power of the writer. His rich and poetical, and yet graphic description, and the true feeling with which he looks on nature and on social life, are the qualities which most attract us in his writings, because they are not precisely those in which travellers are most apt to abound. The greater part of these worthies consider themselves as itinerant critics, whose vocation would be indifferently fulfilled, if they should admit that they find any verdure between Beersheba and Dan; and it is equally rare and grateful to encounter a pilgrim, who can enjoy the clear blue sky and sunshine of other countries than his own. This generous feeling and true philosophy charm us in the pilgrim of the Land beyond the Sea; they throw a mild, yet most attractive coloring over all the objects he encounters, and all the scenes he passes through; and, whether we walk with him through the valley of the Loire, take passage by

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night in the stage-coach from Paris to Bordeaux, or partake of the somewhat doubtful welcome of the inn of old Castile, we feel that we are in the company of a person of talent, and of cultivated taste. We are sorry to part with him, at the close of the second number, the last which has yet been published, at the Puerta de Fuencarral of Madrid; and take the liberty of suggesting to him, that if Spain be poor in present glory, she is rich in ancient recollections; and that there is no one, from whom additional sketches of her natural beauty and social aspect would be received with a heartier welcome, than from him.

ART. IX.—*The Washington Papers.*

The Writings of George Washington; being his Correspondence, Addresses, Messages, and other Papers, official and private, selected and published from the original Manuscripts; with a Life of the Author, Notes and Illustrations. By JARED SPARKS. 8vo. Vols. II, and III. Boston. 1834.

THIS is the first *livraison*,—to use a convenient French term, for which we have no English equivalent,—of Mr. Sparks's promised selection from the correspondence and other papers of Washington. The two volumes are to form the second and third of the work; the first, which is to appear at some future time in the progress of the publication, being devoted exclusively to a new biography of the illustrious author, from the pen of his learned and indefatigable editor. We incline to think, that the feeling of the country will ultimately call for the printing of all the Washington manuscripts, voluminous as they are, at the public expense. The deep veneration for his character, that now prevails throughout the civilized world, and is constantly augmenting from generation to generation, will hardly permit the people to rest satisfied, while any portion of his compositions, which is known to exist, remains unpublished. As the only fitting monument to his memory is that which he erected to it himself in the independence and liberty of his country, so the only suitable inscription for that monument is the whole mass of written compo-

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sitions, in which the patriot expressed, in his own simple, manly, and excellent language, his views of passing events, and which form a complete commentary on the history of the country through the whole period of his mature life. The collection,—amounting, as we are told by Mr. Sparks, to not less than eighty volumes,—was lately purchased of the family of Washington by the General Government, and will be safely deposited in the Department of State, where it may also be consulted with convenience by those who may have occasion to recur to it. Even there, however, it will not be entirely beyond the reach of the accidents, that must always endanger in some degree the preservation of a work, of which there is only a single copy in existence; and we can hardly doubt, as we have said, that in the course of a few years, it will be thought expedient to take precautions, by the multiplication of copies, against the possibility even of the destruction of this last and most interesting legacy of the Father of his country.

In the mean time, the feelings and the actual wants of the present generation called loudly for the immediate publication of a copious selection from the most interesting parts of this mass of writings; and it is fortunate that the preparation of the work has fallen into the hands of a person, every way so well qualified to execute it to the public satisfaction, as the present editor. On this point, we have expressed ourselves so fully in a preceding article of this number, that it is unnecessary to add any thing in this connexion. Mr. Sparks's former publications of a similar kind, afford the best evidence of his qualifications; and the great experience he has now acquired in the editorial profession, the unwearied labor which he has bestowed upon this undertaking, as well as the character of the present specimen, satisfy us that the public expectation will be completely answered.

In the preface to the second volume of the work, and the first of his writings, the editor has given a succinct statement of the general plan upon which he has proceeded, in arranging the whole, and which we consider as extremely judicious.

It was a task of some difficulty with him to determine, what general principles should be adopted, in selecting the parts for publication from the whole body of the papers left by Washington. In the first place, the mass of manuscripts, which extends, as we have remarked, to eighty volumes, consisting chiefly of letters, is so large as to preclude the idea of pub-

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lishing more than a comparatively small portion. Again; from the nature of the Correspondence, being mostly official, and many of the letters having been written to different persons on the same subjects, there were necessarily frequent repetitions and numerous particulars constantly intervening, which, though essential at the time, in the transactions to which they relate, have no longer any interest or moment. Of this description are the innumerable details, incident to the subordinate arrangements of an army; such as supplies, provisions, clothing, camp equipage, arms, ammunition, and other points of minor consideration, which engaged the incessant care of the commander-in-chief, and entered largely into his correspondence even with Congress, and the highest officers, both civil and military. To print all the materials of this kind would not only have been useless in itself, but would have added so much to the size and expense of the work, as at the same time to make it cumbersome and unattractive to readers, and raise the cost above the means of many individuals, who would gladly possess it.

Under these circumstances, the Editor has endeavored to pursue such a course, as would most effectually accomplish the general object which he had in view, within the compass allotted to the present collection. For this purpose, he adopted two rules, which he has labored to follow as exactly as possible:—first, to select such parts as have a permanent value, on account of the historical facts which they contain,—whether in relation to actual events, or to the political designs and operations, in which Washington was a leading or conspicuous agent; secondly, to take such other parts, as contain the views, opinions, counsels and reflections of the writer on the various topics suggested to him by the occasion, and serve to exhibit the structure of his mind, its powers and resources, and the peculiar traits of his personal character. Taking these rules as a guide, Mr. Sparks went carefully through the manuscripts, without regard to what had before been made public, and selected from the whole the portions best fitted to his purpose.

'According to this plan, when a letter throughout bears the features above described, it will be printed entire, as will in every case the addresses, speeches, messages, circulars, and other state papers, issued by him from time to time. But many of the letters, both in the public and private correspondence, for the

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reasons already assigned, will necessarily be printed with omissions of unimportant passages, relating chiefly to topics or facts, evanescent in their nature, and temporary in their design. Special care will be taken, nevertheless, in all such omissions, that the sense shall not be marred, nor the meaning of the writer in any manner perverted or obscured. Nor is this difficult, because the omitted passages usually treat upon separate and distinct subjects, and may be removed without injury to the remaining portions of the letter.

'It ought to be premised here, that, in preparing the manuscripts for the press, I have been obliged sometimes to use a latitude of discretion, rendered unavoidable by the mode in which the papers have been preserved. They are uniformly copied into volumes, and this task appears to have been performed, except in the revolutionary correspondence, by incompetent or very careless transcribers. Gross blunders constantly occur, which not unfrequently destroy the sense, and which never could have existed in the original drafts. In these cases I have of course considered it a duty, appertaining to the function of a faithful editor, to hazard such corrections as the construction of the sentence manifestly warranted, or a cool judgment dictated. On some occasions the writer himself, through haste or inadvertence, may have fallen into an awkward use of words, faults of grammar, or inaccuracies of style, and when such occur from this source, I have equally felt bound to correct them. It would be an act of unpardonable injustice to any author, after his death, to bring forth compositions, and particularly letters written with no design to their publication, and commit them to the press, without previously subjecting them to a careful revision. This exercise of an editor's duty, however, I have thought it allowable to extend only to verbal and grammatical mistakes or inaccuracies, maintaining a scrupulous caution, that the author's meaning and purpose should thereby in no degree be changed or affected.'

If any part of the plan, as thus explained and developed by the Editor, could be regarded as questionable, it would perhaps be the occasional omission of portions of letters, of which other portions are retained. As a general principle, we consider it highly important, that, in all collections of this kind, the documents published should, as far as possible, be entire. In most cases, subjects so nearly connected in time, place, or the personal relations of the writer, as to come within the compass of the same letter, will have, though they may not be apparent to the casual reader, bearings upon each other,

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which may serve to explain and modify the statements made, or the opinions given upon each. Hence the perusal of a letter, known not to be entire, with whatever discretion the omission may be supposed to have been made, can never give us the same assurance that we are in possession of the writer's views, which we should feel if we had the whole before us. We are aware, that there may be cases, in which a too scrupulous adherence to the principle of publishing all documents and letters entire, might be inconvenient, in a collection of moderate extent, like the present; but we would venture to suggest to Mr. Sparks the expediency of deviating from it as rarely as possible, in the further progress of his labor, especially with papers of much importance or interest.

The contents of the immense mass of manuscripts, from which the present selection has been made, and the admirable order in which they were arranged by Washington, are particularly described by Mr. Sparks in the preface to the second volume. The account is very curious in itself, and illustrates, in some of its most important and valuable points, the character of the illustrious author.

'Two complete copies of Washington's revolutionary correspondence have been preserved at Mount Vernon. The first consists of the original files, which he always kept with him for reference and use in camp and in his campaigns; the second is a literal transcript from these originals, recorded in forty-four large volumes, in which all the letters are classified and arranged according to their subjects and dates. This transcript was executed under his own direction, near the close of the war, by secretaries employed for the purpose, who wrote a fair and handsome hand, and on whose fidelity he could rely. Even the dimensions of the volumes, the quality of the paper, and the style of binding, were prescribed by himself. Each parcel in the file is designated by a letter of the alphabet, and each paper in the parcel is numbered. By the aid of corresponding marks in the margin of the letter-books, a sure and speedy reference may be had to any original paper in the whole series. A brief sketch of the plan, as drawn out by Washington, and a few explanatory remarks, will show at the same time the principles of the arrangement, and the varied subjects of his correspondence.

'1. Under the first great division, were classed letters to the Congress of the United States; to Committees of Congress; to the Board of War and Ordnance; to American Ministers Plenipotentiary at Foreign Courts; to individual Members of Congress in their Public Characters.

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'As he received his appointment, commission, instructions, and all his powers from Congress, it was necessary, that his intercourse with that body should be full, constant, and of the most confidential kind. In the first place, the army was new, undisciplined, unprovided; very few of the members of Congress were military men, or possessed of any knowledge of military affairs, either practical or theoretical; the burden of organizing and disciplining the army was at once thrown upon the commander-in-chief. But all the arrangements of this sort, the rules and regulations, and every contemplated change, were to be approved by Congress before they could take effect; and Congress reserved wholly to themselves the appointment of the general officers. Thus it was not only the duty of Washington to obey instructions and execute orders, but he was obliged to suggest what these orders should be, and wait till his suggestions were passed into resolves by the Congress. This was frequently a source of delay and embarrassment; it was a heavy and perpetual tax upon the forethought and reflection of the commander-in-chief, and made him virtually the head and soul of the whole military system, although a jealousy of their civil rights, and a fear of the tendency of warlike ambition, induced the members of Congress to keep a salutary check in their own hands. The condition of the army and an account of all the principal occurrences were communicated at stated times to Congress, doubtful cases were referred to their decision, and returns forwarded respecting the departments of the commissaries, quartermasters, and other officers engaged in providing for the wants of the army, and regulating its internal economy. The intimate and peculiar relations, thus subsisting between Congress and the army, gave rise to a correspondence, which, although it necessarily ran into details, was nevertheless of great importance. For similar purposes he kept up an intercourse by letter with Committees of Congress, the Board of War, and individual members. By these means his views were always presented to that assembly, and guided them in their deliberations and resolves.

'2. Letters to Provincial Congresses, Conventions, and Committees of Safety; to Governors, Presidents, and other Executives of States; to Civil Magistrates and Citizens of every Denomination.

'Although the army was under the general control and pay of the Continental Congress, and the number of men to be furnished by each State was prescribed from time to time by that body, yet the mode of raising the men, and in part the supplying of them with arms and clothing, were left to the States themselves. It was the business of the commander-in-chief to see, that the

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men were actually brought into the field at the proper times and places, as well as to call out the militia upon emergencies, and to dismiss them when their services were no longer required. This duty opened a wide field of correspondence with the States, and some of Washington's best letters are circulars to the governors, making appeals to the patriotism of the people, and urging powerful motives for exertion and sacrifice in the common cause. Wherever the army was stationed, he was always cautious to keep the military and civil powers distinct, and to refer to the respective States all matters of a local nature, which did not clearly come within the jurisdiction of the army. The delicate and troublesome concerns of the Tories were of this description. The safety of the country required him to use the force he commanded to apprehend suspected persons; but he invariably turned them over to the civil authorities of the State in which they resided, to be dealt with as the proper tribunals should decide. Occasions frequently occurred, likewise, for corresponding with the committees of towns and smaller districts or communities.

'3. Letters to Officers of the Line of every Rank; to Officers of the Staff; and all other Military Characters.

'The correspondence under this head is much more voluminous, than that under either of the others. It extends to the whole army of the United States, however divided or wherever stationed; to the commanding officers in the great departments, to major-generals and other officers on separate commands at posts or in detachments, to officers of every rank engaged in any special service, such as partisan enterprises, foraging expeditions, or schemes for attacking the enemy's outposts, or procuring intelligence. It also includes instructions to officers, from the highest to the lowest; directions for the arrangements in camp, as well as the movements during a campaign; letters to quartermasters, commissaries, contractors, the clothier-general and his deputies, and all others concerned in providing supplies for the army; to surgeons and superintendants of the hospitals; to militia officers while on Continental service; and to other persons, acting in a military capacity within the sphere of his command.

'4. Letters to Foreign Ministers; to Subjects of Foreign Nations in the immediate Service of the United States; to Foreign Officers.

'When the French army came to America, it was, by a previous stipulation, to be under the command of Washington, while acting in concert with the American army. This arrangement, as well as the mutual plans for co-operation, necessarily caused much correspondence between Washington, Count Ro-

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chambeau, Count d'Estaing, and other commanders of the French army and navy. In this the ministers from France to Congress participated, as the French military affairs in the United States were under their general supervision and guidance.

'5. Letters to Officers of every Rank and Denomination in the Service of the Enemy; to British Subjects of every Description with the Enemy; to Persons applying for Permission to go to the Enemy.

'The most important letters under this head are those to the British commanders, on various topics, but chiefly relating to the exchange of prisoners, in which there were many difficulties, emanating from the peculiar relations of the two contending armies to each other, and the manner in which the British government regarded the nature of the contest at the beginning of the war.

'6. Private Letters.

'In this division is included a long list of letters; and although they were classed as private, yet they are mostly on subjects appertaining to public concerns. They are not official; but many of them were written to persons in public stations, and intended to promote a purpose by stronger representations and the force of motives more delicate, than it was expedient to exhibit for general inspection. In this view they may be considered as expressing the unreserved sentiments of their author, and as explaining his designs and conduct on occasions, where the caution required in his official despatches must leave much for inference or conjecture. A few are mere letters of friendship; but even in such cases, the great work in which he was engaged seems to have absorbed his thoughts, and suggested the principal topics for his pen.

'Such is the mode projected and adopted by General Washington himself for classifying his papers, while commander-in-chief of the American army. Such is the broad outline of the topics to which they extend. The arrangement is, in the first instance, according to subjects; and, in the second, according to the order of time; that is, the mass of letters is formed into six distinct classes, and those in each class are brought together consecutively by their dates. In preparing them for publication, it has been thought preferable to throw them all into the order of time, thus preserving a strict continuity in the events to which they relate. This method, indeed, is the only one by which a just understanding of the papers can be obtained, without much trouble in referring from one part to another; since the subjects upon which they treat are not of an abstract nature, but com-

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monly relate to the affairs in which the writer was immediately concerned, and are blended in the general train of the correspondence.'

In connexion with this account of the arrangement and contents of the Washington papers, Mr. Sparks introduces the following very judicious observations upon the question, how far Washington is personally responsible for the language of the letters and documents, which bear his signature.

'The question has been asked, how far Washington may be considered the author of the immense number of letters, to which, in his official and private capacity, he affixed his name. This is a question rather of curiosity, than of essential interest or consequence, and one which it would be quite impossible at this day to answer, in regard to every individual case. The letters have been preserved as they were transcribed into letter-books, and in the different handwriting of a great many copyists, who were employed from time to time for this purpose. The first drafts have been for the most part destroyed; for even in the correspondence during the Revolution, which now exists in the files that were used at the time, the letters thus filed are not in every instance the first drafts, but copies, so that it is impossible now to tell by whom they were originally penned. All the letters printed in the First Part of this work, embracing the period before the Revolution, I believe were written by Washington himself, because a large proportion of them are still to be found in his own handwriting, either in the condition of first drafts, or as transcribed by himself; and because, while acting as an officer in the French war, he seldom if ever had the services of a secretary, and at Mount Vernon he was certainly his own scribe, both in his correspondence and in his extensive transactions of business.

'That he wrote with his own hand all his official letters during the Revolution, it would be as preposterous to suppose, as that Marlborough, or Bonaparte, or Wellington, or any other great commander, was the penman of all the letters to which he subscribed his name. Compositions of this kind are not adduced as evidences of the genius, the rhetorical ingenuity, the brilliant fancy, the felicitous invention, or the literary accomplishments of the persons, whose name they bear. The value to be attached to them, and the high consideration, which they justly claim, are derived from the circumstance of their being records of great events, expressing the opinions and unfolding the designs of men, in whose conduct and motives the destinies of nations are involved. They are the highest and purest fountains of history,

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and by whatever hand the written language is constructed, the spirit and substance, the principles, facts, arguments, and purposes, must necessarily be considered as flowing from him, by whose name they are sanctioned; he is responsible for the whole; his character and reputation, as well as the vital interests of the cause entrusted to him, are at stake. Caution in weighing, and judgment in adopting the sentiments of others, are often not less indicative of true wisdom and greatness, than the power to originate and combine. It will be seen, by hints contained in several of Washington's letters, that his personal labor in writing was at times intense, even amidst the harassing cares and oppressive burdens, under which he struggled in discharging his military duties. When he resorted to the assistance of his secretary, aids, or other persons, it was his custom sometimes to prepare brief minutes of the topics, which he wished to have introduced into a letter, and leave the arrangement and style to the amanuensis. At other times he would dictate in detail the substance of a despatch; and again, when the subject was of minor importance, he would give general directions only, which the secretary would embody in his own language.

'There is no feature more remarkable, however, in the whole series of correspondence, than the similarity which prevails throughout in the style, the turns of expression, the habits of thought, and particularly the methods of stating facts and enforcing arguments. This will be obvious upon a very slight inspection; and no stronger proof can be required of the pervading influence of one master-mind, whatever instruments it may have employed to communicate its sentiments and effect its designs. It should be stated, moreover, that the originals of many of the ablest and best written papers, which will appear in the present work, may still be seen in the handwriting of the author. It is a mistake, which some have been too ready to adopt, that he was not accustomed to composition. The truth is, he commenced the habit very early, and practised it assiduously till the end of his life. It is equally true, that his defective education qualified him but indifferently to attain elegance or even accuracy of style. But he knew when his thoughts were clearly and forcibly expressed. To convey his meaning with directness and emphasis, was his chief study. Though he frequently betrayed a want of skill in the construction of his sentences, yet he was fastidious in the use of words, as is manifest from the numerous verbal erasures and insertions in his original manuscripts. Indeed he seldom suffered a paper of any sort to go out of his hands, even an ordinary letter of friendship or business, without first compos-

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ing and correcting it with studious care, and then transcribing a fair copy. Bundles of letters to the managers of his farms, written in the midst of his weightiest public duties, afford a striking testimony to this fact.'

The concluding observations in the above extract, upon the style of Washington, in papers known to be from his own pen, though perhaps in the main just, are certainly not too favorable; and sufficiently prove that Mr. Sparks is not inclined to the error, so common to editors, of indulging in extravagant and indiscriminate eulogy upon their subjects. The education of Washington was no doubt defective, as compared with that now obtained at the best literary institutions of this and other countries; although, considering the moral influences which prevail at such institutions, it may be questioned, whether his character, as a whole, would have been improved by studying at one of them. However this may be, the deficiency in his education, as compared with that received at our colleges, lay chiefly in the want of any acquaintance with foreign languages, ancient or modern;—a branch of learning, the importance of which, especially for citizens of this country, is in common opinion much over-rated. But the very fact, that his attention was not distracted by the study of a number of foreign dialects, naturally led him to bestow more than the usual portion of time and care upon the language and literature of his own country, and were thus favorable to the acquisition of a good English style. He appears, accordingly, to have felt very early the great importance of this accomplishment; and the circumstances of his life, which threw him, while yet a youth, into habits of extensive epistolary communication with the first characters in the Colonies, upon subjects of the highest moment, gave him an extent of exercise in composition, which is rarely required even of professedly literary men at the same age. The result was, that he attained and possessed through life a most remarkable facility in com position, and probably wrote with his own hand as large an amount of manuscript, as almost any person that ever lived. That his style is not distinguished for elegance, in the usual sense of the term, may perhaps be admitted. The mind of Washington was not poetical or imaginative, and no system of training could probably have given to his language, either in conversation or writing, the brilliancy and warmth of coloring, which indicate a temperament of that description. But these qualities

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are rarely admissible in letters of business, as those of Washington always were; and he is quite remarkable for an easy and natural flow of language, which is the first requisite in all good compositions, and which seems to be the proper and only *elegance*, that appertains to the official style. His grammatical accuracy is also remarkable, and though a severe eye would doubtless detect a great many blemishes in the whole mass of his writings, yet we doubt whether the average number, in any given number of pages, would be larger than in the composition of professed authors of distinction and acknowledged correctness. In accuracy and ease of construction, his style is, we think, superior to that of Jefferson, which has always, and deservedly, been much commended. In short, we cannot but regard the literary talent and habits of Washington, though applied exclusively through life to merely practical purposes, as among the most remarkable of his characteristic qualities; and as among those which contributed, most directly and powerfully, though in a subsidiary way, to his efficiency and usefulness.

The Editor has accompanied the papers contained in the volumes before us, with notes and illustrations of considerable extent, and which carry with them internal evidence of the care, industry and judgment, with which they have been prepared. In preparing himself for the discharge of this part of his duty, Mr. Sparks has exhibited a degree of diligence and perseverance, almost without precedent, and, as we are happy to learn, has met with facilities and aids, that are almost equally rare. He has made it a matter of conscience to visit the scenes of most of the important events in our history,—to examine in person the archives of Congress and of the United States, represented in that body, as well as the private collections of many revolutionary characters of note; and finally, to explore the immense repositories in the foreign offices of the British and French Governments, which, much to the credit of those Governments, were thrown open to him with unrestricted, and before unexampled liberality. We extract the few short and modest paragraphs, in which Mr. Sparks gives an account of these truly meritorious labors.

'The notes and other illustrations, comprised in this Second Part of the work, have been drawn from materials of the highest authenticity, collected in a wide range of research, and with much expense of time and labor. In the first place, the letters

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received by Washington during the war, amounting to several thousands in number, the records of councils of war and courts-martial, the opinions of the general officers on important subjects, the orderly books, resolves of public bodies, and reports of committees, all of which are among his papers, afford a rich treasure of facts, to which I have constantly resorted. The manuscript papers relating to the Revolution, which are deposited in the office of the Secretary of State at Washington, containing all that remains of the proceedings and correspondence of the Old Continental Congress, I have also personally examined. For the same purpose I have visited the several States, which belonged to the original Confederation and took part in the war, and have examined in the public offices of each State the manuscript papers appertaining to the period under consideration. It has moreover been my good fortune, through the politeness of individuals, to gain access to many private collections of papers, including the entire correspondence of several of the major and brigadier generals of the army, the members of the Old Congress, and other civil and military officers of distinction. The materials thus collected, being original and perfectly authentic, and proceeding from the highest sources, possess a value which may easily be estimated.

'In England and France, my researches were pursued with no less perseverance and success. With a liberality on the part of the governments of both these countries, which demands the warmest acknowledgments, I was permitted to inspect in the public archives all the papers, which relate to the American war. The task occupied nearly twelve months of close application, but the labor was abundantly rewarded by the results. The British offices opened to me the complete correspondence of the ministers, Lord Dartmouth and Lord George Germain, with the governors of the colonies at the beginning of the contest, and with the commanders in America during the whole war, namely, Generals Gage, Howe, Burgoyne, Clinton, Robertson, Carlton, Cornwallis, and others of subordinate rank. The original correspondence of the British Commissioners, while negotiating the peace in Paris, was likewise examined; and also the original papers presented from time to time by Lord North to Parliament.

'In Paris, my researches embraced the voluminous correspondence between Count Vergennes and the French ministers, Gerard and Luzerne, while they were in the United States, amounting in all to nearly four hundred despatches, and unfolding the policy and views of the French Government from the beginning to the end of the war; also *Mémoires* and other pa-

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pers on American affairs, written by members of the cabinet, or by able jurisconsults employed for that purpose. In the archives of the Department of War, the despatches of Count Rochambeau, and other officers commanding the French army in America, were submitted to my examination, and such copies as I desired were allowed to be taken.

'I feel it a duty, as well as a pleasure, to express on this occasion the very high obligations, which I have been under to several gentlemen in Europe, who rendered most generous and valuable services in promoting the object of my inquiries, particularly to Sir James Mackintosh, the Marquis of Lansdowne, and Lord Holland in London; to General Lafayette and the Marquis de Marbois, in Paris; and to these I may add Mr. Lawrence, at that time *Chargé d'Affaires* from the United States to the Court of Great Britain, and Mr. Brown, the American Minister Plenipotentiary in France.

'From the large extent and various nature of the papers above indicated, it is obvious that only a partial use can be made of them in illustrating the writings of Washington; yet, as they all have a bearing on the great train of events, in which he acted the most conspicuous part, they contain many particulars, explanatory of the designs of persons and parties, which could not be known at the time he wrote, and others that will throw additional light upon the topics which employed his pen, and the affairs in which he was engaged. In preparing the notes, I have relied almost exclusively on manuscript authorities, and avoided as much as possible the encumbering of the pages with matter, which is already accessible in printed books. By this process I trust it will be found, that some valuable accessions have been made to history, at the same time that the character and deeds of Washington have received new elucidation.

'The plans of battles and military movements, which are occasionally inserted for a better understanding of the text, have been compiled from the best drawings that could be procured, as well English and French, as American. In this design, I have been specially aided by a series of manuscript drawings in the possession of General Lafayette, which were taken by a French engineer attached to his staff, and which are executed with scientific accuracy and beauty. Some of the old drawings, published at the time in London from imperfect sketches and surveys, I have been able to correct by the documents, to which I have had access, and by actual inspection, having personally visited nearly all the localities, which were the theatre of the chief operations of the American Revolutionary war. No pains have been spared to give these plans all the accuracy, of which

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they are susceptible on so small a scale, and with the present means of information.'

We have thought it due to the importance of the publication now before us, which we consider as being, in the proper and best sense of the word, a truly national work, to present to our readers somewhat in detail, and, to a considerable extent, in the language of the Editor, an account of the materials from which the collection has been drawn, and of the principles upon which it is to be conducted. Our preceding remarks and extracts apply equally to all the portions of the work. Of the two volumes immediately before us, the second, which is the third of the work, comprehends the commencement of the correspondence and documents relating to the Revolutionary war, and will come more naturally under review in connexion with the subsequent volumes, which will complete the series of that correspondence. We shall therefore confine the farther remarks which we have to offer on the present occasion, to the first of the two volumes before us, being the second of the work, which composes of itself the *First Part* of the entire correspondence, and covers the period in the life of Washington preceding the Revolutionary war. Although the contents of this volume, considered as materials for the future historian, are less important than those of the following ones, we look upon it, nevertheless, as one of the most curious and interesting portions of the collection. It exhibits the formation and gradual development of the character of Washington; and solves in a satisfactory manner the problem, which has hitherto appeared to most persons a very difficult one,—how a country gentleman, exclusively devoted to agricultural and civil pursuits, on being called to direct the military operations of a great confederacy, extending over half the continent, should have exhibited, in all the departments of his new vocation, from the largest plans of campaign, down to the smallest details of the camp, not only the talent and courage which might be regarded as original gifts of nature, but the self-possession, judgment, accuracy and familiarity with details of an experienced commander. We now see, what was known in general before, but had not yet been brought home to the mind of the public, in such a way as to be fully realized, that Washington had served a regular apprenticeship to the great employment of his mature life, during the

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old French war. In the operations of that, as far as Virginia was concerned, disastrous contest, he took throughout an active part, and commanded in chief, for several years, the troops of his native Commonwealth, though at that time scarcely above the legal age of discretion. In this early rehearsal of the great part which he was afterwards to play, he exhibited already the eminent qualities, which belonged to his character, and produced an impression upon the minds of his countrymen, the depth and extent of which are perhaps most fully shown by the well-known remark of President Davies; who, with a fortunate and sagacious foresight, that has never been equalled in any other instance, publicly spoke of Col. Washington, as that 'heroic youth, who seems to have been expressly raised up by Providence, for the purpose of rendering hereafter some signal service to the country.' We proceed to give, in the language of Mr. Sparks, an account of the contents of the first of the two volumes now before us, and of the sources from which they have been collected.

'In the method, which has been adopted for the present publication, the First Part consists of letters and papers written before the American Revolution. They relate chiefly to the French War, in which Washington was actively engaged for five years. During a large portion of that time he was commander-in-chief of the Virginia forces, and his correspondence in that capacity, both as furnishing historical materials and manifesting the characteristics and resources of his own mind, is curious and valuable. The importance attached to this correspondence by himself may be understood from the fact, that, many years after the letters were written, he revised the first drafts, and caused them to be carefully recorded in volumes. They have been preserved in this condition. Several of the originals still exist in his own handwriting. The same letter-books also contain military orders and reports of courts-martial, with connecting and explanatory remarks, which appear to have been added at a later date. These records form a complete narrative of the events in which Washington was concerned, from the time he joined General Braddock till he retired from the army.

'At Braddock's defeat, Washington, in common with the commander-in-chief and the other officers, lost all his papers, which were taken by the French, sent first to Canada, and thence to France. Among these were contained his official correspondence of the preceding year, and a private journal of the cam-

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paign, important as developing the particulars of his military movements, of the death of Jumonville, and of the affair at the Great Meadows. Fortunately this loss has been in a good measure repaired from other sources. By the courtesy and favor of the British Ministry, I was allowed free access to the archives of the public offices in London, where I found, particularly among the manuscripts in the office of the Board of Trade, several valuable documents illustrative of these events. Through the politeness of Mr. Lockhart, I was also made acquainted with the existence of Governor Dinwiddie's letter-books, and a collection of Washington's early letters, in the possession of Mr. Hamilton of London, who very obligingly permitted them to be copied for my use. The file of Washington's letters contained the originals written to Governor Dinwiddie, describing all his military transactions previous to Braddock's defeat, and of course filled up the chasm occasioned by the loss of his papers in that disastrous battle.

'In the library of the War Department at Paris, I had moreover the good fortune to find some original papers respecting the operations of the French, on the frontiers of Virginia, during the time of Washington's first campaigns, copies of which were freely granted to me.

'Many particulars, in addition to these materials, have been derived from the military and other letters, official and private, which were received by Washington in the time of the war, and were preserved at Mount Vernon. These have served to shed much light upon his own writings, by contributing matter for brief notes, and more full explanations in the Appendix. For this object I have likewise consulted such other manuscript authorities as could be obtained, relating to the period in question, and the best printed records and documents, such as the journals of assemblies, statutes at large, proclamations, governors' messages, and the correspondence of officers high in rank, both military and civil, English and French. It has in all cases been my endeavor to establish facts, as far as possible, by original testimony, and to take nothing at second hand where means existed of ascending to a more authentic source. As this aim has been pursued with a scrupulous care and persevering diligence, it is believed, that as much accuracy has been attained, as the nature of such inquiries will admit, and that nothing has been passed over, which would serve to illustrate the character of Washington, or explain the transactions in which he took an important part.

'After he resigned his commission in the army, and retired to his plantation at Mount Vernon, he devoted himself for fif-

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teen years almost exclusively to his private affairs. He was usually a member of the Virginia House of Burgesses, but few traces remain of his public acts in that body. A list of the voters at his several elections, denoting the persons for whom they voted, has been preserved, from which it appears, that he was uniformly chosen by a large majority over all his competitors.

'Two manuscript volumes contain the copies of letters, which were written between the time of his leaving the army and the beginning of the Revolution. They are copied out with peculiar neatness in his own handwriting. As these letters were directed chiefly to his mercantile agents in London, employed to sell his tobacco and the other produce of his plantation, and to purchase such as he wanted from that market, they have little in them of public or permanent interest. They show the exactness of method, the unceasing industry, the minuteness of detail, and rigid economy, with which he managed all his affairs, and prosecuted every kind of business he undertook. Political reflections, general remarks, and opinions on higher topics, are occasionally introduced, but these are incidental, few, and brief. From this part of the correspondence such selections have been made, as were suited to the objects of the present work.

'For many years previous to the Revolution, it was Washington's custom to keep a diary of some of the principal incidents that occurred within his observation. For this purpose he commonly used an almanac, interleaved with blank paper, and bound in a small volume. He made daily entrances under three heads, namely, first, '*Where, how, or with whom, my time is spent;*' secondly, '*Account of the Weather;*' thirdly, '*Remarks and Observations.*' He was a careful observer of the weather, and almost every night recorded the aspect of the heavens during the preceding day, whether cloudy or fair, the direction of the winds, and temperature. Whenever he left home he carried the interleaved almanac in his pocket, as also another little book, in which he entered daily the amount of money paid out by him, and the specific objects for which it was paid. This habit ceased during the Revolution, but was renewed afterwards. The contents of his diary turned chiefly on agricultural operations and other business concerns. These volumes, kept for a series of years, afford some biographical materials not destitute of interest.'

The above extract gives a complete view of the character of the materials, which compose the body of the volume. The Appendix, consisting of a hundred and thirty pages, contains a number of interesting disquisitions by the Editor, upon seve-

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ral points of importance in the early history of Washington. The first article in this part of the work, entitled 'Washington's Early Papers,' throws a good deal of light upon his family connexions and personal adventures at this period of his life; and also includes several extracts from diaries kept by himself, on a voyage to the Island of Barbadoes, and on some of his excursions for the purpose of surveying, as well as the more formal journal of his expedition across the Allegany mountains, which were already in print. The second contains a dissertation on the circumstances attending the death of M. de Jumonville, a French officer, who fell in an engagement between a small detachment of troops under his command and an American corps commanded by Washington, during the war of 1756. The proceedings of Washington in this affair were represented at the time, in France, as not in conformity to the rules of honorable warfare. This charge had been refuted by Washington himself, in a letter written to a friend, who requested information on the subject, and is now disproved by Mr. Sparks at greater length, and in a very satisfactory manner. The third and fourth articles in the Appendix are devoted respectively to remarks on the battle at the Great Meadows, and on Braddock's defeat;—the rest are shorter, and of a more miscellaneous character, but are full of valuable information, and do great credit to the judgment and industry of the Editor. The shorter notes at the bottom are uniformly drawn from authentic, and, in general, before unexplored sources, and throw a useful light upon the corresponding passages in the text.

It is not our intention on the present occasion to make any remarks, in a formal way, on the life and character of Washington. Any suggestions of this kind, which might occur to us, would appear with more propriety in connexion with a notice of the volume of the collection devoted to his biography. In the few pages which now remain to us, we shall cursorily advert to some of the more interesting topics, that are treated upon in the volume now before us.

The education of Washington, though generally, and doubtless in some respects justly, represented as defective, was not neglected, but appears, on the contrary, to have been conducted with great care and good judgment. We doubt whether, for the practical purposes of life, and for the particular course on which he was destined to enter, he could possibly have received a better one. He enjoyed the inestimable benefit of

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passing his youth in the healthy atmosphere of home:—his attention was directed to studies of substantial rather than ideal importance, and his morals and manners were apparently the objects of earnest solicitude. His earliest papers consist of exercises in arithmetic, geometry, and surveying, executed with great neatness and accuracy. In a book, dated when he was thirteen years old, there is a manuscript, occupying thirty folio pages, entitled *Forms of Writing*, consisting of models for papers to be used in the transaction of business, such as a note of hand, a bill of exchange, a bond, an indenture, a lease, and a will. In the same book there is another curious article, entitled, *Rules of civility and decent behavior in company and conversation*, containing one hundred and ten maxims of this description, carefully written out, and numbered. The source from which they were derived is not known, but as they exhibit a maturity both of thought and language much beyond the age of Washington at that time, and are not to be found in print, they were doubtless collected for his use by some intelligent and judicious friend. We regret that Mr. Sparks did not publish the whole of these rules, from which he has given a selection only. They are particularly interesting, from the bearing they doubtless had on the formation of the character of Washington, and, as far as they are given, they seem to us to furnish a very well-executed code of the minor morals of social life, which the circumstances of its origin should strongly recommend to the attention and observation of the American people. We would respectfully suggest to the Editor the expediency of inserting the entire paper, in some future volume of the collection. We copy the portion which is given in the one before us.

'1. Every action in company ought to be with some sign of respect to those present.

2. In the presence of others, sing not to yourself with a humming noise, nor drum with your fingers and feet.

3. Sleep not when others speak, sit not when others stand, speak not when you should hold your peace, walk not when others stop.

4. Turn not your back to others, especially in speaking; jog not the table or desk on which another reads or writes; lean not on any one.

5. Be no flatterer; neither play with any one that delights not to be played with.

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6. Read no letters, books, or papers in company; but when there is a necessity for doing it, you must ask leave. Come not near the books or writings of any one, so as to read them, unless desired, nor give your opinion unasked; also look not nigh when another is writing a letter.

7. Let your countenance be pleasant, but in serious matters somewhat grave.

8. Show not yourself glad at the misfortune of another, though he were your enemy.

9. When you meet with one of greater quality than yourself, stop and retire, especially if it be at a door or any strait place, to give way for him to pass.

10. They that are in dignity, or in office, have in all places precedency; but whilst they are young they ought to respect those that are their equals in birth, or other qualities, though they have no public charge.

11. It is good manners to prefer them to whom we speak before ourselves, especially if they be above us, with whom in no sort we ought to begin.

12. Let your discourse with men of business be short and comprehensive.

13. In visiting the sick, do not presently play the physician, if you be not knowing therein.

14. In writing or speaking, give to every person his due title, according to his degree and the custom of the place.

15. Strive not with your superiors in argument, but always submit your judgment to others with modesty.

16. Undertake not to teach your equal in the art himself professes; it savors of arrogancy.

17. When a man does all he can, though it succeeds not well, blame not him that did it.

18. Being to advise, or reprehend any one, consider whether it ought to be in public or in private, presently, or at some other time, in what terms to do it; and in reproving show no signs of choler, but do it with sweetness and mildness.

19. Take all admonitions thankfully, in what time or place soever given; but afterwards, not being culpable, take a time or place convenient to let him know it that gave them.

20. Mock not, nor jest at any thing of importance; break no jests that are sharp-biting, and if you deliver any thing witty, and pleasant, abstain from laughing thereat yourself.

21. Wherein you reprove another, be unblameable yourself; for example is more prevalent than precept.

22. Use no reproachful language against any one, neither curse, nor revile.

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23. Be not hasty to believe flying reports to the disparagement of any.

24. In your apparel, be modest, and endeavor to accommodate nature, rather than to procure admiration; keep to the fashion of your equals, such as are civil and orderly with respect to times and places.

25. Play not the peacock, looking every where about you to see if you be well decked, if your shoes fit well, your stockings sit neatly, and your clothes handsomely.

26. Associate yourself with men of good quality, if you esteem your own reputation, for it is better to be alone, than in bad company.

27. Let your conversation be without malice or envy, for it is a sign of a tractable and commendable nature; and in all causes of passion, admit reason to govern.

28. Be not immodest in urging your friend to discover a secret.

29. Utter not loose and frivolous things amongst grave and learned men; nor very difficult questions or subjects among the ignorant; nor things hard to be believed.

30. Speak not of doleful things in time of mirth, nor at the table; speak not of melancholy things, as death, and wounds, and if others mention them, change, if you can, the discourse. Tell not your dreams, but to your intimate friend.

31. Break not a jest where none takes pleasure in mirth; laugh not aloud, nor at all without occasion. Deride no man's misfortune, though there seem to be some cause.

32. Speak not injurious words neither in jest nor earnest; scoff at none although they give occasion.

33. Be not forward, but friendly and courteous; the first to salute, hear, and answer; be not pensive, when it is a time to converse.

34. Detract not from others, neither be excessive in commending.

35. Go not thither, where you know not whether you shall be welcome or not. Give not advice without being asked, and when desired do it briefly.

36. If two contend together take not the part of either unconstrained, and be not obstinate in your own opinion; in things indifferent be of the major side.

37. Reprehend not the imperfections of others, for that belongs to parents, masters and superiors.

38. Gaze not on the marks or blemishes of others, and ask not how they came. What you may speak in secret to your friend, deliver not before others.

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39. Speak not in an unknown tongue in company, but in your own language, and that as those of quality do, and not as the vulgar; sublime matters treat seriously.

40. Think before you speak, pronounce not imperfectly, nor bring out your words too hastily, but orderly and distinctly.

41. When another speaks, be attentive yourself, and disturb not the audience. If any hesitate in his words, help him not nor prompt him without being desired; interrupt him not, nor answer him, till his speech be ended.

42. Treat with men at fit times about business; and whisper not in the company of others.

43. Make no comparisons, and if any of the company be commended for any brave act of virtue, commend not another for the same.

44. Be not apt to relate news, if you know not the truth thereof. In discoursing of things you have heard, name not your author always. A secret discover not.

45. Be not curious to know the affairs of others, neither approach to those that speak in private.

46. Undertake not what you cannot perform, but be careful to keep your promise.

47. When you deliver a matter do it without passion, and with discretion, however near the person be, you do it to.

48. When your superiors talk to any body, hearken not, neither speak, nor laugh.

49. In disputes be not so desirous to overcome, as not to give liberty to each one to deliver his opinion, and submit to the judgment of the major part, especially if they are judges of the dispute.

50. Be not tedious in discourse; make not many digressions, nor repeat often the same manner of discourse.

51. Speak not evil of the absent, for it is unjust.

52. Make no show of taking great delight in your victuals; feed not with greediness; cut your bread with a knife; lean not on the table; neither find fault with what you eat.

53. Be not angry at table whatever happens, and if you have reason to be so show it not; put on a cheerful countenance, especially if there be strangers, for good humor makes one dish of meat a feast.

54. Set not yourself at the upper end of the table; but if it be your due, or that the master of the house will have it so, contend not, lest you should trouble the company.

55. When you speak of God and his attributes, let it be seriously, in reverence. Honor and obey your natural parents, although they be poor.

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56. Let your recreation be manful, not sinful.
57. Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire, called conscience.'

Washington was the third son of Augustine Washington, who was twice married, first to Jane Butler, and afterwards to Mary Ball. The fruit of the first marriage was three sons and a daughter, and of the second four sons and two daughters. The eldest son by the first marriage was called Butler, and died young. The second, named Lawrence, was born about the year 1718, and was consequently fourteen years older than George, who was but the eldest son of the second marriage, and was born in 1732. Lawrence was a captain in the British army, and served in the unfortunate expedition which was fitted out against Porto Bello, under Admiral Vernon, in the year 1741. On the death of his father, in 1743, he came into the possession of the family property, and retired from the army; soon after which he purchased the estate on the banks of the Potomac, and gave it the name of Mount Vernon, in honor of the Admiral. At his death the family estate devolved upon George, who was at that time probably the oldest son living, although no particulars are given of the death of the third son by the first marriage. Until this, Washington had probably little or no property, either in possession or expectation, and he seems very early to have turned his attention to the public service of the country, as his occupation. At the age of fourteen, he obtained, on the application of his brother Lawrence, a midshipman's warrant; but his mother, though she at one time reluctantly gave her consent to his entrance into this line of life, was never fully reconciled to the plan, and in consequence of her objection it was finally abandoned. At the age of sixteen, he appears to have taken up the employment of a surveyor of lands, and for the next three years was wholly occupied in this way. The field of his operations was on the Allegany mountains, and on the southern branches of the Potomac. The country was an entire wilderness, and the labor of surveying was so severe, that he was rarely out more than a few weeks at a time. His home was with his brother Lawrence at Mount Vernon, although he sometimes resided with his mother at Fredericksburg. On these excursions he usually kept diaries, some extracts from which are given by Mr. Sparks, and show that at that early age he had already acquired a great maturity of thought and

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style. In a letter written in one of these professional excursions, from the house of Lord Fairfax, then an inhabitant of Virginia, the young hero speaks with some warmth of the personal attractions of a young lady residing in his Lordship's family, but intimates that he was protected from the influence of her charms by a predisposition in favor of a certain 'Lowland beauty,' whose name and history seem to be now unknown.

However narrow a field the occupation of a surveyor, had he continued to pursue it through life, would have afforded for the display of the eminent talents and high moral endowments of Washington, it is hardly possible to imagine, that he could have passed the period, which he devoted to it, in a manner more favorable to his physical development and to the formation of his character with reference to his future course. It is probable, that after his intention of entering the naval service was abandoned, he looked to the army as his ultimate resort, and that he took up the employment of a surveyor as a temporary occupation, and a useful course of discipline. We find, accordingly, that, at the age of nineteen, he obtained, probably through the influence of his brother, an appointment as one of the adjutants general of Virginia, with the rank of Major. During the same year he accompanied his brother Lawrence, whose health was then rapidly declining, and who died the next year, on a voyage to the island of Barbadoes. Some interesting extracts are given from the diary kept during this voyage. The next year Lieutenant Governor Dinwiddie, who had recently arrived, divided the Colony into four military districts, assigning to each an adjutant, and in November, 1753, the appointment of Washington was renewed for the northern district. About the same time he was despatched on the mission to the commander of the French forces on the Ohio, which gave occasion to his first conspicuous appearance on the stage of public life. The journal of this expedition was published at the time in England, and has been often reprinted in America. It does the highest credit in every respect to his character, both intellectual and moral. The instructions given to him by Lieutenant Governor Dinwiddie, and the correspondence of the latter with the British ministry, after the return of Washington, expressing strong approbation of the manner in which he had executed his commission, are now published for the first time from the Dinwiddie manuscripts.

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Soon after the return of Washington from this expedition, the Governor and Council determined to enlist two volunteer companies of a hundred men each, to be employed in constructing a fort on the Ohio River, and the command of them was to be given to Washington, who was stationed at Alexandria, and retained his former rank of Major. The first letters in the collection before us are written from that place, on the subject of this expedition. The Assembly afterwards enlarged the force to be employed to three hundred men, divided into six companies; the chief command was given to Colonel J. Fry, and Washington was second, with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel. On the 2d of April he marched from Alexandria with two companies; and on the 20th arrived at Will's Creek. Another division of the little army, which had preceded him, under Captain Trent, and taken up a position at the fork of the Allegany and Monongahela rivers, now Pittsburg, had been attacked by the French and compelled to surrender. This was the first act of open hostility that occurred in the memorable war, commonly called that of 1756. On the death of Colonel Fry, about the first of June, Washington took the temporary command of the expedition; and, on the permanent appointment of Colonel James to the same post, he was advanced to the command of the Virginia regiment. In the correspondence belonging to this period, he adverts to the affair of M. de Jumonville, and to the battle of the Great Meadows, both of which, as we have remarked, are illustrated at considerable length in the Appendix. The projected expedition across the mountains was found impracticable; but the Assembly, in October of the same year, voted to raise ten companies of a hundred men each, and in order to avoid the difficulties respecting rank, which had occurred between the royal and colonial officers, they determined that the companies should be all considered independent of each other, and that there should be no colonial officer of higher rank than captain. Washington, who already held the rank of colonel, declined of course to remain under the new organization, and resigned his commission. But his reputation was already so high, that his presence was regarded as important, if not essential, and on the arrival of General Braddock, at the opening of the next year, as commander-in-chief, in order to avoid any difficulty on the score of rank, he invited Washington to accompany him as his aid, with a Colonel's commission. The

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following letters are occupied with details of the events of the disastrous expedition, that terminated in Braddock's defeat; of which a long and interesting account is given by Mr. Sparks in the Appendix. It was immediately after this action, that President Davies, then a clergyman in Virginia, made use of the remarkable expression, alluded to above. Washington escaped unhurt, though he had two horses shot under him, and received four bullets in his coat. On the 14th of August, he was appointed by the Governor, commander-in-chief of the Virginia forces, which had now been raised to sixteen companies, comprehending in the whole a thousand men, and thus attained, at the early age of twenty-three, by the mere force of his own courage and conduct, the same respectable and elevated station, though on a smaller theatre, which he filled with so much honor in after life. His correspondence as commander-in chief, principally with the Governor, extends through the next three years, and occupies the greater part of the volume. At the close of the year 1758, he retired from the army, and took his seat in the House of Burgesses, of which he had recently been elected a member. The great satisfaction which he had given to the troops under his command, and to the public at large, is evinced by the address of the officers, now first published, and by the interesting scene which occurred in the House of Burgesses, upon his taking his seat. It is related by Mr. Wirt, on the authority of Edmund Randolph, in the following terms.

'As soon as Colonel Washington took his seat in the Assembly, Mr. Robinson, the speaker, in obedience to an order of the House, and following the impulse of his own generous and grateful heart, discharged the duty with great dignity, but with such warmth of coloring and strength of expression, as entirely to confound the young hero. He rose to express his acknowledgements for the honor, but such was his trepidation and confusion, that he could not give distinct utterance to a syllable. He blushed, stammered, and trembled for a second, when the Speaker relieved him by a stroke of address, that would have done honor to Louis the Fourteenth in his proudest and happiest moment. "Sit down, Mr. Washington, said he, with a conciliating smile, "your modesty is equal to your valor, and that is saying more for it than I could possibly express in any other language."'

The concluding part of the collection is composed of a few private letters, written from Mount Vernon, during the inter-

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val between the retirement of Washington from the army and the opening of the Revolutionary War. We deem it unnecessary to make any extracts from the correspondence, as specimens of its style or substantial character. It is more valuable as materials for history, and as illustrating the character of the writer, than from the intrinsic interest of the contents, which relate in general to matters of mere detail. It has all the prominent qualities of the subsequent revolutionary correspondence, and exhibits a complete maturity of mind, as well as style. The latter was probably somewhat improved by revision at a later period of life. With cordial thanks to the Editor, for his indefatigable and well-directed labors, we take our leave, for the present, of this collection, to which we shall probably take occasion to invite the attention of our readers again,—perhaps more than once,—before its final completion.

ART. X.—*Temperance.*

Fifth Annual Report of the New York State Society for the Promotion of Temperance, presented by the Executive Committee, Feb. 25, 1834.

IN our number for January, 1833, we submitted some remarks to our readers, on the subject of Temperance. We expressed the opinion, at that time, that, for obvious reasons, the great work of producing a general reform in the matter of intemperance, was 'likely to become, to a certain extent, *a standing duty of good men*; a work, however successful, which must be always doing, and never wholly done.' We are disposed to repeat this remark, at the present time, as one of still pertinent application. We do not know that there is any perceptible relaxation of the zeal, with which this subject was taken up, a few years since,—we have noticed no such relaxation. Should it manifest itself in any quarter, it must be considered as a perfectly natural occurrence, for the ardor, with which novelties of all kinds are taken up and pushed forward, is, with that part of the community who are caught with *mere* novelty, naturally followed by indifference, when the novelty is worn off. There is a class of pioneers in the world of benevolence and public spirit, as in the Western

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territory, who, by the time the fields are beginning to open to the sun,—and while the tall black trunks are still standing, —fly forward to subdue some farther forest, still more remote from the haunts of men. But they are the most useful laborers in a great cause, who adhere to it when novelty is over,—pursue it when the *éclat* of a popular wonder is past, —cherish it, when perhaps a partial reaction, in what is called public sentiment, comes on,—and clear it from the prejudice which results to it, in consequence of the abuses, evils, mistakes, and untoward incidents, which beset all human things, and seldom fail to develope themselves, in company with the benefits and blessings of great moral changes.

Our remarks in January, 1833, were drawn out, by one of the annual Reports of the New York State Temperance Society. By again making the record of its proceedings the text of a few observations, we intend no invidious preference of its agency, over that of the other associations for the same object, in the United States, from the American Temperance Society down to the smallest village Union; which have, as far as we are acquainted with them, all deserved nobly of the cause of humanity. In the motives of those, who take the lead in these institutions, or swell the ranks, we suppose there is the average amount of human infirmity,—in their measures, the average mixture of discretion and imprudence,—in the estimates of the effects produced, the average compound of truth and over-statement. If we insist on waiting to commence the reform of great evils, till we can find men and societies, of whom these same remarks cannot be made, we shall wait till this state of probation is over, and humanity, with all its capacities, imperfections, evils, and modes of discipline, is resolved into a different state of being. If we give as a reason for not countenancing a great work of reform for the extirpation of a crying evil, that those who are engaged in the work are not free from the imperfections of humanity;—that its first subjects, in ceasing to be the victims of the evil, do not become saints,—that some of those, who enlist in the cause, are mercenaries, or that some others become deserters,—or, that, while a vigorous remedy is applied to the main evil, other shades of evil or inconveniences have crept in, we show a great degree of simplicity or insincerity; for these objections would suspend all effort, individual or social, to reform the most acknowledged evils.

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Thus it is said, that of those, who have been led to abstain from the use of ardent spirit, under the influence of the Temperance reform, some consume a larger quantity of wine, or cider, or beer, or some other succedaneous intoxicating liquor, and that therefore the Temperance reform is not a sincere, thorough, honest work. But this is very unjust. A work may be sincere and honest, and yet not wholly effectual. Is there any thing perfect in human affairs? We suppose, as a political movement, the American Revolution was as honest, as any that is recorded in the world's annals. Was there not in its secret history and in its public transactions, we do not say the usual amount, but the usual mixture of selfishness and passion?—And suppose some individuals abandon rum, only to indulge in cider or wine, what then?—It cannot be supposed that all, or a very considerable portion of those, who pretend to have become temperate, are of this description; and therefore the fact amounts to no more than this, that some persons, who were thought to have abandoned a very pernicious habit, have substituted another quite bad, though less pernicious than the former. It does not touch the value of the reformation, where it is sincere and genuine. The benefits and the blessings of the reform are to the *individuals* who are the subjects of it; and where it is genuine and entire, it is not the less so, because in some other cases, there has been deception or backsliding.

Again, it is reform to abandon rum, even to take up cider, beer, or wine; for though these last, taken in sufficient quantities, are inebriating, yet it is not so easy to produce that effect by their use. To extirpate the use of rum is taking a great and important step, even for those who fly to some other stimulant; for there is no substitute, in which the poison can be had so cheap, so palatable, so highly concentrated. There is nothing so formidable as rum; a man cannot well change in this matter, without changing to advantage;—it is not possible, we believe, to go farther and fare worse.

The last annual Report of the New York State Temperance Society discloses a continued energy of purpose,—an increased operation of a very thoroughly organized social machinery,—and above all, a great enlargement of the sphere of operations through the press. The circulation of documents, effected by the Society, has risen from forty-eight thousand, which was the amount in the first and second years of the Society's ex-

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istence, to more than four millions and a half, the past year. Of this prodigious circulation one half is gratuitous ;—that is, the expense of it is defrayed out of the Society's funds, or the donations of benevolent individuals, without any payment on the part of those who receive the publications.

Among the interesting statements contained in this Report, is that which relates to the testimony of physicians on the use of ardent spirits. In the course of the year 1833, more than fourteen hundred physicians, in different parts of the Union, have affixed their signatures to a declaration of the utter uselessness of ardent spirit, as a drink, as well as of its injurious effects upon the human system. This is attacking the use of spirit in one of its last strong holds. The idea that it is strengthening, cheering, bracing ;—that it does you good when you are very cold, or very warm, or drenched in rain, or parched with heat and dust ; or, what is the more common complaint, when you do not know exactly what is the matter, and think a little ardent spirit would do you good,—this idea tends greatly to perpetuate its use, and is one of the last prejudices to be shaken. The Faculty have rendered a valuable service, by the unanimity with which they have expressed themselves on this subject ; and their testimony is as creditable to the tone of moral conduct which actuates the profession, as it is valuable ; for of all the purveyors for the doctor, the rum bottle is unquestionably the most active and successful.

But it is to temperance on board our merchant ships, that we propose more particularly to call the attention of our readers, at this time, in connexion with the very interesting document on this subject, emanating from the Executive Committee of the New York State Temperance Society. On the 20th of March last, that Committee was directed to address the following questions to such ship owners, and ship masters, as would be best able to furnish the requisite information.

'1. What is the name (or names) and tonnage of your ship (or ships), sailing on the temperance principle?

2. To what port (or ports) does she (or they) belong, if registered in different ports?

3. Of what number does the crew usually consist?

4. Did you formerly furnish ardent spirits, among your ship-stores?

5. Do you think you ever derived any advantage from furnishing it?

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6. If you do not furnish ardent spirits now to the men, what substitute, if any, do you use?

7. Is it your opinion, that, under any circumstances of storm, change of climate, or fatiguing service, your crews would endure more, suffer less, or perform greater labor with ardent spirit than without it?

8. In stormy weather, when tea and coffee cannot be prepared for the men, and their exertions are great and the different watches go off duty, cold and wet, to their berths, without ardent spirit, have you ever found any ill effect to arise, either to health or to habits of strict subordination?

9. If engaged in whaling, have you found any ill effects from not using spirits, especially in cutting up whales in latitudes, when the greatest activity is necessary, and the effluvia sickening?

10. Under such circumstances as are alluded to in the last question, what has been your practice in regard to refreshments for your men?

11. In either high or low latitudes, is it your experience that ardent spirit as a drink is necessary for either the health or comfort of sailors?

12. Will you add, by way of remark, any facts or circumstances within your own personal experience or knowledge, which you think will be of importance to the cause of temperance among seamen?'

These queries appear to have been addressed, under the direction of the Executive Committee of the New York State Temperance Society, in compliance with the wishes of the friends of the cause of temperance in Great Britain. The answers contain a mass of information of the highest interest, and we do not know that we can better employ our pages, than by laying some portions of it before our readers.

Mr. David M. Bunker commands the ship Neva, of New-York. Her crew usually consists of fifteen men, and spirit was formerly laid in among her stores, but is so no longer. Captain Bunker is of opinion, that he never derived any advantage from having it furnished to his men. He now sometimes furnishes coffee as a substitute. He answers the seventh question in the negative. In stormy weather, when hot tea and coffee cannot be prepared, he has given the men ginger and water. He answers the ninth and eleventh questions in the negative. The following interesting facts show, that he does not speak on the subject without the warrant of experience.

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'On the coast of Scotland, or rather off the Orkney Islands, in the month of November, 1831, in the latitude of North Renolencha, and between that and Fair Isle, I experienced very bad weather, and was in a ship loaded with iron from Sweden bound to New-York. The ship leaked very bad, and after beating off there for several days, the men got very much beat out with fatigue, and one night, after getting the topsails close reefed, the watch went below. But not long after that, the mizen topsail went, the main course also soon went, and soon after the main topsail split. We had been obliged to carry sail to keep off the shore. The men were at work all night taking in sail, and so forth, and in the morning I ordered a new main topsail bent, and also another foresail, and while the men were on the main topsail yard, they saw the land. They had no time to get any thing to eat, and no time could be allowed for cooking even a cup of coffee. The weather was very cold, and I feared the men would give up. I accordingly sweetened some water and put in some ginger, which seemed to invigorate them, and they continued all that day working and getting sails up to the yards, which had been blown away the night previous, and our exertions were crowned with success; and we got the ship clear of the shore, without the aid of stimulating drinks. I might, if time allowed, add many more cases, but this must suffice for the present.'

Captain Caleb Curtis, for twenty years a mariner and ship master, used to furnish his men with spirits, but was led to the conclusion that it was useless, from observing that a fellow ship master, in the trade from Liverpool to Charleston, S. C., never gave his men grog. Although he was supposed to do this from parsimonious feelings, his men never complained; *he always sailed with three less men than ever shipped on board other ships of the same size*, and always had good men. Since it has become customary not to furnish grog, Captain Curtis hears no complaint for the want of it, and he does not find that seamen are more reluctant to ship on board temperance vessels, than on those in which rum is furnished. Captain Curtis thinks that more than one half of the vessels that sail out of the port of Boston, take no spirits.

Captain Edmund Gardner, a retired ship master of New-Bedford, states it as the result of his experience, acquired in ten voyages to the Pacific, in all capacities, from that of a common sailor to that of commander, that ardent spirits are entirely unnecessary and worthless as an anti-scorbutic. In

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passing Cape Horn, he has been exposed to wet, cold, and rough weather, for more than six weeks together, on which occasions he was always able to preserve the health of his ship's company, by taking care, as far as possible, that they should have a dry change of clothing, when they left the deck wet, and by giving them plenty to eat, and tea made hot with ginger to drink. Experience has proved, that the American whaling ships may be at sea with their ordinary provision of stores about ten months, without great danger of scurvy, but not for a much longer period. Calculation is accordingly made by their commanders, to be able within that period, to recruit their stock of fresh fruit and vegetables. This is the only specific on which experience has taught them to rely, (apart from the necessary care to keep their men as cleanly, and their clothes and sleeping accommodations as comfortable as possible,) to prevent or cure that formidable and once frightful disease. The instances of death from this disease, on board the American whaling ships, are now exceedingly rare, and those of disability to perform duty far from frequent.

Captain Gardner performed five whaling voyages to the Pacific, and procured much of his oil near the equator, on the west coast of Mexico, and on Japan. He never found in these trying latitudes, nor in any of his voyages, any occasion for ardent spirits, except for external use. He was in the habit of brewing spruce beer, once a week, and thought this very serviceable to his people.

On the subject of the length of time, for which water can be preserved, Captain Gardner says he has kept it sweet and good for two years, in as hot weather as is to be found in any part of the globe. He thinks the water will never become corrupted, if the casks are vented. He gives it as the sum of all his observation and experience, that spirituous liquors are *never* necessary for the preservation of sea-faring men, nor conducive to their health.

Captain Walter Crocker, of Boston, commander of the ship Israel, in reply to the seventh query, says that the men 'will unquestionably be better, in any possible case, without spirit as a drink.' He answers the eighth and ninth questions in the negative, and in reply to the tenth he remarks 'that there is much better subordination without spirits, much better health in sickly climates, men are much more peaceable, contented, and happy among themselves, without spirit.'

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Captain Richard Girdler, of Marblehead, commanded a temperance ship from 1825 to 1832. He found that 'his crew could endure more, that they suffered less, and performed greater labor, without ardent spirit than with it;' and he thinks that it is not necessary in any vicissitude of climate, as a drink, for the health or comfort of sailors. We quote the following passage from Captain Girdler's letter:—

'I sailed in the ship Grecian, upwards of two years, and had my shipping articles opened in large and legible characters, that no ardent spirits whatever should be allowed on board the ship, as former experience taught me that almost all the evils on ship board arose in consequence of rum-drinking. From this system I have experienced the most happy effects. I have lost no men by sickness or any other accident, and when visiting unhealthy climates, an early attention to the complaints of my crew has restored them to health. On the contrary, in pestilential climates, I have observed that intemperate seamen are generally victims, in consequence of their medicine having little or no effect on their constitutions.

'There is no difficulty in managing a sober crew; but all manner of evil is to be dreaded among the intemperate.'

Messrs. Mitchell and Co., engaged in the whaling business at Nantucket, state that since the year 1830 no spirits have been furnished in their vessels. In reply to the question, 'Do you think you ever derived any advantage from furnishing it?' they answer, 'Never; we have failed in several instances of obtaining voyages in consequence of it.' In reply to the seventh question, they say, 'certainly not; we know from *personal* experience, that change of climate or fatigue service is easier endured without ardent spirit, than with it.' In reply to the eighth interrogatory, they observe, that 'during a voyage of forty-two months in the Pacific Ocean and on the coast of Japan, no ill effects have ever been discovered in consequence of the absence of spirit, either to health or strict subordination.' These gentlemen farther say, that they have long been of opinion, that ardent spirit was a useless article on board ship, as part of the stores; and in the year 1830, they determined to try the experiment of sending their own ships to sea without it. The answers quoted above, to the queries propounded by the Committee, show the entire success of the experiment.

The letter of Messrs. Mitchell and Co. is accompanied with

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a list of twenty-seven vessels, employed in the whale fishery, out of the port of Nantucket, and navigated entirely without ardent spirits. The whole number of whale-ships out of this port, including three just launched, was, on the eighth of last May, seventy-seven. We are sorry to see that twenty-seven only had as yet dispensed with the treacherous poison. But we entertain no doubt, that, when the practical good sense and sound judgment of the ship owners in Nantucket shall be turned a little more carefully to the question, they will, both from a regard to their own interest, and tenderness to the welfare of their seafaring brethren, remove this fruitful cause of disease, poverty, and ruin from their reach. New-Bedford has done better in this respect than Nantucket; and we own it is a new idea to us, that Nantucket, in proportion to her means and resources, should be outdone in any bold or good work, in any quarter. Sad indeed were the fact, if they, who bravely and successfully attack the great monsters of the deep, should be unable to stand in contest with the venomous worm of the still.

Captain Edward Richardson, of New-York, speaks from seventeen years' experience, as a ship master. His substitutes for spirit, (which he formerly furnished,) are cold water, coffee, and tea. He found spirits, under all circumstances, injurious, and for the last six years that he has abandoned the use of them on ship board, he has had much less sickness to contend with. The following remarks of Captain Richardson deserve very serious consideration, on the part of ship owners and ship masters, that have the cause of temperance really at heart. After stating that three ships, in which he is concerned, are 'thorough temperance ships, and do not furnish ardent spirits for officers or seamen, and none for passengers, except as medicine;' he adds, 'ships are *called* "temperance ships," if they ship their sailors to do without grog, and carry the old fashioned case in the cabin, for officers and cabin passengers. I hope great care will be taken that such ships do not get upon your list. But very few ships give the sailors grog now, and there are but very few, that do without it in the cabin. The great difficulty, in the way of the temperance reform among seamen, is the backwardness of merchants.'

The communication of Captain B. B. Williams, of the Henry Thompson of Boston, is particularly valuable. He observes,

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that the shipping articles of his vessel, like those of *most of the vessels* out of the port of Boston, are headed, 'no ardent spirits allowed.' Formerly it was considered a part of the contract to furnish grog: now the custom is fully established the other way, and there is no difficulty in shipping crews on the principle of total abstinence; in fact the question is never asked. The principal difficulty, in carrying into effect total abstinence on board of vessels, is the intervention of landlords, who are the agents for shipping the crews. Sailors can be obtained only through the agency of these landlords. The landlords generally give them as much as they will drink, while their money lasts. They are then shipped, and must often be taken on board in a state of intoxication. *Delirium tremens* follows, and it is some time before they can be reduced to the abstinence required. They then become as useful and able seamen as any on board, and do their duty faithfully. Captain Williams states, that almost all the insubordination, which he has known in twenty years, proceeds from intoxication. It is easy to keep the sailors from the use of ardent spirits on ship board, and there is no murmuring when they find they must submit to it. But the moment they get on shore, they fall into the hands of the landlords. Their old propensity returns upon them;—they are treacherously tempted to gratify it. They indulge in excess till their money is gone, and they are again shipped in a state of intoxication.

Captain Williams gives it as his opinion, that about one seaman in twenty will refuse ardent spirits altogether. Very few are able to resist the temptations to excess, which are thrown in their way on shore. It has been the practice of some commanders of vessels, even against their inclination, to furnish spirits to intemperate sailors, whose craving appetite, it was thought, could not safely, at once, be deprived of its wonted gratification. That this, however, is erroneous, is established by the experience of the House of Correction in Boston. No spirits are allowed there; and out of one hundred and twenty-six drunkards, received from the tenth of July to the twenty-fourth of September, 1833, not one died. The remedy applied in *delirium tremens* is wormwood tea, as hot as it can be drunk. Almost the only cases of sickness in the House of Correction and Marine Hospital are those of *delirium tremens*; and this treatment usually turns out the patient in health, and in a condition to labor, in one or two weeks.

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It is Captain Williams's belief, that though ship owners and ship masters are doing a great deal to encourage temperance among sailors, their efforts never can be wholly effectual, so long as the present mode continues of shipping sailors, through the agency of landlords, who have them completely in their power. The landlords come on board vessels arriving in port, often before their sails are furled, (*which it is impossible to prevent?*) with bottles in their pockets, and tempt the sailors to drink. If a sailor drinks, he is generally secured. The landlord takes the sailor to his house, and when the sailor and his clothes are once there, the latter are held for a week's board. By the end of a week, his funds are generally low, and he is then obliged to wait for an advance on a new shipment, to get out of the house of his landlord. Captain Williams mentions the following fact, as being within his knowledge. A sailor who had been a voyage with him was paid off about a hundred dollars, and was taken by a landlord to his boarding-house in the evening, by the mode of seduction just mentioned. The next morning he wished to get his clothes out of the clutches of his landlord, that he might go home in another vessel. The landlord refused to deliver them. His bill was eight dollars, and one item in it was sixty-six glasses of grog. He had been in the house from supper time till the next morning at breakfast. He had offered to pay the bill, but the landlord refused to receive the money; nor was it till Captain Williams interfered, that he would surrender the clothes, and take the payment of his bill. This is but an example of the abuses which exist in the sailor boarding-houses. It is evident in the present case, that the poor fellow,—his pockets filled with his hard earned dollars,—was plied to drink all he could possibly take into his stomach, and on the charitable supposition that all the grog charged to him had been delivered to somebody, we must still presume, that a great part was consumed in promiscuous good fellowship about the bar. Kept in a state bordering on intoxication,—unable by the detention of his effects to get away,—stimulated by the wretch who was plundering him, and his vile confederates of both sexes, he would, of course, in three or four days have run through his hundred dollars, without supposing him to be actually robbed, as is no doubt often the case. This done, he is kept two or three days longer, pillaged of all his extra clothing and the advance of another shipment, and then brought down, in

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a state of intoxication, and put on board ship, for another voyage.

We have long been of opinion, that the sailor landlord system is one of the most crying evils amongst us. Cruelty, fraud, immorality, and the degradation of the merchant service, and in consequence, of the Public Marine, are all contained in it. The character of the sailor is kept by it, in a state of eternal abasement. It is a short process, and told by Captain Williams in two sentences. The seaman enlists on board a temperance ship; he makes his voyage, and while it lasts, abstains from ardent spirits. Thus far he is in the path of virtue. He is able to sustain the hardships of the sea, without having his system eaten up by fiery stimulants, and he brings home a little stock of money, dearly earned. No serious danger awaits him, with this one fatal exception. There is no particular obstacle to his perseverance in good courses. He is exposed to no other temptations, than those, which beset the rest of the community similarly situated. There is no reason why he should not seek out his aged parents, perhaps in some inland village; comfort them with a portion of his earnings; possibly find the love of his native spot revive in his heart, and form the determination of marrying Susan, or Eliza, or Jane, his sweetheart before he went to sea, and cultivating a small piece of land the residue of his days. There is no reason, why, if he wishes to pursue a course like this, but wants a little more money to enable him to stock his little farm, he should not put his hundred dollars in the savings' bank and go another voyage. Or he may set up a bit of a shop in the city, and trade in a small way;—or if he can read and write, he may work his way up from the forecastle to the cabin. In fact, the sailor, instead of being, by any necessity of the case, a needy, shiftless creature, enjoys opportunities of getting up in the world, not possessed by the mass of the laboring population. It is a little capital which is wanted for a start in life; and the great difficulty is to overcome this want. Now the very nature of the sailor's calling, in a well conducted ship, brings him home, at the end of his voyage, with a clear hundred or two of dollars in his pocket. Why should he not make as good use of it, as the young man who comes from the interior and works a year or two on a farm, for his ten dollars a month; or as those of either sex, who, by a few years passed in a factory, amass a little capital, which

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enables them to return to their native villages and make advantageous establishments for life? But not so the sailor. In consequence of this execrable landlord system, an organized band of merciless tigers lies in wait for poor Jack, on his arrival in port. Before the sails are furled, some one of these is on board, to tempt him with a bottle of rum; and this, says Captain Williams, cannot be prevented. If we were Captain Williams, we would try it. We would treat the man, who should thus illegally trespass on the deck of our ship, for the infernal purpose of corrupting the morals and plundering the pockets of our crew, as we would treat the man, who should intrude into our house, with a bottle of rum in his pocket, to practise the same villany on the members of our family. A captain's ship is his castle, and his crew are his children and apprentices; and the virtuous ship master, who knows how to keep a vagabond out of his house, that should come there to get his child or his hired man drunk, knows how to protect the honest fellows under his command, from this part at least of the perils to which they are exposed. But this, alas, is but a part,—a small part,—of the danger. The sailor once landed, it seems as if there were on earth no eye to pity and no arm to save him. He must have a night's lodging. He cannot go to the Tremont, nor the Bromfield House, and he falls, almost by necessity, into the hands of a 'landlord.' Once in his fangs, how can he escape? It is not in human nature. Tempted by the hospitable glass offered him as a pledge of welcome; exhilarated by the firm tread of the earth under his feet,—the bustle of land,—by indulgence in all that can tempt his palate,—by the other and still more dangerous seductions that beset him, what can he do?—Drink, drink, drink; and in this, sacrifice at once, money, temperate habits, health, the power of self-control,—the good resolutions taking root in his heart,—and reduce himself, in a few days, to the cruel necessity of embarking on another voyage, needy, destitute, hopeless.

The case is enough to make a man weep tears of blood. In more than half the cases, the sea is resorted to as a school of discipline. The young man is thoughtless, or he has not had a good home; or he has never been blessed with the vigilant inspection of the parental eye;—or with these guards, he has not done all he ought to have done; he is restive when the yoke of life and duty is first put upon him; and he is obliged, as the phrase is,—to go to sea. He is froward, but not

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hopeless ; wild, but not desperate. He needs restraint ; but he does not deserve to be trampled into the mud of iniquity and despair. Removed from temptation on ship board, kept to constant and regular labor, under a judicious commander ;—made to taste of the hardships of the life into which he has thrown himself ;—with opportunities, as he sits listlessly on deck in his night watches, gazing into the sky, to think of the father, the mother, or the sister, whom he left weeping at his perversity under the roof beneath which he was born ;—there is no reason in the world to despair of his return to the right way. Many a heart-felt sigh of regret mingles with the gale that threatens the bending topmast ;—many a virtuous resolution responds to the cry of ' all hands on deck,' when it summons the poor sailor,—his watch hardly closed,—drenched, chilled, stiff, and sore, from his hammock to the shrouds, in a pelting wintry storm. But all in vain. The devil's sentinel is on the watch for him, before he gets to land. A monster, that gets his living out of the poverty, disease, and sufferings of seamen, is in wait for him. He carries a poison in his pocket, by which he stupifies his senses, till he can get him into his power, and then plunders him systematically, at his leisure, and without remorse.

Is there no remedy for this ? There must be. It is not possible, that an evil so gross, so definite, so undisguised, so organized, should be without a remedy, complete or partial. It must, we think, begin with ship owners, and ship masters. Let them, in the first place, refuse all countenance to the class of landlords such as we have described ; and especially let them refuse to ship any seaman who does not offer himself, and finally come on board ship to sail, in a state of sobriety. This would strike at the root of the system ; for it would prevent the landlords from regularly getting rid of their victims, in a state of intoxication. There are, we believe, some boarding-houses for seamen, on the temperance principle, and there will, we trust, before long be more. Let some of those virtuous seamen, who, as Captain Williams thinks, in the proportion of one to twenty, are able to hold out against the fascination of ardent spirit, be encouraged to keep boarding-houses for their brother tars, and let a preference be given to them in shipping crews. Let every ship master affectionately put his men on their guard against the dangers that await them, and caution them against the vagabonds that prowl

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about the wharfs, to seize them, on their landing. Let the author of 'My Mother's Gold Ring' write a tract, especially calculated to be put into the hands of sailors about to land. Let the municipality conscientiously administer the power, with which they are clothed,—(a power of life and death, vastly greater in the result, than that of the magistrate who is authorized to sentence the felonious perpetrators of a few capital crimes,)—the power of multiplying or reducing the number of legalized poisoners; and let the law of the land turn one of its argus eyes toward the high-handed infractions of its provisions, which are daily committed in the sailor boarding-houses. These, with the blessing of Heaven on the means of direct religious instruction, might do much. In this last respect, the port of Boston is signally favored in the labors of the reverend gentleman, (Mr. Taylor,) who so assiduously, skilfully, and honorably devotes himself to the moral and spiritual improvement of those, whom he is not ashamed to call his brother tars. May his health be spared; and his heart cheered.

But we have been insensibly led from our immediate purpose, which was to present our readers with an abstract of the 'testimony of the American merchants and sea captains,' on the subject of temperance, as collected by Mr. Delavan. Captain Harding, of the ship Romulus, has made a very valuable communication. We think we cannot do better than quote it entire.

'This paper being put into my hands yesterday by one of the advocates of temperance among seamen, Capt. E. Richardson, I have answered the within-named questions from my own experience, except as it regards whaling ships, having never been in that trade. I am now 54 years of age, have commanded a vessel since the year 1801, almost 33 years, without any interruption, except that occasioned by the embargo and war. I always furnished ardent spirits to my crew, then considered a necessary part of ship stores, and used it myself, until April, 1828, when, having become a subscriber to a temperance paper published in Boston, called the National Philanthropist, edited by Rev. Wm. Collier, and taking a yearly file of those papers with me to sea, my eyes were opened for the first time to see this important subject in its true colors. I immediately abandoned the use of ardent spirit in all its forms and names, and have not directly or indirectly used any since. Changing my employ soon after, my owners were distillers of N. E. rum, and when I joined the vessel, brig Iris of Portsmouth, N. H., 250 tons, the usual barrel

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of N. E. rum was on board among the stores, and although remonstrated against by me, was not taken out, the owners believing the ship's duty could not be so well performed without it as with it; the bad effect of which was seen by me, by the pilot getting drunk, and running the vessel on shore in the Mississippi, and felt by the owner, in paying for a steam-boat to tow her off. Having his rum returned the second year without being used, he has not troubled me with it since. He is quite a large ship-owner at Portsmouth, all of which, I believe, now sail on the temperance plan, notwithstanding he is a manufacturer of N. E. rum still. The ship Romulus, I have commanded since September, 1831. In her I made one voyage to New-Orleans, Havre, the Canary Islands, and back to New-York; and in May, 1832, sailed to Canton, and returned in August, 1833; and my last voyage from Havre to Mobile, last September, and thence to Liverpool, from whence I have just returned, have all been performed without ardent spirits being furnished to the crew or officers, not having any *for cabin use, nor even for passengers.* I find no inconvenience arising from it; on the contrary, I have an orderly and obedient crew, no noise or profanity, or disobedience. I would not be understood by this to say, that sailors themselves have, as a community, become sober and temperate, except when placed on ship board, where the intoxicating liquor cannot be obtained; for I usually have to cleanse the forecastle of that *common disturber* on first going to sea, after which all is peace and quietness. As it respects reformation among seamen, I fear those accounts we have so often seen in our marine periodicals have been much over-rated. I would by no means wish to discourage our benevolent citizens, who have done and are doing so much to bring about a reformation in the morals of seamen; they have my best wishes, exertions and prayers for success.

'In answer to your 8th question I say, that when I was in the habit of using ardent spirits, when wet and fatigued at sea, on going below to refresh and shift myself, I thought a *little toddy* was absolutely necessary to prevent taking cold; but now that I am more than fifty years old, I can get wet, cold and fatigued, go below and put on dry clothes, and if thirsty take a drink of water, and feel no inconvenience whatever, so that in this case I answer from actual experience.

'Wishing you every success in this benevolent undertaking, I am, sir, your most obedient servant in the temperance cause.'

A very valuable hint is dropped by Mr. William Savage. 'I think it as essential,' says he, 'that no spirit should be furnished in the cabin for the officers, as that the men should be

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without spirits. In the early part of my life, I made many voyages to sea, as supercargo often, and as passenger. I have seen many instances of the ill effects of a master or a mate's taking a strong glass of grog; though not absolutely drunkards, it was easy to perceive that a strong glass of grog, and particularly a second one, deprived the officer of a part of his cool judgment. I have seen much evil, but never the least good, from having rum on board; all quarrels at sea have rum for their foundation.'

From a communication of Mr. Joseph Rickehen of New-Bedford, it appears that of one hundred and eighty-six vessels in the whale fishery, out of that port, one hundred and sixty eight are temperance ships; and eighteen out of thirty in the merchant service! This statement is in the highest degree creditable to the ship owners and ship masters of that place, and we trust they will find an ample reward in the prosperity of their business, and in the calm consciousness of having done their duty to their poor brethren, engaged in their service, in the arduous and perilous labors of their calling.

We cannot but express, in conclusion, the hope that extensive circulation will be given to the valuable papers, of which we have laid the substance before our readers. They are of high public interest. The subject goes to the strength of the navy, to the prosperity of the merchant service, to the health and morals of our seamen and all connected with them, and it has not yet been sufficiently attended to by the public at large.

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Note to page 327. After our remarks on the subject of the Italian Sailor, put to death at Canton, for an alleged murder, had passed through the press, we met with the following account of the affair, in the Chinese Repository, published at Canton, in the month of January of the present year, page 423. We spoke with some hesitation on this subject; but our readers perceive from the following perfectly authentic statement, that we were warranted in denying the accuracy of the assertion in the Quarterly Review. Considering the subject-matter, that assertion may well be pronounced not only gratuitous but malicious.

'The circumstances connected with the execution of the unfortunate Francis Terranova, an Italian sailor serving on board an American ship, in 1821, are yet fresh in the recollections of many. We do not undertake to say what degree of blame was imputable to him in causing the death of *Ko-leang-she*. It is generally believed that he was bartering with that woman for ardent spirits, when the quarrel arose which ended in her death. The charge of murder was brought against him, the *whole* American trade was stopped, and the security merchant and linguist of the ship Emily, to which he belonged, were both arrested, and placed in close confinement within the walls of the city of Canton. On the 25th of October, Terranova was brought from Whampoa, and placed in irons at the public hall of the Hong merchants. "During the two following days, the forms of a Chinese trial were gone through in the same place, but the precise nature of the proceedings can only be conjectured, as no foreigner of any description was allowed to be present; and on the third day, about day-break, notwithstanding a very general expectation entertained here, that his life would be spared, the unfortunate man was brought forth and publicly strangled at the usual place of execution, without the walls of the city. His body was given up to the Americans in the course of the evening, and on the following day, the trade was re-opened."'

Since the foregoing lines were in type, we have, through the kind intervention of a gentleman at Baltimore of the highest respectability, received from the owner of the Emily, the vessel on board which the unfortunate occurrence happened, and from her captain, an authentic account of the proceedings in the case. It fully confutes the unwarrantable insinuation in the Quarterly Review; and possesses considerable interest as a sketch of Chinese jurisprudence and manners. It comes too late for insertion in our present number, but will find a place, with the appropriate comment, in our number for January next.

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QUARTERLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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Memoir of Rev. George Dana Boardman, late missionary to Burmah, by Alonzo King. Boston. Lincoln, Edmands & Co. 12mo.

Memoir of Col. Ethan Allen. By Hugh Moore. Plattsburgh. 12mo.

The Life of the Rev. T. T. Thomason, M.A. By the Rev. J. Sargent, A. M. New York. D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 856.

EDUCATION.

Lectures on Popular Education. By George Combe. Boston. Marsh, Capen & Lyon. 12mo. pp. 130.

The Child's Reader, intended as an Introduction to Porter's Rhetorical Reader. Andover. Flagg & Gould. 18mo.

French Questions on Sir W. Scott's Tales of a Grandfather. By F. M. J. Surault. Cambridge. James Munroe & Co. 12mo. pp. 222.

French Fables with a Key, and a Treatise on Pronunciation, for those who begin to read the French Language. By F. M. J. Surault. Cambridge. James Munroe & Co. 12mo. pp. 240.

An English and German, and German and English Dictionary, containing all the words now in use. Philadelphia. George W. Mentz & Son. 2 vols. 8vo.

Todd's Johnson's Dictionary of the English Language in Miniature, to which is added a copious Vocabulary of Greek, Latin, and Scriptural proper names. By Thomas Rees, LL. D., F. S. A. Philad. Key & Biddle. 18mo. pp. 320.

Remarks on the Classical Education of Boys. By a Teacher. Boston. Hilliard, Gray & Co. 18mo. pp. 120.

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The Father's Book, or Suggestions for the Government and Instruction of Young Children. Springfield. G. & C. Merriam. 12mo. pp. 200.

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First Initiatory Catechism, and Progressive Exercises for Teaching Children to draw Lessons from Scripture, with a Key. New York. Leavitt, Lord & Co. 2 vols. 12mo.

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HISTORY.

Topographical Description, and Historical Sketch of Plainfield, in Hampshire County, Mass. By Jacob Porter. Greenfield. 1834.

History of the United States from the Discovery of the American Continent. Vol. I. 8vo. Boston. Charles Bowen.

History of Ipswich, Essex and Hamilton. By James B. Felt. Essex. 18mo.

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The House I Live In. By Wm. A Alcott. Boston. Lilly, Wait & Co. 18mo. pp. 144.

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The Youth's Letter Writer, or the Epistolary Art made plain and easy to Beginners, through the Example of Henry Moreton. By Mrs. John Farrar. New York. Bartlett & Raynor. 24mo. pp. 155.

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History of John Barr, containing some particulars relative to the early part of his Life. Written by himself. Philadelphia. George Latimer & Co. 18mo. pp. 91.

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American Antiquities and Discoveries of the West. 8vo.

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